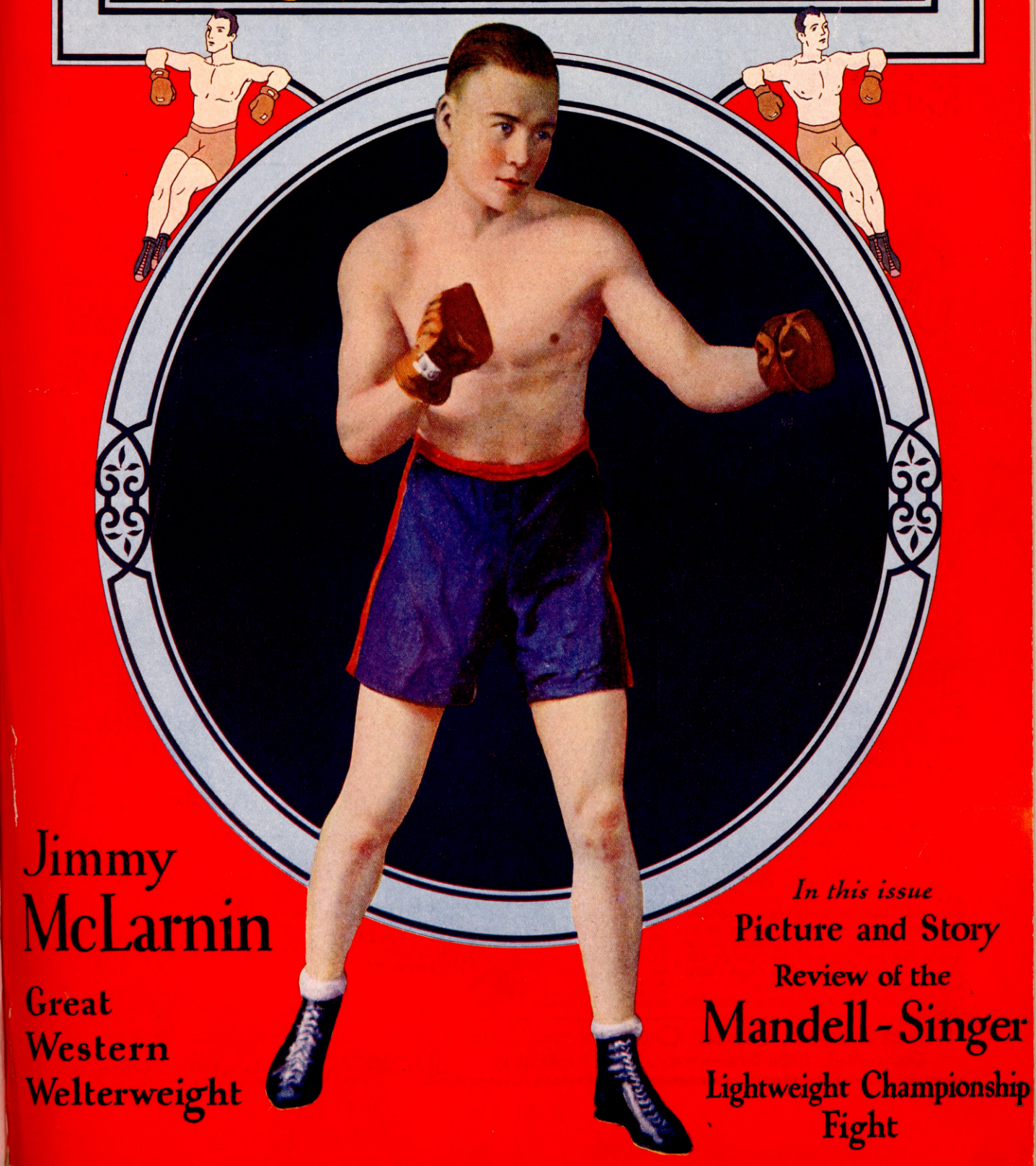
25 Cents

SEPTEMBER

The RING



Jimmy McLarnin

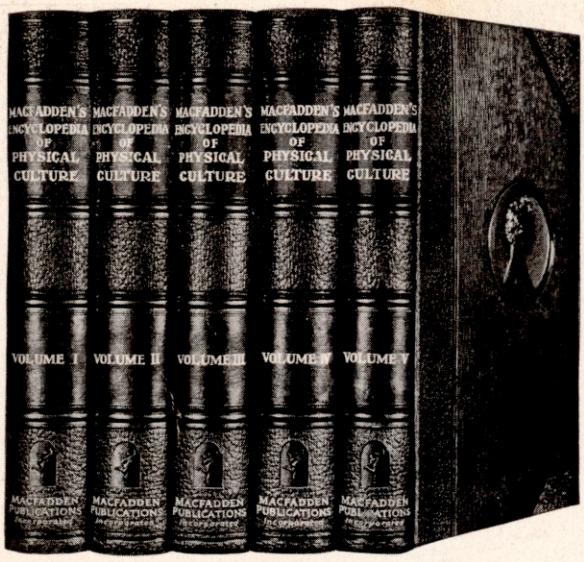
Great Western Welterweight

In this issue

Picture and Story Review of the

Mandell-Singer

Lightweight Championship Fight



Will you be one of the 800,000 who will die this year of preventable disease?

OF the hundreds of thousands who die from respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney diseases, tuberculosis, influenza, and intestinal disorders, a large portion would not have died if they had been able to recognize early symptoms and had known how to treat themselves.

Nature always warns of impending sickness. The occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are Nature's warnings to you that your body isn't functioning properly or that you are not living and eating correctly.

You can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. If you are not enjoying perfect health today it is because you haven't enjoyed the method provided by Nature to keep you well. If you don't know what her requirements are, you are sure to blunder into some kind of sickness—perhaps fatal disease.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE
New 8th Edition ~ Completely Revised

EVERY year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

Barring accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these thousands should die.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "Off" right now, will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

Nature is constantly warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious trouble taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuse—she accepts no apologies.

The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctors' Bills

Those who do not know Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness are ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends $4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness or disease that might overtake you or any member of your family? To enjoy perfect health, almost complete freedom from sickness, doctor and hospital bills, and no days of suffering and worry or salary lost through sickness?

How to—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year
know your own body
eat for health
diet for the cure of disease
know the art of food preparation
build a powerful physique
correct physical imperfections
become a physical director
avoid unhappy marriages
avoid disease
fast as a curative measure
cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
apply all methods of drugless healing
give first aid in emergencies
apply home treatment for disease
recognize diseases by manifestations
build nervous energy
treat the common form of disease
understand the process of reproduction
benefit by laws of sex and marriage
treat diseases of women
diagnose diseases
have healthy and vigorous children
treat female disorders
treat male disorders
obtain virility and manhood
care for the complexion
manicure; care for the hair and feet
cultivate the mind—

These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture

(8th Edition—Greater Than Ever Before)

This marvelous 5-volume work gives you the information you need to build up rugged strength, health and vitality. It is for every member of the family—it covers every phase of strength and body building for adults, children and babies. It gives invaluable information on fasting, dieting and exercise. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is simple, comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. He has had more than thirty years' experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

Seven big editions of this popular work have been exhausted. And now the eighth edition—greatest of all—has just come off the press. This edition has been completely revised at great expense. Scores of new illustrations have been inserted. The binding has been changed to a beautiful all Fabrikoid, more durable than leather. Altogether it is the finest edition of the encyclopedia ever issued.

10 Days' Free Examination of Entire Set—No Money Needed

This is the most liberal offer we have ever made on the Encyclopedia—10 days' examination of the entire set at no expense to you. There is no money needed—no deposit to pay. Just fill in the coupon and we will send the five volumes to you, all shipping charges prepaid, for your inspection.

Take ten days to examine the set. Then, if you decide to purchase, send us only $2.00 as your first payment. Additional payments may be made at the rate of only $3.00 a month until the total cost of $35.00 has been paid.

If you care to pay cash you may do so by sending us only $31.50. This represents a 10 per cent discount.

If you purchase the set at once we will include, without extra charge, a one year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine.

Remember, no money now, and no obligation to purchase. You simply agree to return the books at the end of ten days in case you decide not to keep them

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. R-9, 1926 Broadway, New York City

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. R-9, Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

SPECIAL

Send me on 10 days' inspection the five volumes of the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. If I find the set satisfactory I will either send $2.00 in ten days and $3.00 a month until $35.00 has been paid, or $31.50 cash. If I decide not to keep the books I will return them in 10 days postpaid.

Foreign orders—cash in advance.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Residence.....

Employed at.....

Business Address.....

I understand that this price includes a subscription to Physical Culture Magazine for one year.

Thousands Can Throw Their Glasses Away

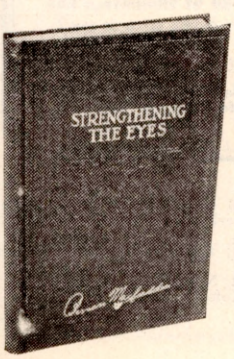
GLASSES are only eye crutches. They simply bolster up the eyes—they cannot cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for the trouble. They are useful just as crutches are useful for an injured leg, but they can no more restore your eyes to their former strength than crutches can mend a broken limb. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes it is exercise.

Over 20 years ago Bernarr Macfadden, father of Physical Culture, had a most trying experience with his eyes. Due to many nights of hard literary work under poor artificial light, they became terribly strained. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started in upon a course of natural treatment that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so entirely satisfactory that he associated himself with one of the few really great eye specialists and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

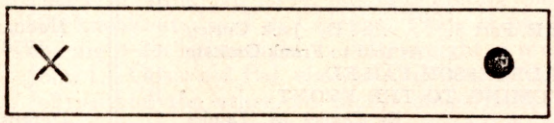
A Startling Revolutionary System of Eye Training

Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.



Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value.

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses —and see better without them. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value. when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to everyone who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturist.

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.,
Desk R-9, Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Entirely at your risk, you may send me your course of Eye Exercises. Upon receipt I will pay the postman $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my money upon return of the course.

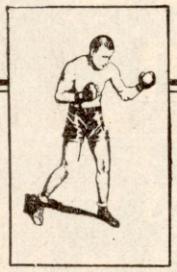
(We pay postage on all cash orders)

Name .....

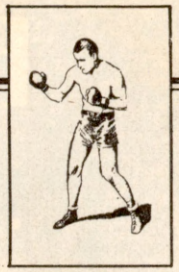
Street .....

City .....State .....

Canadian and foreign orders—cash in advance.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) *(Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1930—All Rights Reserved)*

Vol. IX SEPTEMBER, 1930 No. 8

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Table of Contents

	Page
SINGER SHOULD REVIVE LIGHTWEIGHT GLORIES By Nat Fleischer	4
THRILLING MOMENTS IN LIGHTWEIGHT BATTLES (Cartoon) By "Lank" Leonard	5
"I'LL BE CHAMPION YET," SAYS SHARKEY..By Jack Sharkey	6
DEMPSEY HAILS RISE OF AL SINGER.....By Jack Dempsey	8
NEW LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION	9
AN OLD LEADER COLLAPSES	10
A NEW KING CROWNED	11
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER, Part 5.....By Jack Curley As told to Frank Graham	12
WHEN CARPENTIER'S PREDECESSOR FAILED	15
YOUNGSTERS WHO ARE COMING TO THE FRONT	16
AS YOU PIPE IT.....By Daniel M. Daniel	17
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS— Editorial Comment	18
JOHN SMITH, FIGHT FAN .....By Earl McKee	19
HUMOR IN THE RING.....By Wilbur Wood	20
IN CLUB MEMBERSHIP DAYS.....By Joe Humphreys	22
FIGHTING FATES.....By Daniel M. Daniel	24
FOUL CRIES IN FAMOUS FIGHTS....By William Lee Keats	26
SKIN GLOVE DAYS.....By Arthur T. Lumley	27
CARPENTIER'S MISTAKE COST HIM A MAULING..By Al Lippe	28
PRESENT DAY FIGHTERS TOO CAUTIOUS..By Patsy Haley	30
BOXING IS HERE TO STAY.....By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	32
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED—Series No. 9	33
BOB FITZSIMMONS.....By Will Lawless	34
A STUDY IN HEREDITY.....By Nat Fleischer	36
SPORTING RENDEZVOUS IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK....	38
WHERE IDOLS OF OLD GOT THEIR FISTIC BAPTISM By A. D. Phillips	39
FAR WESTERNERS IN LIMELIGHT	40
IN THE LONG AGO.....By A. D. Phillips	41
JOE WALCOTT, WORLD'S GREATEST WELTERWEIGHT By Charles F. Mathison	42
SCIONS OF WEALTH WHO COULD HAVE BEEN CHAMPION FIGHTERS...By John A. "Spider" Kelly as told to Edgar F. Wolfe	44
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET.....By Eddie Borden	50
ALONG THE GREAT FIGHT WAY.....By Eddie Borden	52
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS.....By Sparrow Robertson	56
RING CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN.....By Ted Broadribb	57
IN GREATER BOSTON.....By Doc Almy	58
THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA.....By Ross E. Kauffman	59
IN OUR QUESTION BOX.....By Charles F. Mathison	70

In Our Next Issue

Young Stribling, the Man of The Hour—By Jack Dempsey

Prospects for the indoor season—By Tom McArdle, Madison Square Garden matchmaker

Heenan-Sayers fight a parallel to 1930—By Jack Kofoed

Dempsey or Johnson?—By Charles F. Mathison

Stories of Fights and Fighters—By A. D. Phillips

Mick Dooley, the man who thrice defeated Bob Fitzsimmons—By Will Lawless

Foul Cries in Famous Fights—By William Lee Keats

The sixth instalment of Jack Curley's reminiscences

Another fiction contribution by Daniel M. Daniel, one of America's greatest sports writers

These, in addition to the usual features

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45 General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary

Advertising Manager—J. W. Le Baron 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and Eddie Borden.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS

GUS MARTEL
Admitted World's Greatest Fighter That Ever Lived

GUS MARTEL held the AMATEUR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND RETIRED UNDEFEATED. He fought amateurs and professionals from lightweights to heavies, and knocked them all out within three rounds. JACK DEMPSEY, THE NONPAREIL, lasted 13 rounds against BOB FITZSIMMONS. GUS STOPPED DEMPSEY IN 2½ ROUNDS.

"Most Damaging Blow Ever Received"

Gus got his SECRET PUNCH on KING SOLOMON, one of SHARKEY'S TRAINERS, at Sharkey's camp 5 DIFFERENT TIMES and HE ADMITTED THEM TO BE UNAVOIDABLE and THE MOST DAMAGING BLOWS HE EVER RECEIVED. Gus went 3 rounds with his hands behind his back and WAS NOT HIT ONCE by another of Sharkey's trainers and was carried out of the ring by the *World's* most famous sports writers.

Made Griffo World Champion

Gus showed GRIFFO this trick and MADE HIM A WORLD'S CHAMPION. He also MADE A WORLD'S CHAMPION of BATTLING NELSON in a 10 minutes' talk. John Hix's "Strange As It Seems" in the Brooklyn *Time's* of June 9th issue, has Gus among the wonders of the *World* with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, as having knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, a welterweight, a middleweight, and a light-heavy. John L., Gus's old Pal, showed Gus how to fight. Bob Fitz, Peter Jackson, Jeffries and the other old timers never fouled. "They don't know how to hit today and neither do they know how to be a real K. O. fighter," says Gus.

Singer Won in 2 Minutes with Martel's System

AL SINGER IS THE FIRST WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHTER WHO USED GUS'S SYSTEM AND BECAME WOULD'S CHAMPION IN TWO MINUTES OF FIGHTING.

There was not one straight damaging blow during the Sharkey and Schmeling fight, nothing but short arm jabs and hooks. Gus says he proposes to train Sharkey at his next fight and keep him World's Champion for years to come. Gus is 60 years of age and admitted the WORLD'S WONDER OF THE FIGHTING GAME. His simple way of training and living, WHICH MEANS HOW TO EAT TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH AND MAINTAIN THE BEST OF HEALTH AND DEPRIVE YOURSELF OF NOTHING AT ONE HALF THE COST, that preserves youth of 30 at 60, would take a John Hix, Ripley, or Roth the World's most famous syndicate writer to make you believe it.

New York Police Approve Martel's Secret Punch

If fighters knew of his SECRET PUNCH and his way of fighting, no fight would last five rounds. He could make Dempsey lick Tunney or Tunney lick Dempsey! If he could K. O. 500 MEN inside of three rounds, SO CAN YOU. He can increase your speed. He can triple your punch and with his SECRET PUNCH you can't lose. Mr. Harry Schelland, Assistant Editor of the National Police Gazette, wrote as follows. "Gus Martel demonstrated his SECRET PUNCH with entire success to the Boxing Instructor and assistants of the New York Police Department, on which occasion, the above Editor and well known Officials were present. As a police weapon of self defense, the MARTEL SECRET PUNCH is a sure K. O. and Gus proved it."

His fully illustrated SECRET PUNCH, copyright applied for, is so simple and clear that a boy can understand it. He is prepared to second his pupils for important fights. No wins—no charge.

FILL IN, TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GUS MARTEL, 198 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed is $2.98 (or will send C.O.D. via Parcel Post) in full payment for your SECRET SURE K. O. PUNCH. You are to send me the MOST COMPLETE BOXING AND TRAINING COURSE IN THE WORLD, fully illustrated, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. The SECRET PUNCH is to come at the same time on a separate sheet and will be put away and kept to myself.

Should I find your SECRET PUNCH not easily delivered or that it is not a sure K. O. or that it can be parried, blocked or guarded, I am to get back my $2.98 plus postage. This K. O. PUNCH is to enable me to K. O. any man in self defense, I having both right and left to hit him at will and he being so tied up that he cannot hit me with either hand till I have him knocked out, thus making me a fighter almost at once.

Name..... Age.....

Street.....

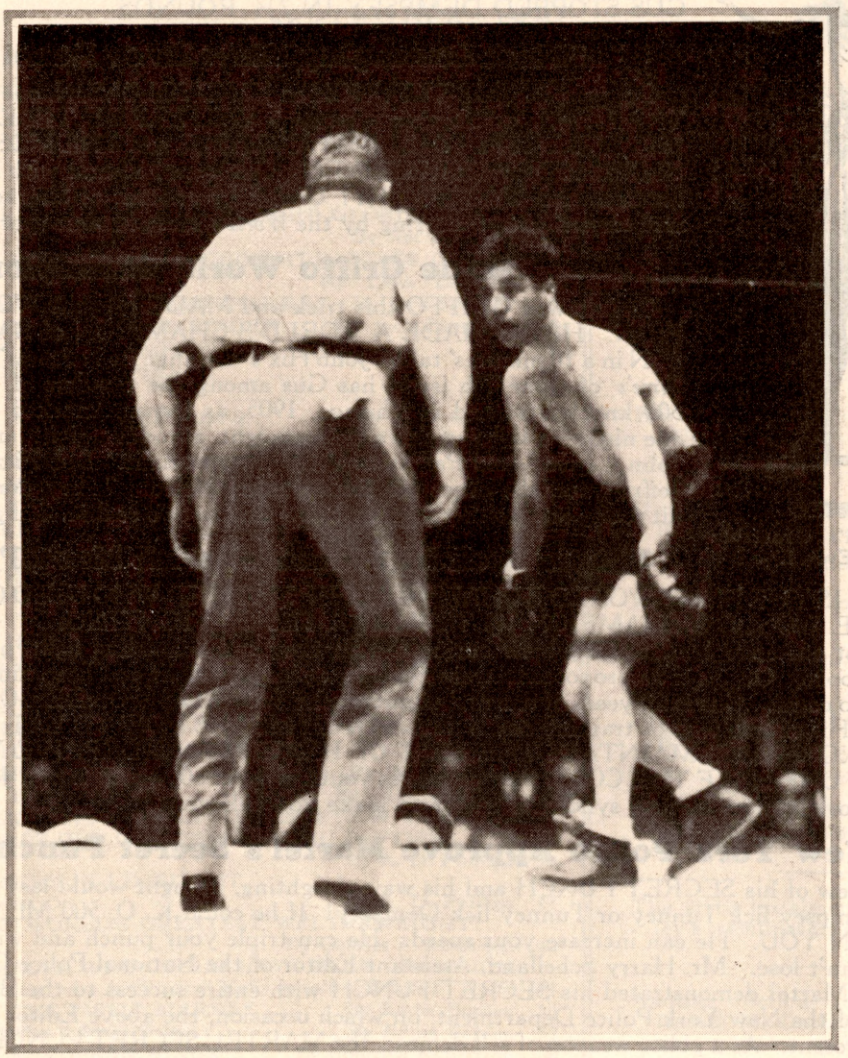
City..... State.....

Singer Should Revive Lightweight Glories

By NAT FLEISCHER

IT was a sad climax to an interesting career, that quick knockout which Sammy Mandell suffered at the hands of Al Singer. To be exact, it took the New Yorker just 1 minute, 46 seconds to acquire the lightweight championship of the world—a record second only to that of Joe Gans, who stopped Frank Erne in 1 minute, 40 seconds.

Yes, it was a sad climax for Mandell. But in the ring, it's an ill wind that blows no good. What was Mandell's poison was Singer's hallelujah, and what was Mandell's finish no doubt will throw new life and invigorating interest into this fine class. Perhaps, with Singer as champion, the lightweight division will revive the glories of the reign of Benny Leonard, who made it second only to the heavyweight division—and at a time when Jack Dempsey was king, too.



The helpless champion, Mandell, in a daze

It was pretty tough on Mandell to go out the way he went. But it was refreshing to see a title pass on a clean knockout, minus debates as to fouls. It was most unusual to find the dethroned king actually lying on the canvas, taking the full count.

And now it is refreshing to find the lightweights ruled by a youngster instead of a worn out veteran. Singer is only twenty. Mandell, burned out and beaten, ruled for four years. He took the title from Rocky Kansas at Chicago on July 3, 1926.

* * *

IN these days of fouls and foul fighting, a decisive victory such as Singer scored will do much toward bringing the boxing game back to normal. True, those who tried to besmirch the characters of the contestants before the bout by their talk of a "fixed fight," now are able to point to the fact that they have proved their case because of the speed with which the title holder was eliminated from the picture. Such "conclusive evidence," to me, is sheer nonsense.

I never have hesitated attacking the unscrupulous, both within and without the game in an effort to keep the sport clean, but in the case of Mandell and Singer, that story of a fixed fight won't hold water with me.

* * *

SINGER won the championship because he was the better man, better physically and mentally and in addition he carried the advantage of youth. A natural lightweight, it was not necessary for him to undergo the cruel weight-making, drying-up process with which Mandell punished himself.

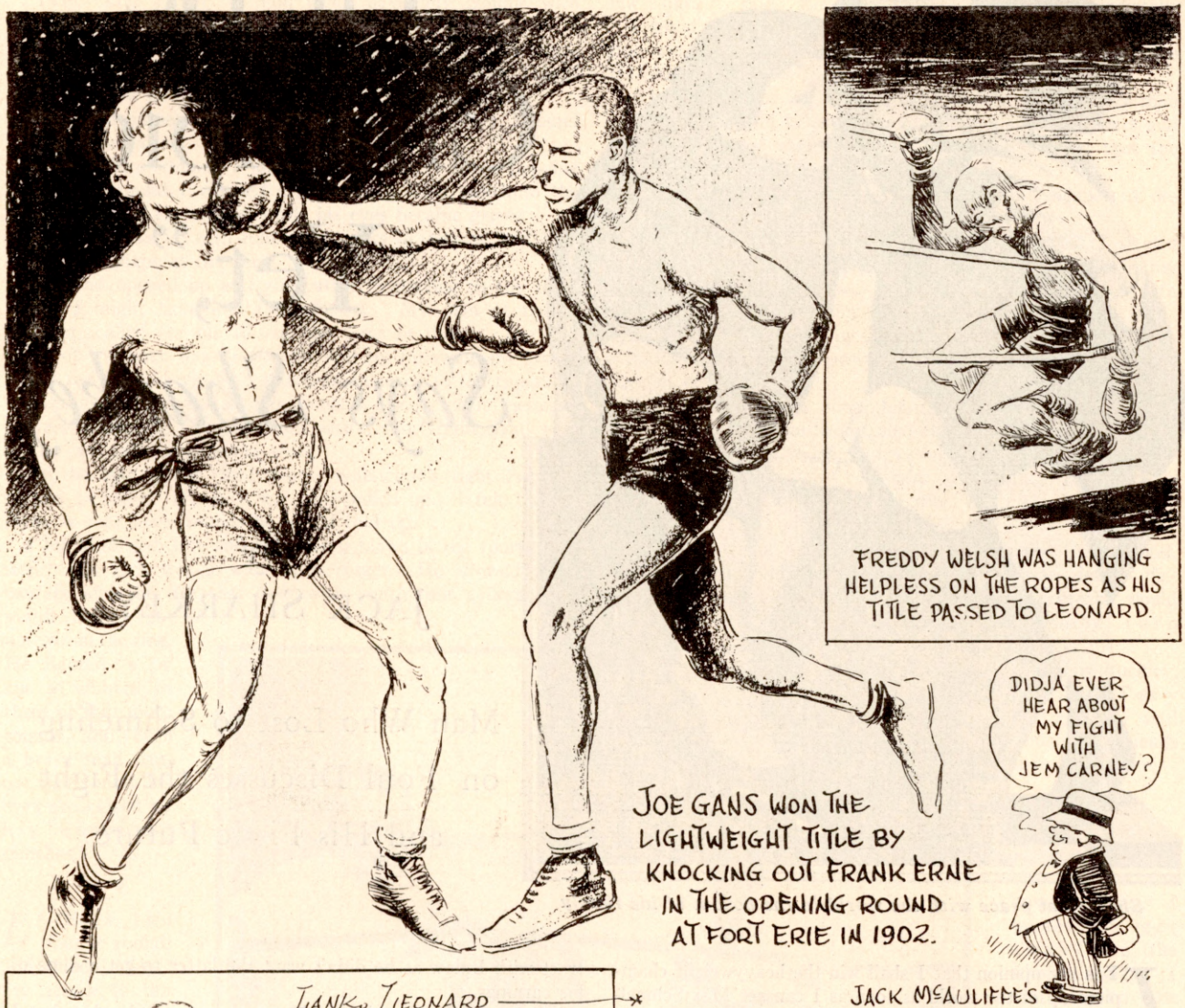
That proved a most important factor in the defeat of Mandell. Without taking from Singer any glory it must be admitted, even by his staunchest admirers, that the Mandell who faced the Bronx boy was far from the clever, flashing Sammy who made Jimmy McLarnin look like a novice in their New York bout two years ago.

The Mandell who lost his title to Singer was a Mandell minus legs, the legs that enabled him to baffle the best of the lightweights for the past five years. The Mandell who dropped the championship to Singer was all washed up by weight making. It was another case of Joe Gans in his appearance against Battling Nelson.

As for Singer, he deserves all the praise that can be bestowed on him. His ever-smiling face, his gentlemanly manner and congeniality, should gain for him the popularity that was Leonard's for so many years. If Singer becomes a fighting champion as was his tutor, Leonard, (*Continued on page* 48)

Thrilling Moments in Lightweight Battles —

By "LANK" LEONARD

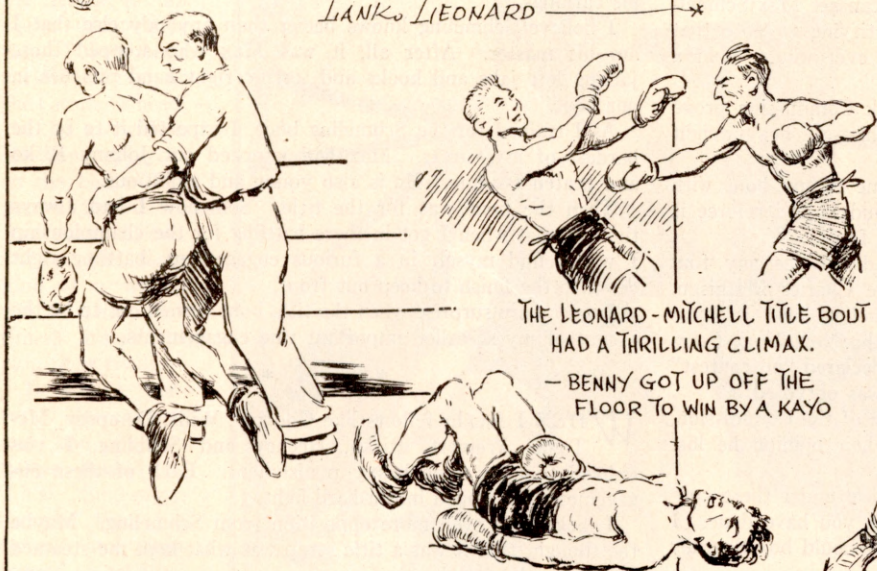


FREDDY WELSH WAS HANGING HELPLESS ON THE ROPES AS HIS TITLE PASSED TO LEONARD.

DIDJA EVER HEAR ABOUT MY FIGHT WITH JEM CARNEY?

JOE GANS WON THE LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE BY KNOCKING OUT FRANK ERNE IN THE OPENING ROUND AT FORT ERIE IN 1902.

LANK LEONARD

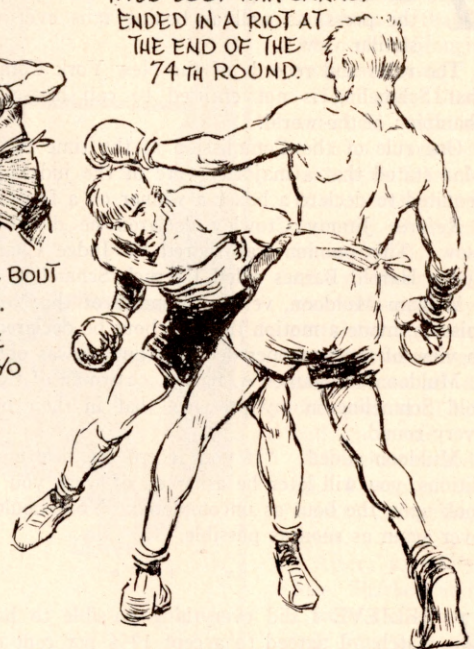


THE LEONARD-MITCHELL TITLE BOUT HAD A THRILLING CLIMAX.

— BENNY GOT UP OFF THE FLOOR TO WIN BY A KAYO

THE MOST WEIRD ENDING OF ANY LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE BOUT.
WOLGAST vs RIVERS, JULY 4, 1912.
WITH BOTH FIGHTERS ON THE FLOOR, THE REFEREE HELPED THE CHAMPION TO HIS FEET AND THEN— COUNTED RIVERS OUT!

JACK McAULIFFE'S TITLE BOUT WITH CARNEY ENDED IN A RIOT AT THE END OF THE 74TH ROUND.



THE WOLGAST-RITCHIE BOUT ENDED IN A FOUL.
THE ONLY TIME THE TITLE CHANGED HANDS IN THAT WAY.

Sharkey at peace with the world in the bosom of his family

"I'll Be Champion Yet," *Says Sharkey*

By
JACK SHARKEY

Man Who Lost to Schmeling on Foul Discusses the Fight and His Fistic Future

IT is my opinion that I shall win the heavyweight championship of the world as soon as I can get Max Schmeling into the ring again. It is gratifying to note that the press, as well as boxing fans everywhere, hold a similar view.

The rules and records of the New York Commission prove that Schmeling is not entitled to call himself heavyweight champion of the world.

One rule of the Commission at the time of my bout with Max stated that a majority vote of the judges and referee is required to declare a boxer a winner on a foul.

Referee Jimmy Crowley declared he didn't see any foul blow. This opinion was shared by Judge Charles Mathison. Judge Harold Barnes ruled I struck Schmeling low.

William Muldoon, veteran member of the New York Commission, made a motion that the bout be declared "no contest" in view of the improper decision, but he was outvoted.

Muldoon and James A. Farley, chairman of the Commission, told Schmeling in my presence that in their opinion he lost every round.

Muldoon added: "If you accept the title under these conditions, you will later be ashamed of what you have done. I look upon the bout as uncompleted. You should box Sharkey over again as soon as possible."

* * *

I BELIEVE I did everything possible to hasten a return match. I agreed to accept 12½ per cent of the receipts and out of this purse to pay Arthur Bulow, Schmeling's deposed manager, what share he would normally get out of the German heavyweight's money. I made this offer when Schmeling said he would not fight during the life of his contract with Bulow as he didn't want the latter to get a dime of his earnings.

I believe Schmeling knows better than anybody else that I am his master. After all, it was Max who stopped those jarring left jabs and hooks and terrific right hand punches in our bout.

As I trained for the Schmeling bout, I expected it to be the hardest of my career. Max had knocked out Johnny Risko and beaten Paulino. He is also young and ambitious.

Then the bout was for the title. Somehow I had always thought that when I got in there battling for the championship I would find myself in a furious engagement, battling right down to the finish to keep out front.

Imagine my surprise when the title bout turned out to be the easiest of my so-called important ring engagements.

* * *

WHEN I fought fellows like Godfrey, Wills, Dempsey, McTigue, Weinert, Risko, Heeney and Stribling, I was obliged to take some heavy punishment. Each of these engagements developed into a hard fight.

I looked for even more opposition from Schmeling. Maybe the thought that it was a title scrap was what kept me steamed up before the match.

I carried this feeling into the ring with me. The gong sounded and I left my corner prepared to give everything I had in the fistic line.

Max came rushing at me and I jabbed him with my left. He kept coming on and I popped him repeatedly with my left. I combined left jabs with left hooks.

The first was an easy round. When I got back to my corner, I asked Johnny Buckley how I was going.

"Fine," said Johnny. "You won't have any trouble with this fellow."

The second round also saw my left hand popping to Schmeling's head and chin. As I found it easy to hit Max, I kept wondering how he ever was rated as such a great fighter.

Instead of finding the bout the hardest of my career, I found it one of the easiest.

In the third round, I opened up a bit. After popping Schmeling around I crashed a short right hand punch to the German's jaw. He sagged, while his eyes became glassy.

I followed this up with four more rights to the jaw, and Max was in bad shape at the gong.

If I had opened up and gone after Schmeling in the third round, I might have knocked him out. My plan of battle, however, called for me to cut the German down. The distance of the bout was 15 rounds, and by following my battle plan I felt I could win by a knockout in seven to ten rounds.

Even as early as the second round, I discovered it was easy to hurt Schmeling. I nailed him with a short right hand sock to the jaw and he appeared stung.

By the end of the third round, Schmeling's right eye had started to close. His face was also puffed up. I felt that in three or four more rounds he would fold up.

I hit Max with left and right hand blows in the fourth session. His face was a wide open target. He showed great courage and the fire that goes with youth, but courage and youth alone cannot win in the ring. He figured to be cut to ribbons in three or four more rounds and even a brave man cannot fight on if his eyes are closed by his opponent's punches.

* * *

LATE in the fourth round, I decided to shift my attack to the body. Up to this time I had been socking away at the German's head.

I let go with a left hand uppercut to the body. The punch landed in the solar plexus. It was the same kind of a wallop which the old-timers used to stop their rivals.

It was a perfectly fair punch and had great power behind it. The German dropped to the canvas and then started to get up.

As Max tried to rise, he looked over towards his own corner. He then suddenly fell to the canvas and set up a claim of foul.

"I didn't see any low blow," said Referee Jimmy Crowley immediately.

I stood there as the referee ran back and forth across the ring and finally declared Schmeling a winner on a foul. Judge Harold Barnes made the foul ruling.

When Schmeling was declared the winner, I felt like a man who has been told he is going to inherit a million dollars and is later informed that he is the wrong person and that the fortune is going to somebody else.

I had the title right in my hand and the unexpected decision deprived me of it.

The official ruling was a severe shock to me, but I steeled myself. I conquered my emotions and stood silently in my corner while the verdict was given. I then shook hands with Max and bowed to the four corners of the ball park.

My heart was crushed by the decision, but I kept telling myself that Sharkey must prove himself a champion among men even in defeat.

Back in my dressing room Johnny Buckley broke down and cried. In the ring, he had steeled himself but once in our own quarters he gave in to his own feelings.

I kept thinking of my wife who was waiting for me at an uptown hotel. I was wondering what effect the shock of my defeat would have on her.

I took a shower, dressed quickly and returned to my hotel. Mrs. Sharkey was waiting for me. She was deeply disappointed at my defeat but confident that the breaks would eventually turn my way.

Johnny Buckley, Al Lacy, Tony Palazzola and some of my friends soon joined me.

* * *

FOR a few minutes I was bitter against the boxing game. I wanted to get away from the whole thing. I told Lacy to take my fighting outfit and burn it, that I was all through with the game.

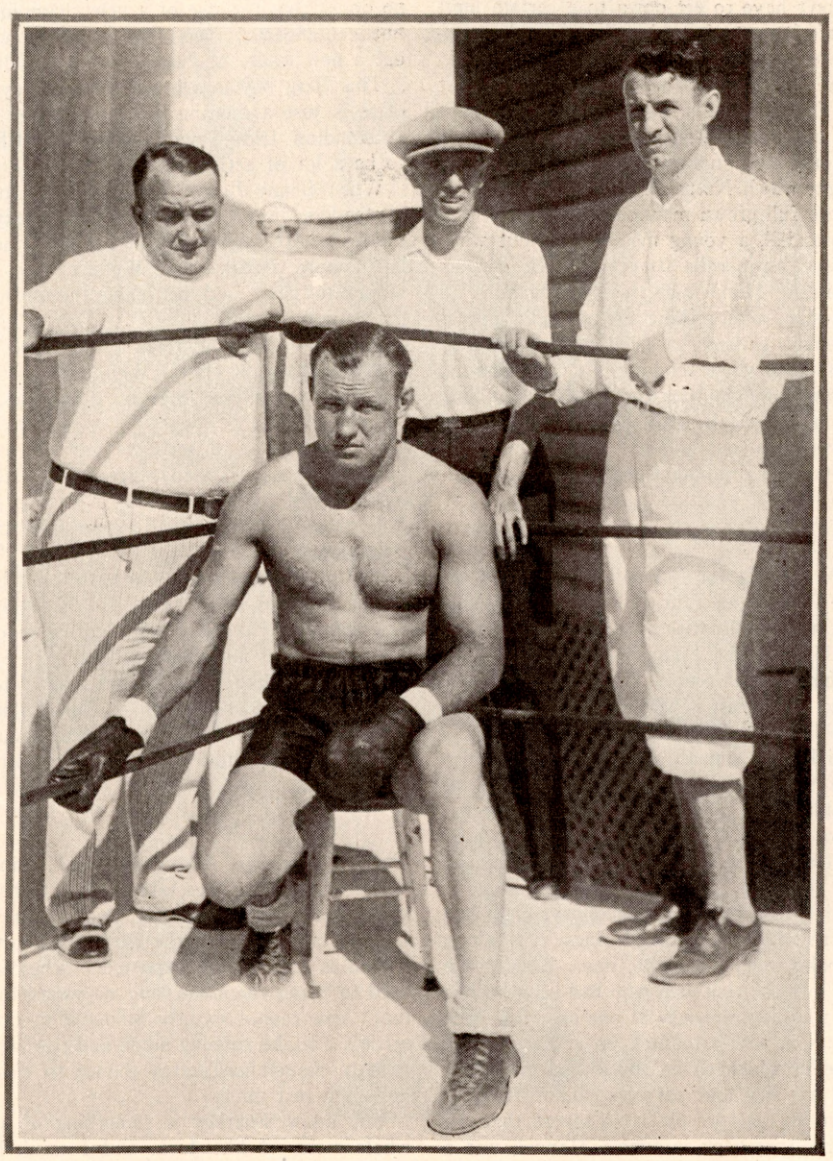
The gang then started talking about another bout with Schmeling. Newspaper reporters dropped in and told me they thought I was winning easily and that the public would never recognize Max as a champion until he had beaten me.

My spirits picked up. I wanted to fight Schmeling again.

After a while Mrs. Sharkey and I were alone.

It was 2 a. m. Below in the streets the newsboys were selling

(*Continued on page 47*)



Jack Sharkey, awaiting call to arms. Those standing are Johnny Buckley, his manager; Tony Polozzola and Al Lacy, his trainers

Dempsey Hails Rise of Al Singer

Former Heavyweight King Thinks Rise of New Lightweight Champion Will Be Boon to Smaller Classes

By Jack Dempsey

WELL, this month let us get away from the heavyweights. The reaction from the Sharkey-Schmeling disappointment will take some time to overcome, and it is best that for a while the public forget all about the big fellows and give some attention to the smaller boys.

The passing of the lightweight title from Sammy Mandell to Al Singer should have a most beneficial effect on the divisions below the welterweight. The lightweight class too long has been in the background and I hope the crowning of Singer will develop new interest in the division and inject new life into its membership.

While on the subject of the Mandell defeat, I am reminded of the great break the heavyweights get. They don't have to make weight. They don't have to get down to a certain limit for a fight. They don't have to keep battling the encroachments of poundage.

Some of the big men could well afford to lose a little heft and be all the better for it. It's a shame that this weight making drill should be concentrated on growing lads. And it's a shame that boys should keep fighting Nature, keep trying to make a certain weight which Nature insists they must pass in their development into full grown manhood.

The experience of Mandell, a young man burned out when he should be in his prime, again calls attention to the dangers of making weight. Why did Mandell do this? Why didn't he go into the welter division, where there are splendid opportunities. The welterweight class is in need of new interest and I think Mandell should have surrendered his championship when he found that making weight took too much out of him.

At all times, you must play fair with yourself, and you re not doing that when you burn out and dry out, and then go into the ring dead, a terrible disappointment to your friends and to yourself.

* * *

SINGER made 133½ pounds for Mandell at half past one in the afternoon. There is an indication that soon Singer, too, will have to start the battle with Nature and the fight with the rigors of making weight. Those lightweights seem to have the most trouble on that score. Nature keeps trying to make them grow, and they resist it with effects which sometimes are disastrous.

The greatest lightweight of them all, Joe Gans, furnished a most tragic example of the dangers of weight making. Gans ran into a decline making 133 pounds and in the end that killed him. He had no stamina left to fight disease after he had made weight and fought Nelson more than forty rounds. And Nelson was tough, too.

There is one redeeming feature. In the old days they had an instrument of torture which they called ringside weighing in. Fighters had to make weight at fight time. This was a terrible ordeal. It sent into the ring men who had been burned and sapped. The boys who now weigh in at one or two o'clock have eight or nine hours in which to pick up a few pounds. Their bodies have time in which to get back that necessary water. Muscles which are dry and parched cannot function well. Sometimes the drying out process is so severe that the body fails to get the moisture back in time. Mandell was a case in point.

Weight making also had a terrible effect on my friend Tommy Loughran and I know now that he is sorry he ever went through with that ordeal. Tommy kept within the light-heavyweight limit and in the long run injured himself.

Again I say, boys, don't do it. It isn't right to fight Nature. If she says you are a welter, why not fight as a welter? There is room for interest in every division. The really great fighter will be great no matter which class he chooses to fight in, just so long as he lets Nature have her way. She knows.

* * *

THERE should be a great revival of interest in the lighter classes because there are so many corking fighters in them. Singer is confronted with Berg and Chocolate, and I have no doubt that the rise of a new champion will bring out other fine contenders. That's the way it goes. Let a class bring out a new leader and the impetus is felt right down the line.

This Berg boy is a great battler, they tell me. And Chocolate is just a fighting machine. Even if we have only this outstanding trio—Singer, Berg and Chocolate—there ought to be a lot of action.

When Benny Leonard was the champion he had plenty of contenders, if not equals. He was lucky to come along at a time when the lightweight class got a new lease on life. He had Johnny Dundee, Joe Welling, Lew Tendler and a lot of others to fight, and he made the most of his chances and opportunities.

They say that the reign of Leonard was the Golden Era of the lightweight class. Well, I think that Singer faces even bigger opportunities, that is, if he chooses to be a fighting champion.

The public is all set for keen interest in the lightweight division, and it's up to Singer to see that the public is not disappointed.

In short, I'd like to see Singer fight them all, and give the fight public a real run for its money.

The new lightweight situation should bring out new interest in the feathers and banties. I like this Midget Wolgast at 112 pounds. Here is a real fighting machine. He's pretty to watch, and this lad is clever, too.

With boys like Wolgast and Chocolate and the new lightweight title holder, as well as Berg to inject some red blood into the lighter classes, the public should swing its support to them for a while until things get straightened out among the heavies.

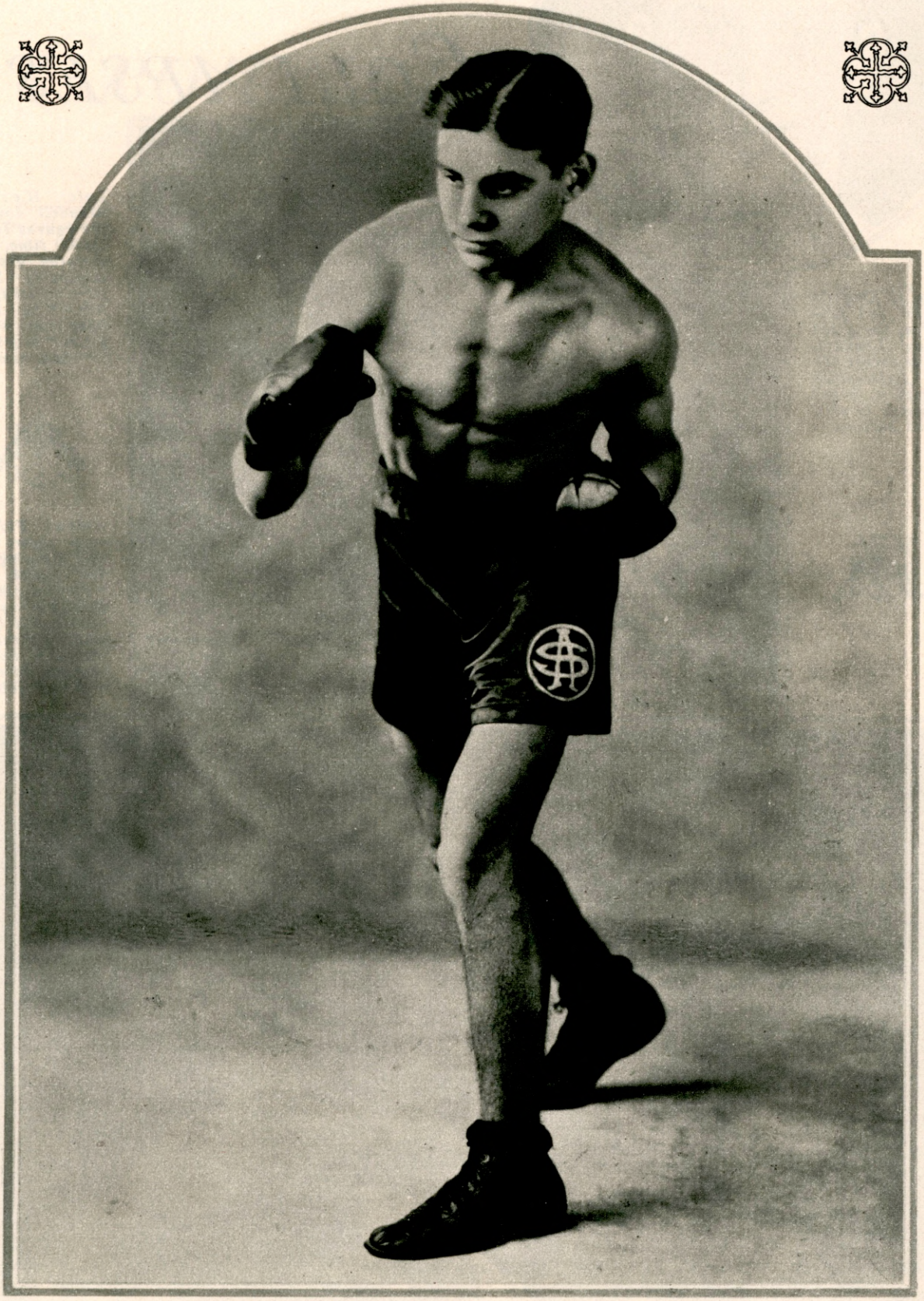
* * *

AS for the heavyweight situation, it lies dormant. Schmeling has taken his title back to Germany, and sends word that he was so badly hurt in the Sharkey fight that he cannot defend the championship this year.

This is as had been expected. Schmeling wants time to get used to being champion, and he wants to cash in on the title, too. You cannot exactly blame him, though I still think he made a mistake running home and passing up a second Sharkey bout in September, and a chance to clean up and show that he is the real thing.

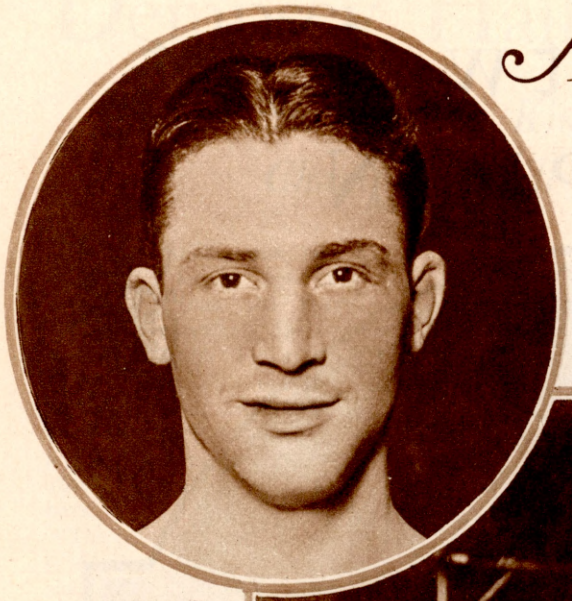
You know, Sharkey is something of a tragic figure in this whole mess. I like Jack, and I think he is a great fighter. But he has some sort of unfortunate (*Continued on page* 47)

New Lightweight CHAMPION

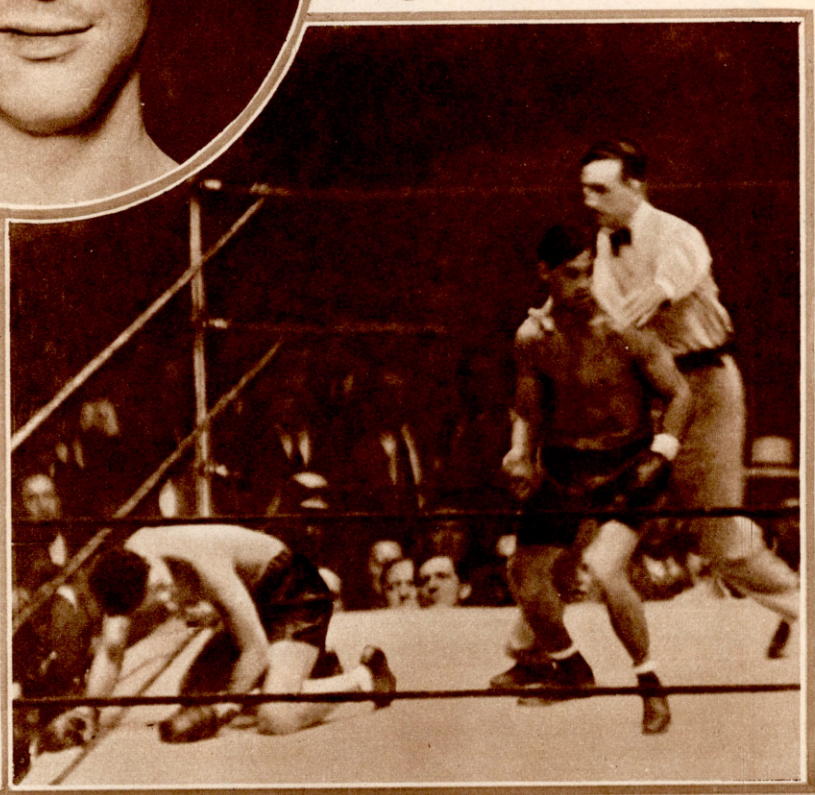


Al Singer of New York, who wrested title from Mandell

An Old Leader Collapses

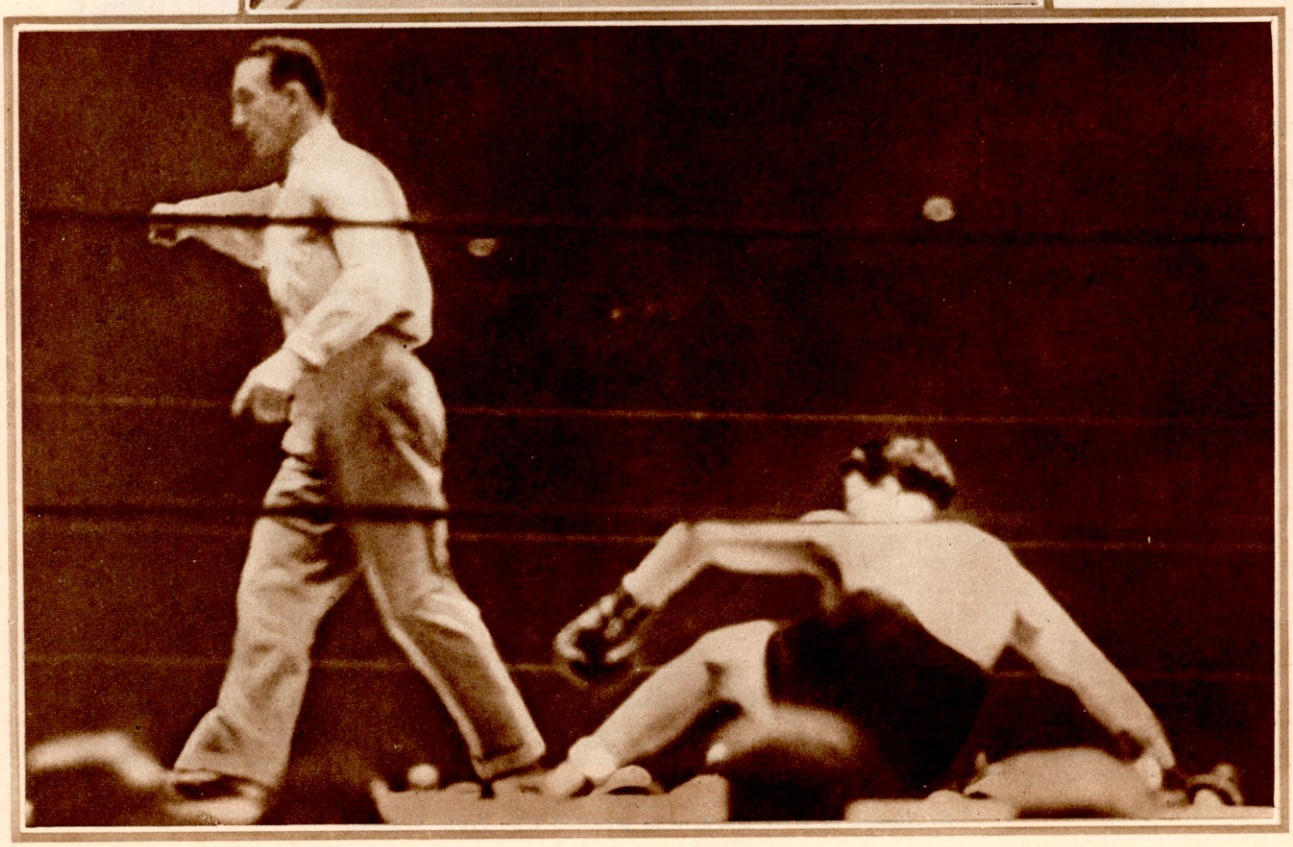


Here is Singer's mentor and prototype, the great Benny Leonard, whose career the new lightweight champion hopes to match in skill and success



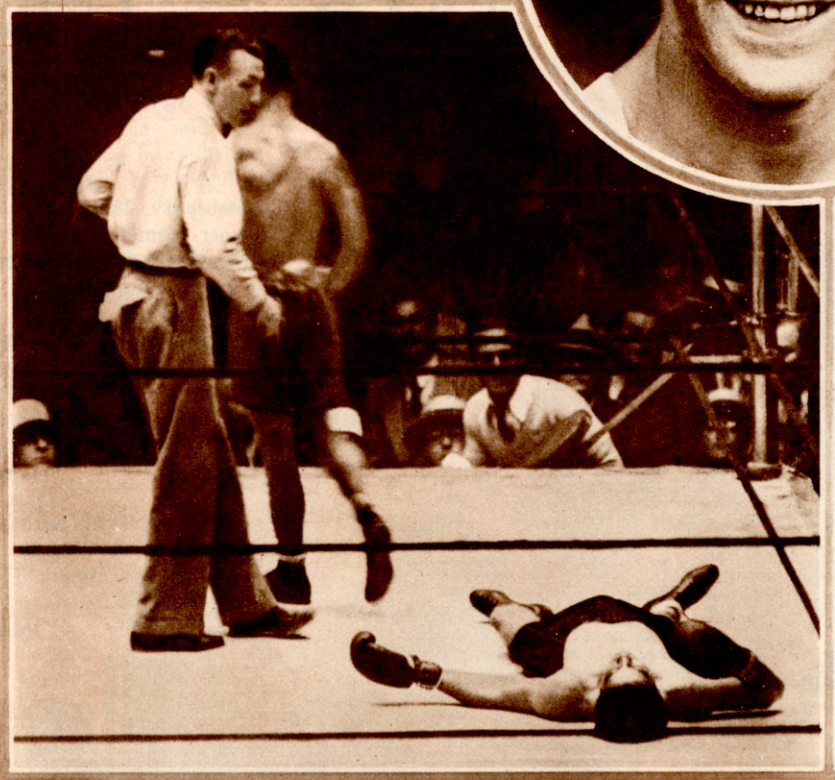
Left: Here is Mandell down on the canvas for the third time, with Referee Donovan motioning Singer to a neutral corner. The beaten champion was a pitiful sight by this time

Below: This picture shows Mandell hanging over the lower rope, trying to clear his head, but trying in vain, while Singer stands by ready to put the finishing touches on a skilful job



A New King Crowned

The Singer smile, broader than ever now that Al of New York's seething East Side has stepped into the shoes once worn by the illustrious Leonard



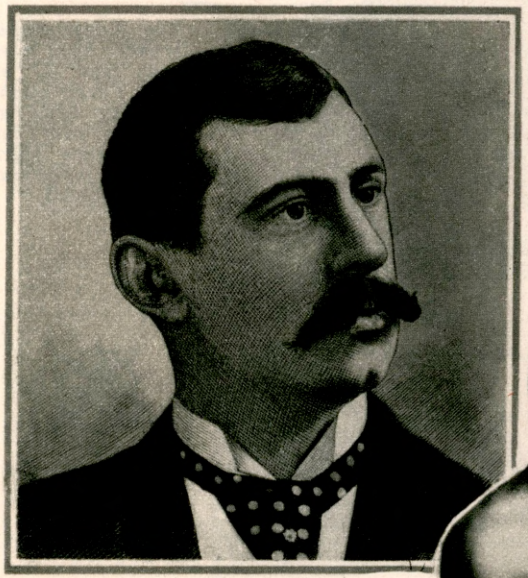
Right: Completely out. The old champion lying flat on the canvas, the new title holder walking away, confident that he had finished his rival and had gained the world supremacy

Below: The end of a great lightweight. Mandell being dragged to his corner after he had been counted out and Singer had been declared the new champion

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham



Left: Zeke Abrams, prominent bookmaker and pool room operator who figured in many big boxing matches

Below: Jack Johnson, who toyed with George Gardiner

THE excellent impression George Gardiner made in San Francisco by beating Jack Moffat, which earned Gardiner the match with Kid Carter, was strengthened when he stopped the Kid in seventeen rounds after punishing him severely. It was plain then that he could have as many engagements on the Coast as he cared to accept. Therefore we settled down for a long campaign and out of it there emerged, eventually, the creation of the light heavyweight championship division—a new class in pugilism, of which I shall tell presently. There have been so many erroneous stories concerning the creation of this division—chief of which is the story that it was conceived by Lou Houseman for the purpose of conferring a title on Jack Root—that I am glad to be able to contribute to ring lore the authentic version.

Gardiner's next start following his defeat of Carter, was against Joe Walcott on September 27, 1901. The fight went twenty rounds and Jack Welch, the referee, decided in favor of Walcott, but approval of the verdict was by no means unanimous. At any rate, the defeat did not mar Gardiner's popularity for he was matched once more with Carter. This fight took place on December 29, 1901 and, as in their first meeting, Gardiner demonstrated that his gruelling body punches could not be matched by anything the Kid had in stock and the Kid took the count in the eighth round.

Swinging into 1902, Gardiner met Root on January 31 and lost on a foul in the seventh round but followed this minor setback by outpointing Walcott in twenty rounds, thereby evening his account with the burly little Negro.

* * *

THOSE were the days when Jeffries was looking about for an opponent. He had extended his famous invitation to Jack Johnson to fight him in the cellar of Harry Corbett's cafe—an invitation that was laughed off by Johnson, who already was too smart to fight where there were no gate receipts—and apparently there was no one else worthy of a match with him.

One night a group of us, including Alec Greggains, famous Western sportsman, and W. W. ("Uncle Bill") Naughton, noted California sports critic, sat in Corbett's, the famous rendezvous for sporting men in San Francisco and, as might be expected, we talked mostly of fights.

"Who's going to fight Jeff?" asked Naughton.

Greggains snorted. He had no use for Jeff and always insisted the big fellow couldn't fight.

(I might add here that Jeff had no use for Aleck and fought Fitzsimmons at Mechanics' Pavilion only because the political powers in San Francisco decreed the fight should be held there or nowhere in the city and in that era the game was dominated absolutely by the politicians.)

"I'd like to see him fight Gardiner," said Greggains.

"Why, Aleck," I said, "Jeff is too big for George."

"I don't care how big he is!"

Early Days in San Francisco and Middle West Recalled

he stormed. "He's an over-rated 'stiff' and George would rip him to pieces with his body punches."

"Not for my money," I said. "Much as I admire George as a fighter, I wouldn't want to see him in the ring with the big bear."

After a moment I said:

"George is unfortunate, in a way. He's too heavy for the middleweights and too light for the heavyweights. He's just a—well, he's just a light heavyweight."

Naughton brought his fist down on the table.

"The light heavyweight champion!" he said. "That's what he is! I agree with you, Jack, that he can't beat Jeff, simply because he's not big enough. If he had twenty pounds more on him, I'm sure he could. But among the light heavyweights, he's the best."

And that is how the light heavyweight class came into being.

* * *

THE following day Uncle Bill, then conceded to be the greatest fight expert in the country, wrote an article in the San Francisco *Examiner* that was syndicated to the Hearst newspapers all over the country in which he referred to Gardiner as the "light heavyweight champion." However, it created not the slightest stir and everyone soon forgot it except Naughton himself, who plugged away on the same theme in subsequent articles.

That summer the Elks had scheduled their national convention in Salt Lake City and the idea of putting on a big fight as part of the entertainment for the lodge members originated with two well known sporting saloon and gambling house keepers, Jim Mulvey of Salt Lake and Harry Hines of Cheyenne, Wyo. They came to San Francisco and offered a purse of $7,500, to be split $5,000 to the winner and $2,500 to the loser for a return fight between Gardiner and Root. Greggains and I accepted for Gardiner and Houseman, managing Root, also was agreeable.

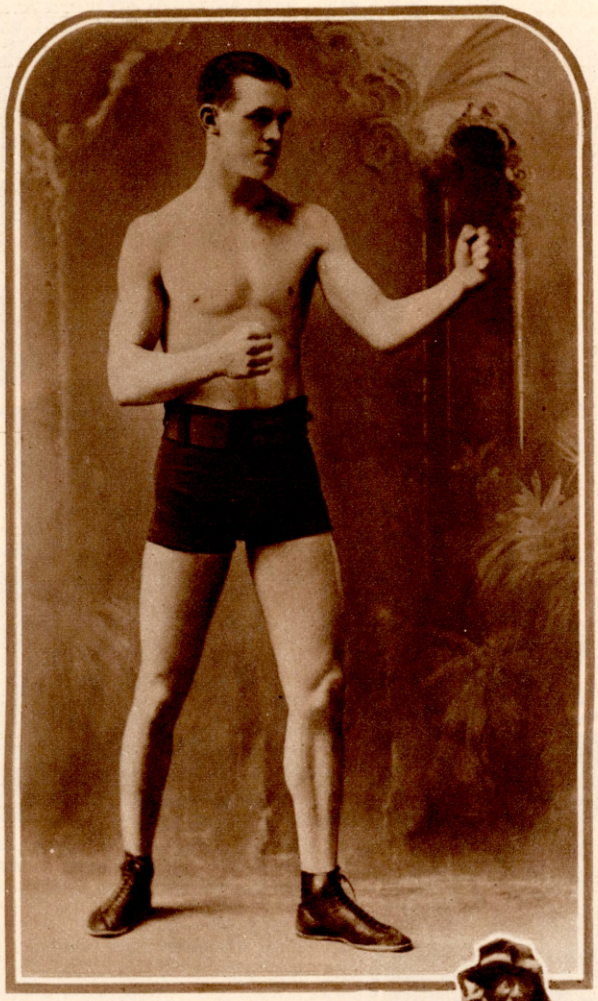
Above: Eddie Graney, famous manager and referee, who handled affairs of Joe Choynski

Left: Alec Greggains, Western promoter and manager

Below: Harry Corbett, whose cafe on the coast was the rendezvous for famous sportsmen

We headed for Salt Lake, where Root went into training in the city, while we pitched Gardiner's camp in Ogden Canyon to get away from the dead heat that lay over the city. Preparations for the fight were halted suddenly when some Salt Lake businessmen and civic leaders objected to it on the ground that they had put up the money to underwrite the convention and could see no reason why a band of fight promoters and managers should step in and profit as a result of their efforts. Mulvey was inclined to argue the point but Hines, who was very independent, was not. He promptly declared the fight would be held—but not until after the convention.

Thus it was slated for August 18th and Gardiner, in much better condition than Root, as a result of having trained in the cool canyon, won by a knockout in the seventeenth round. He beat Jack so badly that a report got about the country that Jack had died soon after leaving the ring. Later it was discovered this report grew out of the refusal of Houseman to permit newspapermen to talk to Root in his dressing room.



Above: Jack Moffat who was stopped in three rounds by George Gardiner

Right: Jack Curley posing with an Indian Chief out in Arizona

The newspapermen, suspecting something was amiss, had caught a glimpse of Jack stretched out on a rubbing table and were convinced he was dead.

Meanwhile, the light heavyweight championship wasn't even mentioned in connection with this fight. Naughton had continued to hammer away at the idea in his column, but got no cooperation from us—a circumstance which proves, if it proves anything, that we were not as well versed then as we are now in the art of ballyhoo.

* * *

WITH this fight out of the way, we returned to San Francisco. Under the rules administered by the city authorities, only one big fight could be held each month and the dates were apportioned among three promoters, of whom Greggains was one. Aleck's next date was in October and he picked Gardiner and Choynski for October 31st. Choynski, who was at his home in La Grange, Ill., acepted the offer by wire and, after Gardiner had had a couple of weeks' rest, I took him to Col. Sargent's ranch, below San Francisco, to train. As guests of Col. Sargent we roamed the ranch, then one of the show places of the country and, entirely cut off from the outside world, were completely at a loss as to what was going on in San Francisco. The result of our isolation was costly to us.

It seems that we scarcely had left the city before opposition to the fight was launched and it soon made rapid headway. The claim was made that Choynski had slipped so far he was not a match for Gardiner and that George was fighting him merely as part of a build-up plan contrived by Greggains and myself. Candor compels me to admit that there was something in this claim and Gardiner, figuring that Choynski would be a mark for him, did not train very seriously.

One of those pressing the opposition to the fight was Zeke Abrams, a big bookmaker and pool room operator. Abrams, convinced that Johnson was a great fighter in the making, urged that the Negro get the assignment against Gardiner. Another charge laid against us was that the match was made to help Eddie Graney, Choynski's manager, who then was in bad graces with the political powers.

So upset was Greggains by the furore that buzzed about him, that he suddenly switched his plans and substituted Johnson for Choynski. Unfortunately, he neglected to inform us in our attractive but lonely retreat and not until we were about to break camp and head into San Francisco were we aware that George was not going to fight Choynski. Then, of course, it was too late for Gardiner to get in a few extra licks of training.

* * *

I STILL hate to think of that fight. It was, to put it as bluntly as I can, terrible. Maybe I could think of a stronger word to describe it if I had paid to see it. Gardiner didn't even remotely resemble the Gardiner who had beaten Carter, Walcott and Root. Johnson, always scheming to let the other fellow make the fight and then beat him with counter punches, employed his usual style but George simply couldn't make the fight. They tugged and hauled and loafed through round after round as the disgusted spectators, hooting and cursing, made their exit, so that we were almost alone when the referee, at the end of twenty rounds, awarded the decision to Johnson.

Some conception of the nature of the fight may be gained from the fact that both Gardiner and Johnson and all connected with them had to leave town the next day. I believe that if we hadn't, the vigilantes would have sprung into existence again and hanged us.

Gardiner and I fled to Chicago, where Paddy Carroll once more was operating the Illinois Athletic Club at his old stand, the Howard Theatre on Desplaines street. He was pleased to see me and rejoiced at the measure of success I had achieved, for he looked on me as his protege and rightly considered that he had helped me to progress as far as I had.

Gardiner's first engagement in Chicago was with Billy Stifft, a rugged second rater, whom he easily defeated in the six rounds to which the bout was limited. I experienced a vicarious revenge in seeing George pound Stifft for, some years before, when Billy had needed some money to pay for his little girl's communion, I had obliged him by taking part in a bout with him and had been soundly thumped as a reward for my willingness to help him.

Shortly after Gardiner's fight with Stifft, Carroll stopped in to see me as I was at dinner at the old Morrison Hotel.

"Jack," he said, "I want to use that big Irishman of yours in a fight at my club."

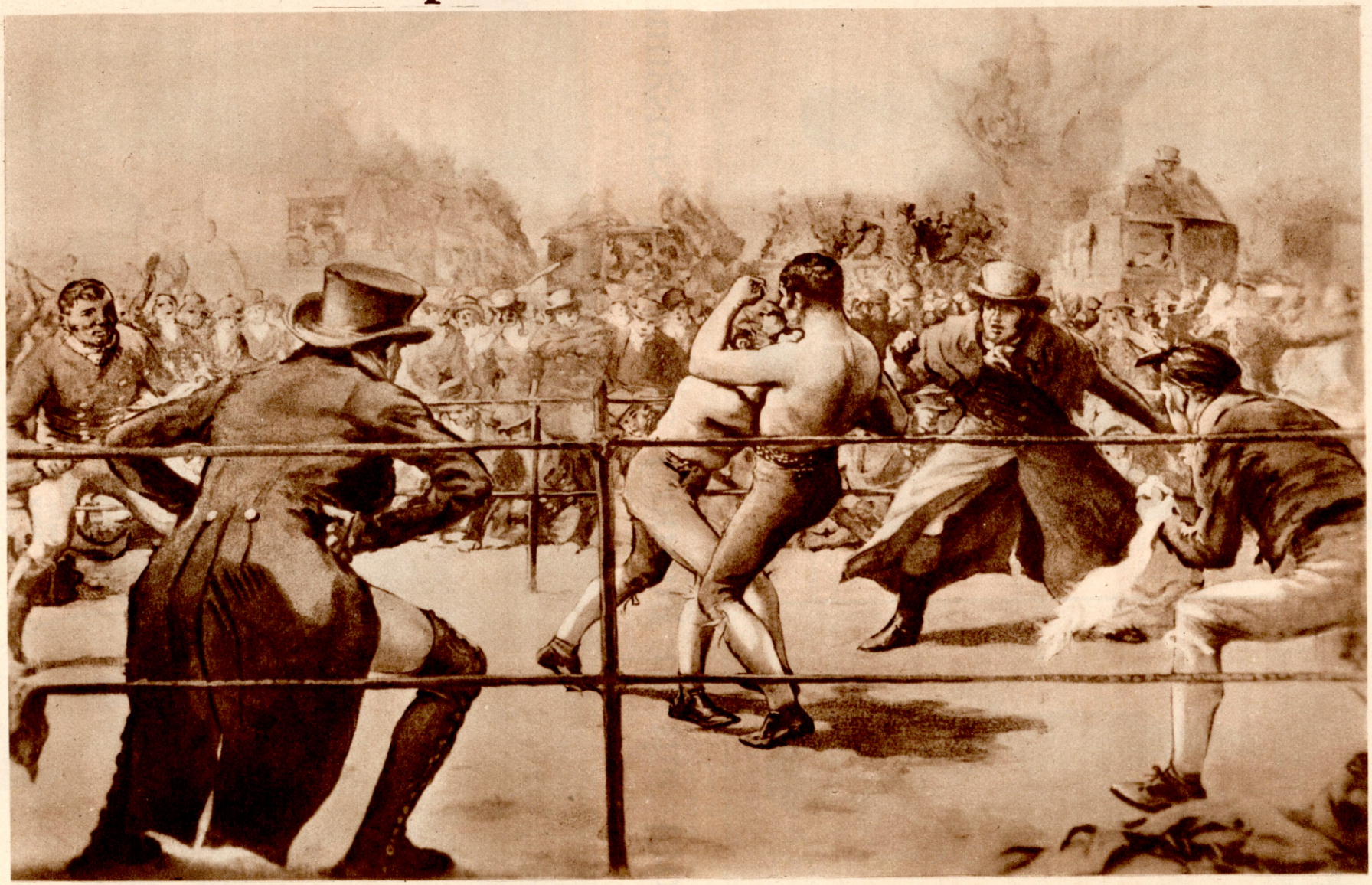
"All right, Paddy," I said. "I'd like nothing better than to have him fight for you. Whom do you want him to fight?"

"Kid Carter," he said.

I protested vigorously.

"You can't do that, Paddy," I said. "Why, he gave the Kid two frightful beatings on the Coast and it would be nothing short of brutal to allow them to fight again. After all, the Kid's a good fellow and I don't get (*Continued on page* 49)

When Carpentier's Predecessor Failed

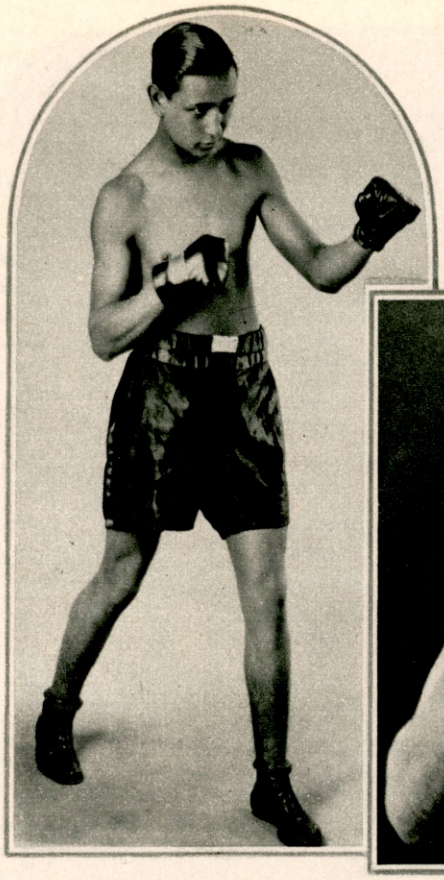


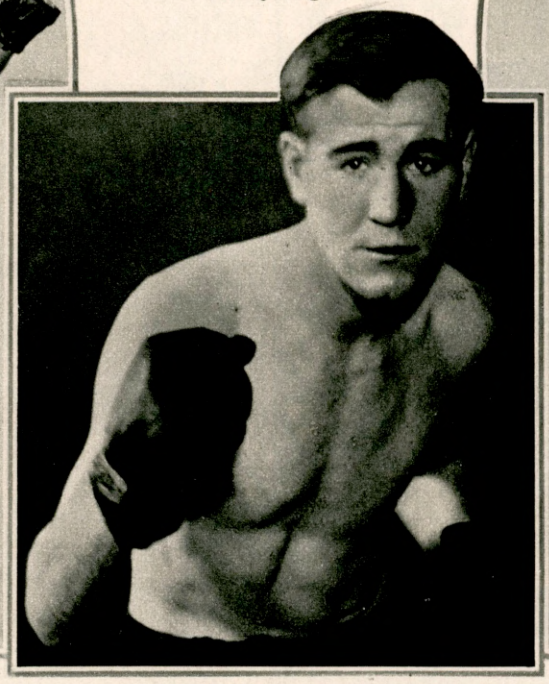
Here we have the fight between Jack Slack, English heavyweight champion, and Mons. Petit, of Paris, in 1754. Petit, the first Frenchman on record to engage in an international boxing contest, was whipped in twenty-five minutes but gave a good account of himself

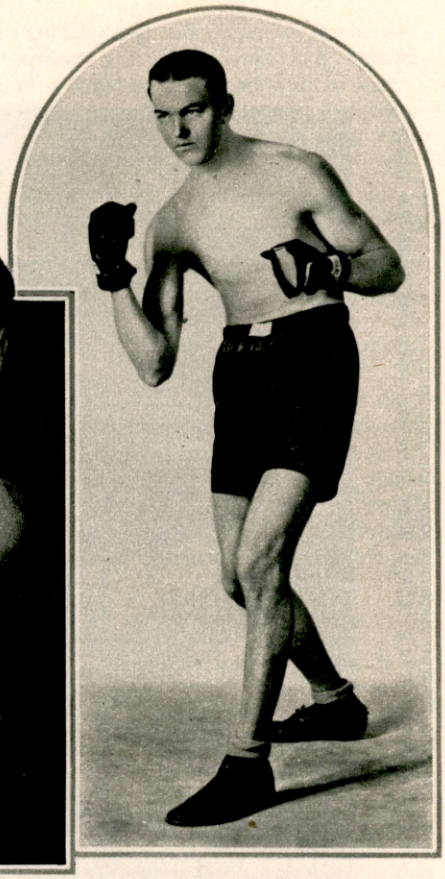
Left — Eddie Cerda, Mexican featherweight who is fighting in New York

Below—Willie Gannon, British bantam, now in New York

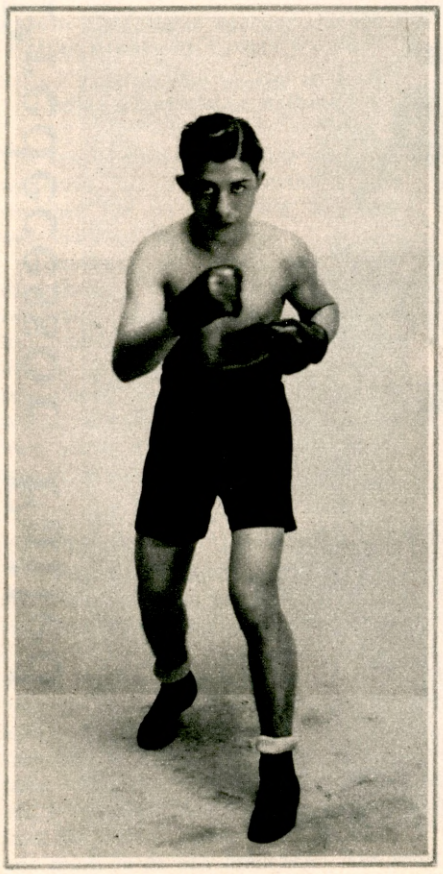
Right — Jack Kelly, fast rising lightheavyweight



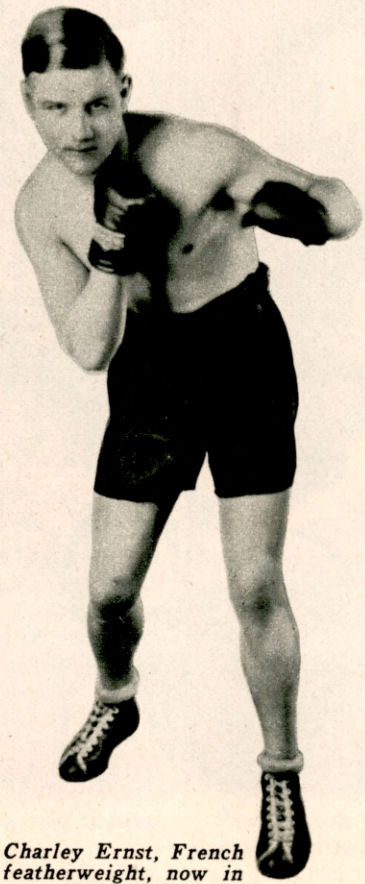




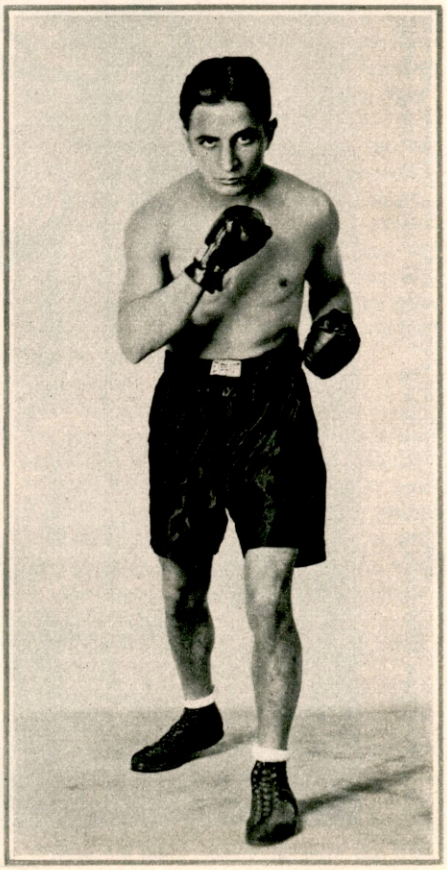
Youngsters Who Are Coming to the Front



Kid Adams, bantamweight from Little Rock, Ark.



Charley Ernst, French featherweight, now in New York



Georgie Keen, clever Yonkers flyweight

As You Pipe It

Shakespeare Up-to-date in the Ring

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

SCENE ONE

SCENE—The offices of the New York Boxing Commission. There is a special session on the tapis. The meeting is attended by writers, experts, fighters, villagers and what not. The air is scented with jasmine and resin. The scene is festooned with the overripe cauliflower. As the play gets under way there is sweet music in the distance.

FIRST EXPERT—Fair is foul!

SECOND EXPERT—And foul is fair!

THIRD EXPERT—Everything is fair and nothing is foul.

ALL THE EXPERTS—Three merry little fight writers are we. The Boxing Commission has us up a tree. If a foul is fair and it's fair to foul, how about the howl of the fighter who's hit foul? How about the howl, say we?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Odds bodkins, I am sick of hearing about fouls. The Sharkey-Schmeling fight did give me a terrible stomach ache. Let the fighters protect themselves at all times, even as the battlers of old.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—Yea, verily, let them fight in suits of armor. Let them battle in the nude. Let them fight with anything and everything, but—let them fight. I am sick of fights that aren't fights.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—By my hauberk, let us do away with the Marquis of Queensberry and his old fashioned code. Let us have the Count of Razzberry's rules. No fouls. No belt line. No nothing, except the holy sock on the beak.

ALL THE EXPERTS—Three merry little fight writers are we. The commission has killed the well known fouling spree. No longer will it be fiddle de dum, it will have to be fiddle de dee.

ALL THE COMMISSIONERS—'Tis fair to foul and 'tis foul to foul and holler foul. Avast, belay, we'll have no squawk—make way, for the merry commissioners and the Count of Razzberry's boxing rules.

MERRY VILLAGERS—Avast, belay, make way, make way, for the merry commission, which has had its say. Avast and belay, for the foul is gone, and gone is the foul. Gone is the squawk, and the customers must be pro—the customers must be pro—the cash customers must be protected.

EVERYBODY IN UNISON—Yes, the cash customers must be protected.

* * *

SCENE TWO

THE scene shifts to the Yankee Stadium. There is a lightweight championship fight between Mandell and Singer. There is much merriment.

FIRST EXPERT—Fair is foul!

SECOND EXPERT—Foul is fair!

THIRD EXPERT—They'll have to fight this time, m'lads. Hath not the august boxing commission of this sovereign state ruled that there cannot be a foul? Huh? Tell me?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Yea, verily, the customers have been protected. There will be no foul. And if there be one, we will simply ignore it. If one of the wights be fouled and doth lay himself down on the resin and holler, we will rule him out of order.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—Yea, he will be out of order.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—Kidney punches, rabbit punches, sis boom ba! Nothing can be a foul—rah, rah, rah!

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Yea, 'tis a noble college yell. And you yodel it swell. We have done away with the smell, of the foul and its compound essence of the overdue cheese.

ALL THE EXPERTS—They have killed the awful smell, of the foul and its vile spell. Down with the belt line, up with the foul line. Yea!

THE COMMISSIONERS—Odds bodkins, what has happened? Our backs were turned. Mandell doth lie there in awful stillness and they have not been at it two minutes. It cannot be a foul. We have no fouls!

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It must be a knockout.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—Possibly it is a knockout. I haven't seen one for so long, 'tis hardly recognizable.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—It must be that this Singer did strike Mandell terrific hard and put him away. Short and sweet. And not a foul in sight.

ALL THE EXPERTS—Yes, 'twas short and sweet, and he did it very neat. Not a foul in sight. And all was quite polite.

THE MERRY VILLAGERS—'Twas all so very neat, and 'twas all so very sweet. But where in hell is the fight?

* * *

SCENE THREE

SCENE—The offices of the august commission. There is another august meeting and again the place is festooned with the overripe cauliflower. There is music in the distance.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—By my hauberk and a good five cent cigar, did any of you gents see that Mandell-Singer thing?

SECOND COMMISSIONER—Yea, there was a knockout. I remember distinctly that when I was a boy I did see a fight at the old Broadway Club, and one man did hit the other vile hard and what happened was exactly what happened to Mandell. The man did swoon away.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—Yea, we have barred fouls, but the merry wights perhaps will follow suit and bar fights altogether. No foul, no fight. I still hear the raucous squawk of the cash customers.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—There is nothing to be done about it but to bar knockouts as well.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—A dandy idea, by my old serge suit. Let them fight ten rounds before a K. O. is legal.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—No fouls, and no knockouts. Ten rounds, or the boys get their dough back.

ALL THE EXPERTS—Now, here's a wise old man, and he hath a gorgeous plan. Let them bust each other's beaks, let them sock each other's cheeks. But they've got to give the customers a battle.

MERRY VILLAGERS—Let them poke each other's ribs, let them blast each other's cribs. But they've got to give the bleacher boys a battle.

ALL THE COMMISSIONERS—Done. It is so ordered. Let there be no fouls. Let there be no knockouts. Let there be no rules. Let there be no—one moment, gentlemen, where are we?

FIRST PROMOTER—I know exactly where we are. Finish it, gentle folks. Let there be no fights.

SECOND PROMOTER—Imagine asking them fighters to go ten rounds, and not a knockout and not a foul. It ain't just.

THIRD PROMOTER—Imagine asking the fighters to fight! What is the world coming to?

MERRY VILLAGERS—'Tis a hard and cruel place, these be tough and parlous times, when the wielders of the mace, are asked to earn their dimes. Would you have the fighters fight? Would you put an awful blight, on the sheiks and the nice boys, the hair oils and the cute toys? Would you force the lads to banter, where they've always had a canter?

ALL THE EXPERTS—Would you make the fighters fight?

ALL THE COMMISSIONERS—You're durn tootin'—THAT'S RIGHT!

(*Exeunt Omnes, Singing.*)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

New York Rule Encourages Foul Fighting
Will Aid Trickster to Avoid Defeat
Pocket-book Remedy Hits Nail on Head

TO the followers of the game of boxing, prohibition is no longer the outstanding problem of the universe. With them the FOUL in pugilism, as a national topic, has supplanted the Volstead Act. It is the foremost question of the day so far as boxing patrons are concerned and unless it is shunted to the background, boxing will soon find a hurdle most difficult to overcome.

The mass of verbiage quoted in the columns of the sports writers, together with the queer decisions of the anointed apostles of the game, the boxing commissions throughout the country, have only tended to muddle the affair. Of all the commissions which have under their control the sport of boxing, only two to date, those of Oklahoma and Missouri, have placed in effect legislation which, in my opinion, will do more to remedy the evil which threatens the very existence of boxing, than any other.

Those western commissions have taken the bull by the horns by notifying all boxers that foul fighting or claims of fouls will get the fighters nowhere. Failure to complete the match according to Hoyle will mean another contest, fought without any additional fee, with the spectators admitted free on a "rain check" detached from the original ticket, and no money will be paid to the boxers until such time as they satisfactorily complete their contract with the public.

* * *

Hit Where It Hurts Most

THAT is as it should be and follows the plan laid out by THE RING in its last issue. Hit the boys where it hurts most and foul claims and foul strikes will soon be eliminated. That plan is a thousand per cent better than that offered by the New York State Commission. The New York rule, which abolishes fouls and at the same time encourages them, is the worst piece of boxing legislation ever placed on the books.

Time and common-sense reasoning will eventually bring about a solution to the problem in a manner satisfactory to all hands—fighters, promoters and spectators—but until then, it is folly to throw aside the rules of fair play and sportsmanship and declare that all blows, fair and foul, are fair and that he who is hit low, contrary to the rules which are the very foundation of boxing, shall be declared the winner by a knockout if his opponent is unable to continue.

The decision of the New York Boxing Commission—a splendid, honorable trio that has the interests of the sport at heart—to award the round to a boxer who is the victim of an illegal blow, is proper legislation. The fouler should and must be penalized. If the blow is a light one, yet is struck in foul territory, very little damage may result.

But how about a punch that is really low, in a portion of the anatomy that makes it quite dangerous and incapacitates the fouled fighter? Shall we penalize the victim for fighting fair and award the foul fighter with an unjustly earned decision? What folly!

Shall we stand idly by and see the fouled fighter counted out, the victim of a punch banned by the code under which the battle is waged? Shall we permit the deliverer of the dastardly outrage to have his hand held up in token of victory while the victim of his cunning lies stretched on the canvas, a helpless human being?

* * *

Persistent Violators Favored

THE RING stands for all that is good in the sport of boxing. Constructive criticism is our aim. The uplift of the sport and fair play to all, is our motto. That is why THE RING takes this firm stand against fouls and against the New York rules which encourage, rather than help to do away with fouls.

Take the case of a persistent violator. He fouls three or more times and on each occasion he receives a warning. After the third warning, it is mandatory on the part of the referee to report the matter to the boxing commission which in turn promises a severe penalty in the form of a long suspension.

So far, so good—but—how about the tricky fighter who sees an out when defeat stares him in the face? True, the victim of a foul receives credit for the round, but will that offset the damage which is done, or can be done, by the cunning perpetrator of the foul? I doubt it.

So long as the referee is prevented by the New York rule from exercising his judgment and automatically disqualifying a fellow who keeps hitting low, the rule will react in favor of the foul fighter. Many New York referees have informed me in private that the rule will do more harm than good, yet, fearing retaliation if they openly defy the commission, they say nothing publicly.

Let us examine what would happen if a fighter keeps sending in low punches, even if only light taps, and accepts the consequences—the loss of the round. A cunning fellow might lose three rounds in a row, during which he has landed half a dozen low punches. True, he has dropped each round, but he is gaining the advantage by weakening his rival. No matter how light a low blow, if sufficient such punches are struck, they will weaken the receiver and finally make him a target for a haymaker. And that is where the cunning fighter gains his point. When his dirty work has been completed, he suddenly shoots over a hard wallop and down and out goes the chap who has won all the previous rounds through the fouls which the winner has delivered.

* * *

Suggestions for Referees

THE New York rules encourage trickery. They give a foul fighter an opportunity to get away with legalized murder. The rules do not belong to the ring sport and should be eliminated before more damage is done to boxing.

There are other ways to curb the foul epidemic, the best of which was offered in the last issue of THE RING and has been adopted by two western bodies. (*Continued on page* 47)

John Smith, Fight Fan

By Earl McKee

JOHN SMITH, cold, calculating business executive, sits at the conference table. "Poker Face," they call him. Conservative, as devoid of emotion as an icicle, a man of few words. Unapproachable by all save his immediate business associates, who seldom see his face illumined by a smile or darkened by a frown of anger. A typical hard-boiled captain of industry and finance.

John Smith, fight fan (yes, the same John Smith described in the above paragraph), sits at the ringside, on the edge of his chair, his countenance illumined by a frenzy of joy, his hands clenched until the nails cut into the flesh. Swaying from side to side and half rising at times from his seat, he fairly screams to his favorite in the ring to "Kill the dirty bum!"

How do they get that way?

What is there about the boxing sport that brings about such a metamorphosis, such a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation in the average fistic follower? They enter the arena where fights are held sane, quiet and even dignified. They leave babbling like maniacs.

The smell of the resin, the clang of the gong, the thud of leather on raw flesh, all seem to work a drastic change in their innermost natures. They seem to break down carefully cultivated restraint and cause them to "let themselves go" like sailors on shore leave after a month's cruise.

Oh, yes, there is unrestrained enthusiasm and "rooting" at other forms of sport. Football has its organized cheering, its agonized appeals to "hold that line" or "block that kick." Baseball produces plenty of crowd demonstrations, and a degree of "razzing," but there is always the applause of the ball fans for a brilliant play by players on the "opposition" team. Ice hockey, six-day bike racing and other strenuous athletic contests inspire watchers to noisy demonstrations. But, in what other sport will you hear such cries as:

"Kill the big ham!"

"Stop it—throw 'em out!"

"Make 'em fight, referee!"

"Knock the coward silly!"

* * *

A FIGHT fan is a funny fellow. Two contestants climb into the ring for a preliminary bout. The fan has never seen nor heard of either of them before. He immediately selects one of them as his favorite, and from then on until the end of the bout his selection is his hero and the other boxer is a villain of deepest dye.

He sees just what he wants to see. If "his" fighter gets punched in the jaw, he loudly explains to his neighbors that it was "on the shoulder" or a complete miss. But with every light tap "his" fighter lands, he lustily shouts "O-o-o-o! boy—that hurt him!" When "his" fighter misses he exclaims, "O, man, if that had landed it would have been good-night!"

But why go on with the description? You fight followers who are reading this, know this bird. He sat next to you the other night. Didn't you see him? You didn't? Well, then you surely heard him. And when you got home you found black and blue spots on your sides where he shadow-boxed with his elbows. Do you remember?

At the end of the bout, he loudly applauds "his" fighter as he leaves the ring, no matter what kind of a fight he has put up. And as the other boy leaves, he as loudly "Boos."

Again, a pair of boxers may be a little slow in getting started in the first round, feeling each other out, as they say. This is the cue for our fan to start yelling: "When does the fight start?" "What is this, a waltz?" "Throw 'em out, referee," or "Stop it—stop it!"

* * *

A FEW seasons ago, during a boxing show at the Ft. Harrison Punch Bowl, near Indianapolis, two pugs were putting up a rather sorry exhibition of the manly art, and numerous customers were yelling "Stop it." Captain Chase, head of the military boxing commission, took them at their word, evidently, for he climbed into the ring, and "stopped it."

And, instantly, the fans who had been demanding the fight be halted, turned on the Captain and roundly abused him for interfering.

Did you ever hear the fans at a football or baseball game demand that the contest be stopped? Some baseball games—big league games at that—have turned into the veriest farces or comedies of errors. Football games have been marred by fumbles and bone-head play. But the referee or umpire is never implored to call the contest off. If the fan finds it uninteresting, he goes home. A fighter can no more win every night than a baseball pitcher can win every day. The pug has his "off" spells just as does every other athlete, but this is never taken into consideration by a lot of fight fans.

But, after all, we guess it's all for the best. It gives John Smith a chance to blow off steam and makes for a balance in his life. And John Smith isn't a bad fellow when he cools off.

* * *

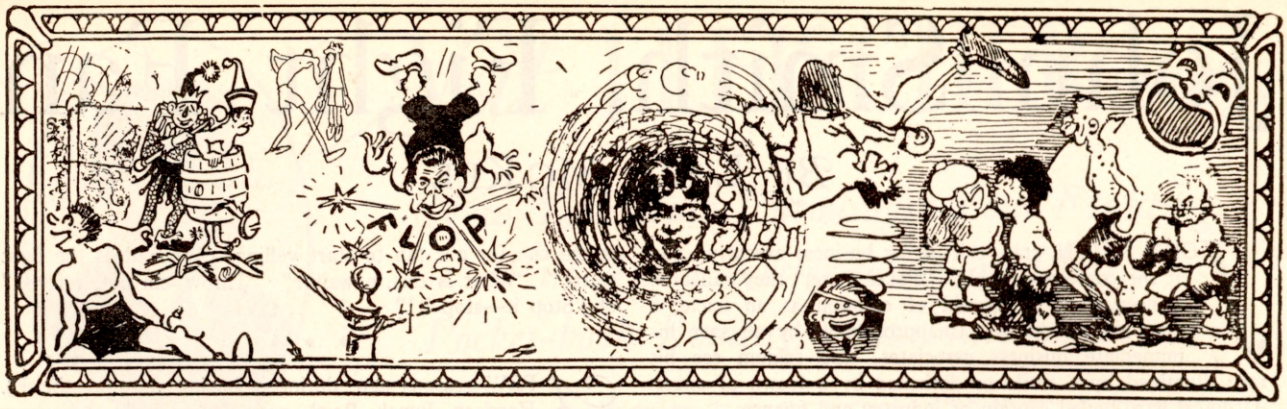
THE trouble with most fight fans is that they expect too much. They fail to realize that fighters are human, and that like the fan, the men who exhibit their wares in the ring have their off days. It may be the weather; it may be some worries over home affairs; it may be some ailment of which the fighter has said nothing to his manager—that causes the fighter to show below par. But the fight fan wants to know nothing about these. All he is interested in, is the fight.

He knows that he has paid his admission and if he is an ardent, dyed-in-the-wool follower of things pugilistic, he expects to get one hundred cents of effort for each dollar he has spent. After all, you can't blame the chap.

About a year ago, Sammy Mandell, world's lightweight champion engaged Jimmy McLarnin in a fight for the title, and when that battle was over, with Sammy the winner by a wide margin, hoots and boos greeted the contestants. Sammy did his best, but his best that day was not up to the mark. The public that pays the freight, was well aware of the fact that Sammy Mandell could give a far better exhibition than he did, but that same public did not know that Sammy was working under a tremendous handicap, for from out in Rockford, Ill., there was received by him that day, a message of severe illness in his family. Not to disappoint a large gathering, he went through with the mill, but failed to give his best.

On many other occasions fighters have met with similar experiences, one in the old Garden a few years ago, when word was flashed of the death of the father of one of the contestants. That boy was told of the bereavement as he sat between rounds, and then and there he lost complete control of himself and for four rounds, he gave a miserable exhibition. He was booed to the Queen's taste where previously he was cheered to the echo for putting forth a most sensational battle.

Such is the way of ring stars! One day a hero, the next, a ham! And the fickle fan is the one who makes or breaks him.



HUMOR *in the* RING

By WILBUR WOOD

(SECOND INSTALMENT)

"DANIEL may have been in a tough spot when he was in the lions' den, but I was in one just as bad in Allentown years ago," said Billy McCarney, famous raconteur of the sock market while the boys were discussing some interesting experiences of referees.

The present generation of boxing fans may not be aware of it, but two decades ago McCarney was a well known referee. In fact, Billy has played every role in the Queensberry drama, from boxer to promoter.

"They had a grudge fight ribbed up in Allentown," continued the Professor, "between Dan O'Mahany of Bethlehem and Jack O'Sullivan of Allentown. Each of these fellows carried a rough mob with him. Plenty of money was bet on each fighter.

"When I was offered seventy-five dollars and expenses to referee the fight I jumped at it. That was a lot of money in those days. But it turned out to be the toughest dough I ever earned.

"The seconds of both fighters began to lay it into me when I called the boys out for instructions. I knew by that time what a tough spot I was in. I made up my mind then and there that if it was humanly possible the fight would be a draw, so far as I was concerned.

"To cut a long story short, they finished the fifteenth and final round fairly even. I called it a draw. Instead of making it easy for me that made it worse, because each fighter thought he had been robbed.

* * *

"THEY started for me from each corner. I did not wait to argue, but leaped over the top rope and ran down a stairway before any of the crowd could grab me. I was looking for a place to hide and bolted through the first door I saw. It seemed to be a sort of cloak room. At least, there were a lot of coats and hats hanging on pegs.

"I had hardly got there when the door opened and in walked O'Mahany and his gang. Doug Dowd, who handled O'Mahany, was the toughest mug in that region and he was thirsting for my blood. As he started for me, it looked like my finish. I had to think fast.

"Putting on a jovial air I said: 'Well, Doug, old pal, did you see what I did for you out there?'

" 'Wait till you see what I'm going to do for you in here,' he answered with a snarl, reaching for my throat. 'I'm going to hang you on one of those hooks; what's left of you.'

" 'Don't you understand?' I cut in quickly. 'Your man won the fight, but to give you a break I called it a draw, so you can match them again in Bethlehem and make yourself a barrel of money by promoting the show. Get wise to yourself.'

"Well, that stopped him.

" 'You're a smart egg and a good guy after all,' Dowd said. And he explained the gag to the rest of the mob.

" 'To show you we appreciate what you did for us,' he said, finally, 'I'm going to cut you in for a piece of the show and you can referee the next one on the up and up.'

"We shook hands on it but you can bet all the tea in China I was not within miles of Bethlehem when they put on the return match. I had convenient business in California. Tim Hurst finally took the assignment. He was the man for the job. Tim doted on those tough jobs."

* * *

THE talk drifted around to the time when Ed Purdy, refereeing the Greb-Walker fight at the Polo Grounds in 1925, threw his knee out of joint and had to hobble around on one foot, holding the ropes.

"I got worse than that in Sacramento, back in 1909," spoke McCarney. "I was refereeing a fight between Indian Joe Gregg and Pete Sullivan. Gregg was sour on me because I had made him fight cleanly in several other bouts and he was laying to hit me on the chin—by accident, of course.

"He took several shots at me, but I ducked them. Of course, he made it look like he was trying to nail Sullivan and missing him. Finally Indian Joe got me pinned in a corner, right behind Sullivan, while they were in a clinch. I told them to break and as Sullivan ducked his head, Gregg fired one over his shoulder and hit me right on the button.

"I went down and out. It so happened that just as I hit the floor the bell rang. Joe Richardson, the promoter, grabbed the water bucket out of one of the corners and went to work on me. He had me out of it in time for me to finish the fight as referee and you can bet I kept far enough away from Gregg after that!"

"Who got the decision?" Billy was asked.

"Why bring that up?" was his reply.

"That was the first time I knew of a referee needing a second, but some years later I seconded Ed Cochrane, Kansas City sports writer, while he was third man in a fight between Jack Dillon and Jim Flynn, at Dewey, Oklahoma, one blazing July afternoon," went on McCarney.

"It was more than a hundred in the shade that day. The ring floor was so hot that even while the fighters were resting in their corners they had to keep lifting their feet off the floor to keep from having them roasted.

"Cochrane was worried about being able to go the route as

referee and commandeered me to second him. I had a bucket of ice and a supply of towels and cabbage leaves.

"As soon as a round was over Ed would hot-foot it to his corner and I would put a fresh ice-cooled cabbage leaf on his head, under his straw hat. Then I would rub him off with the iced towels. That's the only time I know of when a referee wore cabbage leaves on his head."

* * *

McCARNEY began to chuckle softly to himself. "What's the joke, Bill?"

"I was just thinking of the first time Cochrane ever refereed," he chortled. "Carl Morris and Mike Schreck were matched to box in Sapulpa. I was going down from Kansas City, hoping to land the job as referee. On the train I met Cochrane.

" 'Where you going, Ed?' I asked.

" 'On my way to Sapulpa to referee that Morris-Schreck fight.'

" 'I never knew you were a referee.'

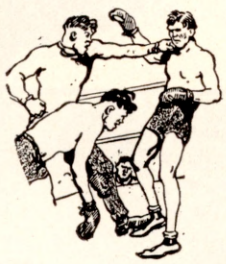
" 'I'm not, but I'm going to be from now on.'

" 'You picked a tough one to start on.'

" 'I know it and that's where you come in. I want you to give me some tips.'

"Well,, sir, you may not believe it, but right there in that smoking car we went into rehearsal. I played the part of both fighters, with Cochrane as the referee. I would shadow box a while; then hit myself on the chin and go down. Ed would count on me and at the same time keep motioning my imaginary opponent to his corner.

"You can imagine what a treat that was for the yokels in the smoker. They probably put us down for a couple of escaped lunatics, but you couldn't blame them for that. Ed did a good job in Sapulpa, too, for a fellow that had never had any experience except in refereeing a one-man fight.



"You know, everybody thought it was something new when the Boxing Commission made that rule about a boxer being forced to go to a neutral corner after scoring a knockdown. I always made a fighter do that when I was refereeing and so did many of the other old-time referees and I well remember that was one of the first things I taught Cochrane that day in the smoking car."

* * *

TOM BODKIN, Broadway theatrical man, who used to be a referee and promoter in Pittsburgh years ago, was sitting in on the gabfest.

"I had a funny experience in Pittsburgh when refereeing," said Bodkin. "We matched up two big black boys. We had built each of them up by sending them in with smaller Negroes, whom they frightened to death. When they met, it was the first time either had been up against anyone as big as himself and they were scared to death of each other.

"For three rounds they danced away from one another. Once in a while one of them would let go a punch with a ferocious growl, but the other would be so far away they never hit each other.

"Finally, one big buck, more by accident than intention, clipped the other a pretty good punch on the jaw and the fellow went down. He rolled over and played dead. I was certain he was shamming. He just wanted an out.

"I started a count, giving it to him slow and prodding him with one foot. But he did not show a sign of life. As I counted ten he began to move. Instead of stopping I kept right on counting, in slow, funereal measure.

"As I reached nineteen, the buck on the floor looked up and said:

" 'Mr. Bodkin, you certainly is very fair, but it ain't no use, 'cause I ain't gonna fight no mo' to-night.' "

Another sitting in on the discussion is a prominent New York boxing writer, whose name we will not mention in order to save him possible embarrassment. He told his story, which was about as follows:

"I was just a young lad, looking for a few extra dollars and when I was offered the job of refereeing a fight I took it, though I did not know anything about what I was supposed to do.

"It was an easy fight to referee because it was very one-sided. One of the seconds of the fellow who was being murdered finally decided it was no use for his boy to go any further and tossed in a sponge.

"I suppose everyone who knows anything about boxing knows that when the sponge or the towel is thrown in it is the token of defeat, but I was so green it meant nothing to me. I skipped over to where the sponge lay and kicked it out of the ring.

"The second ran and picked it up and threw it in again, hitting me with it this time. Once more I kicked it out of the ring and, easing over near the corner, I yelled down to the second:

" 'If you don't stop throwing in that sponge, I'll stop the fight and give it to the other guy'."

* * *

MANY yarns have been written about boxers who have insisted on having their own referees in the ring or else they would not fight. Many years ago Sam Langford, famous Boston Tar Baby, was in London to box Iron Hague at the National Sporting Club. Hague was a giant.

Most American boxers appearing at the National Sporting Club made a lot of fuss about the choice of a referee. Langford had refrained all through his training from saying anything on that point.

The day of the fight Peggy Bettinson, director of the club, said to Langford:

"Sam, you are a most unusual specimen of fighting man in more ways than one. You haven't made any demands or complaints of any kind. You have not even shown any interest in the selection of a referee.

"Mr. Bettinson," replied the Tar Baby, "there is no use in arguing about the referee, because I always carry my own."

Bettinson purpled.

"Tut, tut," he said, indignantly. "You cannot bring your own referee into the National Sporting Club."

"Yes I can, boss," said Sam. "Here it is."

Whereupon Langford hoisted his ham-like right fist.

As it turned out, that right hand was about all that was required in the way of a referee for Langford knocked out Hague in the fourth round.

* * *

NOW just one more story about a referee and we'll fold up until the next issue. Years ago, according to our informant, the leading citizen of a certain small town, an inveterate seeker of the spotlight, prevailed upon a promoter to allow him to referee a fifteen-round fight.

Mr. Leading Citizen did not know much about his duties and the boxers got away with all the foul tricks known to the game. In the third round one of the ringsiders whispered to the referee that Whoozis was fouling Whatzis by thumbing him in the eye.

"Don't you think I know that?" pompously retorted the referee.

Came the end of the fight.

The referee held up Whatzis's hand.

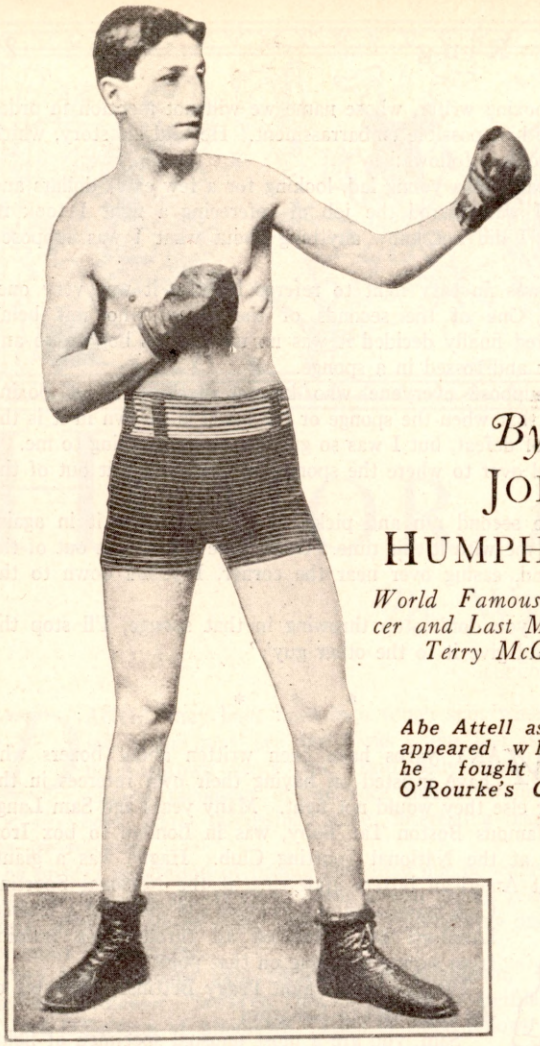
"I declare Whatzis the winner of this fight because of a foul committed by Whoozis in the third round," he declaimed.

And he could not understand why he was the target for cushions and whatever the customers could lay hands on to hurl in his direction.

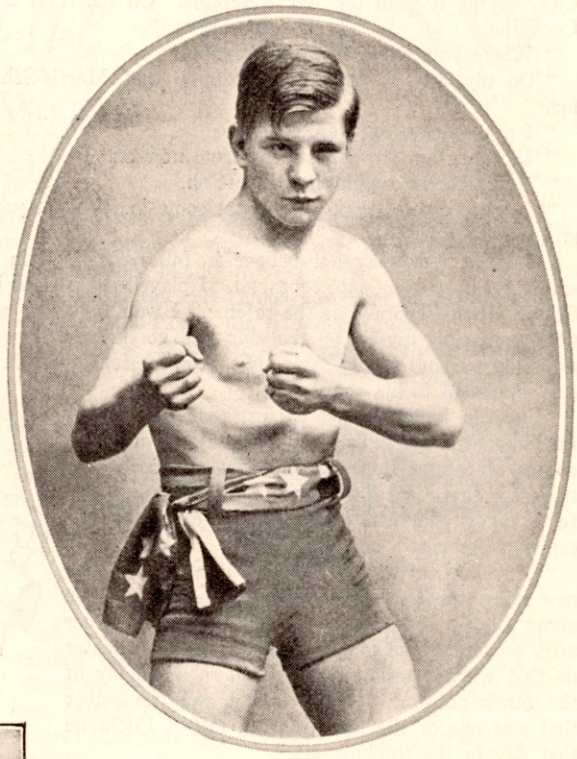
In CLUB MEMBERSHIP DAYS

By JOE HUMPHREYS

World Famous Announcer and Last Manager of Terry McGovern



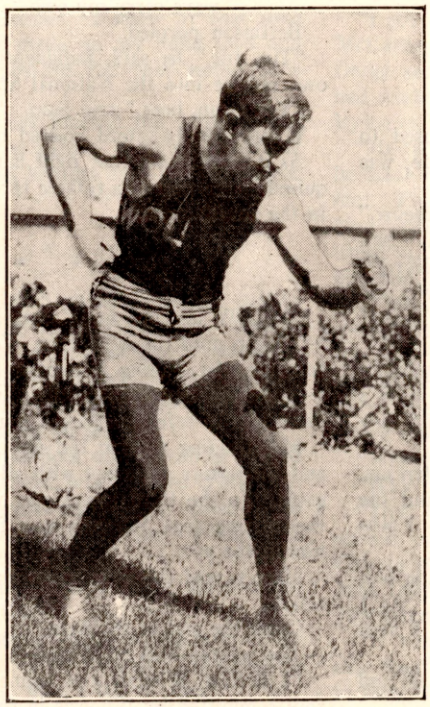
Abe Attell as he appeared when he fought at O'Rourke's Club



Knockout Brown who came within one punch of winning lightweight title

NEW YORK has played a most prominent part in the history of American pugilism. Many a thrilling tale can be told of the fights on the barges along the Hudson River, the battles in the dance halls on the Bowery and the bare knuckle contests in barns on Long Island, but I doubt that any of these yarns could surpass in interest the stories of the bouts staged in the heart of the metropolitan sector during the club membership days. When Jimmy DeForest and Charley Doesserick recently opened their Pioneer Gymnasium in the old Amsterdam Opera House they allowed a lot of old memories to escape like bats into the daylight.

It was good old Tom O'Rourke, manager of the great George Dixon and Joe Wolcott, who first operated the Opera House as a fight club and Tom did it under the club membership plan. It was the National Sporting Club of America that had its headquarters in the Opera House and the club was a relic of the National Sporting Club of East 24th street which O'Rourke later changed to the Pioneer Club under which name Charley Doesserick carried on for a long time.



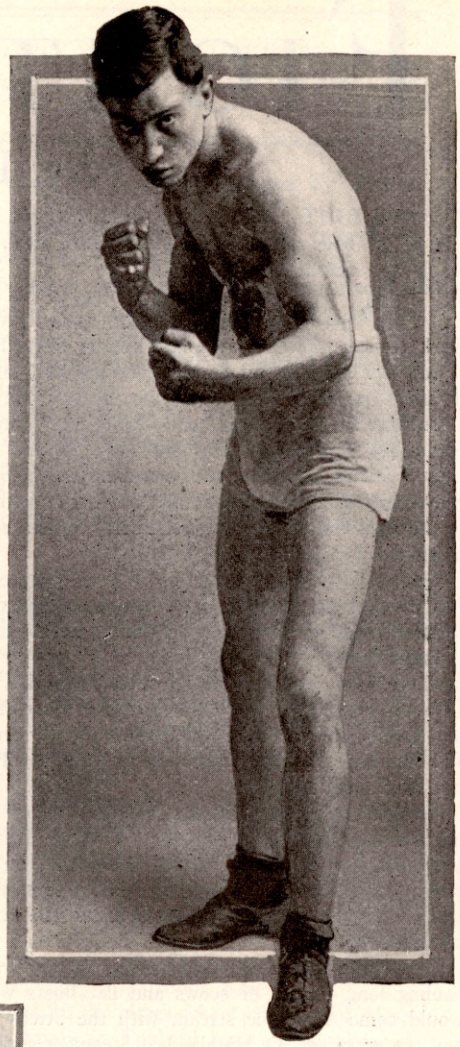
Ad Wolgast, former lightweight King, who met K. O. Brown at famous old club

It was at the Opera House that O'Rourke staged one of the greatest fights seen in the old membership days, a thrilling, hectic battle between Knockout Brown and Ad Wolgast.

Dumb Dan Morgan, who handled the reins over the blond New York Dutchman, got O'Rourke to guarantee Wolgast $10,000, so sure was Daniel that Brown would carry off the honors and it was by an eyelash that Brown failed to turn the trick through the knockout route.

The contest drew $21,000, a very big gate considering the entire seating capacity was only twelve hundred. But O'Rourke, assured that the attraction was a banner one, judging by the crowds who flocked in droves around the approach to the building, charged $5, $10 and $15 for his seats. The streets were so congested with fans who fought each other to get near the entrance, that the police reserves from three precincts were called into action

Hectic Contests Kept Fans on Edge



Leach Cross whose bout with Matty Baldwin was a wild affair

Tom O'Rourke, owner of the Amsterdam Opera House

to rope off the entire block.

I've seen many a wild gathering at the scene of a big battle, but none to surpass this one. And as for the fight itself, I've seen thrillers in all classes, but I dare say without fear of contradiction that the Wolgast-Brown bout had everything that goes to make a bout exciting and give heart throbs.

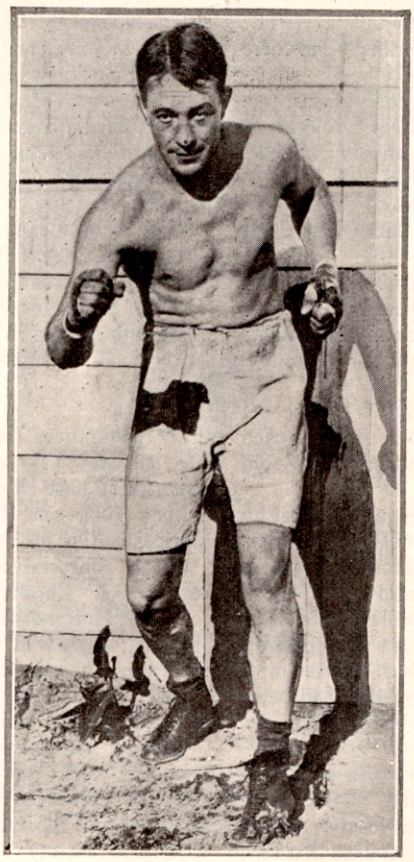
* * *

I'VE been asked to tell the RING readers something about the old Opera House and the many sports thrillers which were staged within its walls, but as in a previous article I've already told about the wrestling matches, I shall here confine myself to a description of the Wolgast-Brown scrap which I think was the greatest fight that ever took place in that famous sports emporium.

It was a savage bout from start to finish—a ten-round mill that was a hair-raiser. In my capacity as a ring official, I've witnessed many contests in which the title almost changed hands, but in the Wolgast-Brown tilt just one blow kept the title away from New York. Knockout Brown that evening came within a coin's flip of landing the lightweight crown, but he had too much respect for Ad's swing to take the necessary chance and that cost him the championship.

Brown had landed a punch on Wolgast's chin that had Ad groggy. In fact he went back on his heels, his eyes rolling as if he had been sent into a stupor as he floundered around the ring, yet somehow saved himself from a knockout. The thing that enabled Wolgast to retain his crown was the fact that Brown had engaged Leach Cross in several fights and had seen Leach sham grogginess only to whip across a terrific right for a K. O. when his opponent least expected it and Brown, figuring that Ad had learned the trick from Cross, decided to lay back and take no chances.

Even after Morgan shouted and pleaded with Brown to go in and finish his man, the Dutchman refused because he thought Ad was shamming.



Stanley Ketchel who had a close call in battle with Westchester Jim Smith, which the "Michigan Assassin" won by a K. O. in the fifth

"Just once more, K. O.," implored Daniel, but without avail. The champion was reeling around the ring like a drunken sailor. He was out on his feet, yet Brown failed to realize it.

All the Knockout One would have had to do to win that title would have been to push his opponent over, but Brown kept thinking of Ad's punching power and figured it best to take no chances. In that brief moment of golden opportunity, K. O. Brown proved that he lacked championship ability. Even his faithful manager realized that and Dan has never forgiven Brown for the respect he showed for Wolgast that night.

Coming to his corner, Brown looked in amazement at his manager when Dan upbraided him for not taking a pot shot at his groggy opponent.

"Just one blow—any kind of a punch—and you would have won the title," angrily said Morgan to Brown, but all he got as his reply was a sheepish look.

"You sap, you had the championship and you let it slip away. Why did you do it?" fairly shrieked Dumb Daniel.

"Aw, Mister Morgan, I didn't know it. I taut he vos kiddin' me," replied Brown

(*Continued on page* 46)

FIGHTING FATES

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"RIGHT! 4325, crate of machinery, check! 4326, bale of cotton, check! And now, Scotty, we're finished. What a life!"

Jim Harrand mopped his brow, and sat back on a packing case to review the night's work, to peer into his future and wonder where he was drifting. Hardly the sort of job he liked, or the kind of thing he had dreamed he would be doing at the age of twenty-one.

Checker of freight on the docks of the Manila and Orient Steamship Company. The big quay seethed with activity. Only a few hours before the *American Grandeur's* sailing time. Stevedores shouting, roustabouts hauling and tugging and over in the East the dawn just about breaking through the fog and murk of a hot July night.

The old Hudson steamed, and over it hung eerie wraiths of fog which kept changing into strange phantasmagoria as the faintest zephyr floated in from the southwest on the wings of the new day.

Checker of freight, Jim Harrand laughed a cynical laugh. Life played strange pranks with the dreams of youth. As a boy he had sat on those stringpieces jutting over the Hudson, and had built for himself alluring pictures of adventure in strange lands.

He had wanted to be a sea captain—master of a big steamship—no, not too big. Nothing like the *Lusitania,* for example. Rather something on the order of the *American Grandeur*—plenty of cargo, a few passengers, enough tonnage to make the sailing pleasant.

Tug boats tooted as they passed up the river, hauling long queues of scows and flat boats which would come down the stream with the bricks of Haverstraw and the gravel of the Highlands. Steamers shrilled—and there was a resounding smack on Jim's back.

"Dreamin' again, eh? Well, me boy, I had me dreams, too, back there in the hills of Donegal, but here I am, a stevedore. Keep tryin' and fightin', and you'll make it. This is a country of big opportunity even if it did pass me by."

It was Jim's father, sixty, and a human pack horse there on the docks, to fill the maws of the Manila and Orient ships with cargo.

"Yes, dad, this is a country of great opportunity, but how is a man to get out of the rut of this job, checking—all night long, checking, and the fog horns driving you mad on nights like this. Whistles and sirens, the tide in and the tide out—check and check—it's maddening."

"Come now, me son, better times are ahead," said the old man, as he took his boy's hand and together they marched down to West Street, then over to Clarkson and the funny old relic of a house they called home.

In its youth that house had been the mansion of a wealthy trader whose ships sailed the seven seas, and did a big business with China. Now it was the home of the Harrands and three other families, all just as poor, some more hopeless.

"I'll go up and see about the breakfast," said old John Harrand, with a twinkle in his Irish eye as Jim sat himself down on the worn, crumbling brownstone stoop which cracked with every sigh over memories of the halcyon days that had been.

"All right, father, I'll be up in a jiffy. Just want to get some of the sunshine," said Jim.

The sunshine wasn't long in coming. Her name was Kate Donohoe. With an aged father and her crippled mother, Kate lived on the top floor—the one with the quaint looking dormer windows—and how hot it was up there after a night like this.

But Kate came down the stoop smiling, her face aglow, her eyes shining brightly, as fresh as a daisy.

"Still down in the mouth, Jim?" she asked, as she laid a sympathetic hand on his head. "Still think you can't get out of all this?"

"Katie, dear, I am the most ungrateful, quitting hound in the world, sitting around and moaning when a girl like you has to make the sort of fight you are making up there," and he pointed up to the dormer windows that jutted out over the tar papered roof.

"Why, Jim, don't say such things about yourself," and she seized his arm and held it with all the strength she could summon.

"Jim, we'll fight into the sunshine yet. This house and those docks, the everlasting struggle, well, there is a kind Providence, I know."

"Kate, you're a peach. If it weren't for you, I would go up to Canada and enlist in their army," said Jim. Anything to get away from check! 4333, a crate of sewing machines—all night, check and check, the fog and the rain, dreaming of the lands that lie over the seas, and all the time anchored to that dock."

She looked up and down the street. Clarkson Street was quiet at seven in the morning. "Fight, Jim," she whispered, as she kissed him lightly on the cheek and rushed over toward the subway—the subway and the job down in Wall Street, where she was Big Joe Carney's secretary—Carney the stock manipulator.

Carney had come up from Barrow Street and the pavements into millions on the Street.

April, 1917—and the United States in the World War. April, and the boys on their way. April, and recruits marching down Broadway. April, and the *American Grandeur* and the *American Power,* her sister ship, taken over by the government for transports.

April morning, and Jim Harrand and Kate sitting on that brown stone stoop together.

"I'm going. This is the chance to get away from the rut and the life that burns out ambition. I can see my duty. It isn't to wait until I am caught in the draft. I'm going, and going now.

"Father says I've got to go. Mother says my duty is to my country," said Jim.

"Yes, I know, I'm not trying to dissuade you. It's all so bitter. But we're in it now, and that means war has hit us all," she said, tears running down her cheeks.

"Why, Katie, you don't mean to tell me that you are crying? Why, with me in this war it won't last six months more." He laughed. Katie laughed. The tension was broken.

* * *

"THE Marines for me. I always have envied those birds, and now I'll see if they live up to those bright, alluring posters they have all over town."

May, 1917—and Private James Reardon Harrand of the Marines getting his lessons down at Paris Island.

Check. One crate of canned salmon. Check. One crate of corned beef. Check!"

Private Harrand had to laugh. Here he was in the Marines checking supplies in the commissary. When they learned he was experienced in that line there was no escape.

But soon Jim was at the real work of the Marines—bayonets, drill, and the call of France.

January, 1918—and bad news for Private Harrand. Kate Donohoe, Red Cross nurse, had been killed when a German shell rent the walls of a French church, crashing on top of a dozen casuals and three nurses.

Jim couldn't cry. The things he had seen and the things he had done had taken all the tears out of him. All he had left was a burning resentment against a mad world.

Jim had gone in for boxing, but had not shown enough

aggressiveness to get him very far in the marine and infantry tournaments which were held behind the lines.

Now everything in Jim changed. A strange ferocity was born in him. The quiet Private Harrand became "Tiger" Harrand. Men and officers marveled at the change.

He became not only more aggressive, but infinitely more clever. He began to devote more time to mastering the finer points of the game, and he had a most expert teacher in Randy Mellor, once welterweight champion and now attached to the Knights of Columbus welfare service.

"Say, when this war is over I'd like to manage you. I think you could make a lot of dough fighting for a living," said Mellor one day, after Harrand had won the corps championship in the heavyweight class.

"This Hale guy isn't going to last forever, and somebody will have to beat him. It might as well be you."

Jim looked at Mellor for a while, then began to laugh. "Me a professional fighter! Randy, be yourself. Beating these birds over here is one thing and beating the pros in America is another. I'll never be a professional."

"Well, you're one of them smart alecks, and know it all," said Mellor. "Of course, I don't know a fighter when I see him. You see, Jim, I was only the world's welterweight champion, at a time when that meant something.

"What did you do for a living before you got mixed up in this fight? Checker on a dock? Twenty-five a week, and big chance of advancement to twenty-six in maybe ten years? Well, some other guy has your job now, and when you get back, you'll have the time of your life getting even a checker's place at twenty-five per. Think it over."

* * *

JIM HARRAND thought it over. Checker, and even that job gone. Twenty-five a week, and what a future! Kate gone. Fighting for a living? Well, why not? Some fine men had gone into the ring.

Harrand became even more assiduous in his attention to boxing. He won another tournament, still another. Mellor worked with him, and laughed to himself. "Why, this guy could lick three-quarters of the heavies in the world right now," he said to himself one evening, after he had got off second best in an exhibition for the officers.

Harrand fought, and then came the championship of the A.E.F. "Tiger" Harrand, 200 pounds in shape—and always in shape. Belleau Wood; Chateau Thierry; bayonets and the call of the fields of France. A *Croix de Guerre* for "Tiger" Harrand. With palms for "Tiger" Harrand.

He gazed at the trophies whimsically and harked back to the hot July morning on Clarkson Street when Kate Donohue laid her cool hand on his hot head and bade him fight on.

November, 1918, and the war no more. January, 1919, and Jim Harrand back in New York. Yes, it was true. Somebody else had that job on the dock. But to hell with that. His job from now on was to fight.

"Don't be a fighter unless you can be a good one," said Jim's mother, when he came to her with the news that he had decided to become a professional ringster.

"I don't want to be like Mrs. Hurley down the street. Her boy is knocked out at least once in every three fights. She sits up and worries over him. If you can't win, don't be a fighter, Jim, my boy."

"Mother, I'll win. I know I can win. Don't worry over me. I'll have to win. I want to get you out of this. Up into the country, in a little house among the big trees, with the vines running up the side. You know, the picture you have painted for me so often of the little house over by Donegal Bay."

Harrand fought twice—pushovers. The sport pages were filled with praises of the man from the fields of France. Professional handlers began to fight for the Marine's patronage. They tried to manoeuver him into bad fights and bag fights, but "Tiger" Harrand fired one manager and then another.

"I am going to be champion, and I'll do this thing the way I see fit," he told his third pilot.

And so "Tiger" Harrand went on his way, beating them one after another, until only Harley Hale, the title holder, stood in his path to the pinnacle.

Hale had held the laurels for some years, and it was expected that he would keep them for many years to come.

* * *

"NONE of our A.E.F. champions is a real fighter, yes and that goes for Harrand, too," wrote Carl Matthews, veteran expert of the New York *Star*.

"Hale is three to one, with few takers," wrote Matthews the day of the big fight. But we all remember what "Tiger" Harrand did to Hale, who had reached the toboggan slide down which all champions must glide.

They battled in the big ball park in New York, and in the seventh round Harrand of the Marines landed a terrific right under the heart which sent Hale down and out. "Tiger" Harrand had become the champion of the world. Carl Matthews bit his lip in vexation. The A.E.F. had produced a champion boxer, after all.

Along about this time it became the vogue for Park Avenue—New York's Swelldom—to patronize boxers.

This was a throwback to the times when princes and dukes were the patrons of boxers in England back in the days of Jackson and Broughton.

Park Avenue liked Harrand, his smile and his rather measured speech. There was no "dem" or "dose" in Jim's vocabulary. Not for naught had he fought his way through book after book, acquiring polish of language which he had not been able to get in his very limited schooling down on Clarkson Street, and the stringpieces over the Hudson.

Society with a capital S took up Harrand for its pet, and among Society with a capital S was Elaine Flare. Her father had millions, and Elaine had charm. She had beauty. She had the manner of the lady and a warmth of sincerity.

Most of Swelldom bored Harrand because he knew it was flashy, insincere, seeking a thrill. But Elaine, well, somehow she reminded him of Kate Donohoe.

Another fight with Hale, a battle with George Torney, the English champion—triumph after triumph for the Tiger—money and more money and the little house up in the woods for the folks, triumph, and Elaine.

It was one of the strangest romances of the ring. The critics said that Harrand's association with Elaine's set had made him high hat. To be sure, he did hold himself aloof.

But he tried to be square with himself and with the sport that had made him. He had gone into professional fighting not because he had had the stomach for the fight with fists but because something in him had been changed the day he got the news about Katie.

Now that something, through the peculiar metabolism of the body and its emotions, that something had lost its iron and its rust.

Ease and romance beckoned. The boy who had sat on the stringpieces over the Hudson watching ships go out to the sea returned in Jim Harrand. (*Continued on page* 46)

Foul Cries in Famous Fights

Recent epidemic recalls embroglios of other days

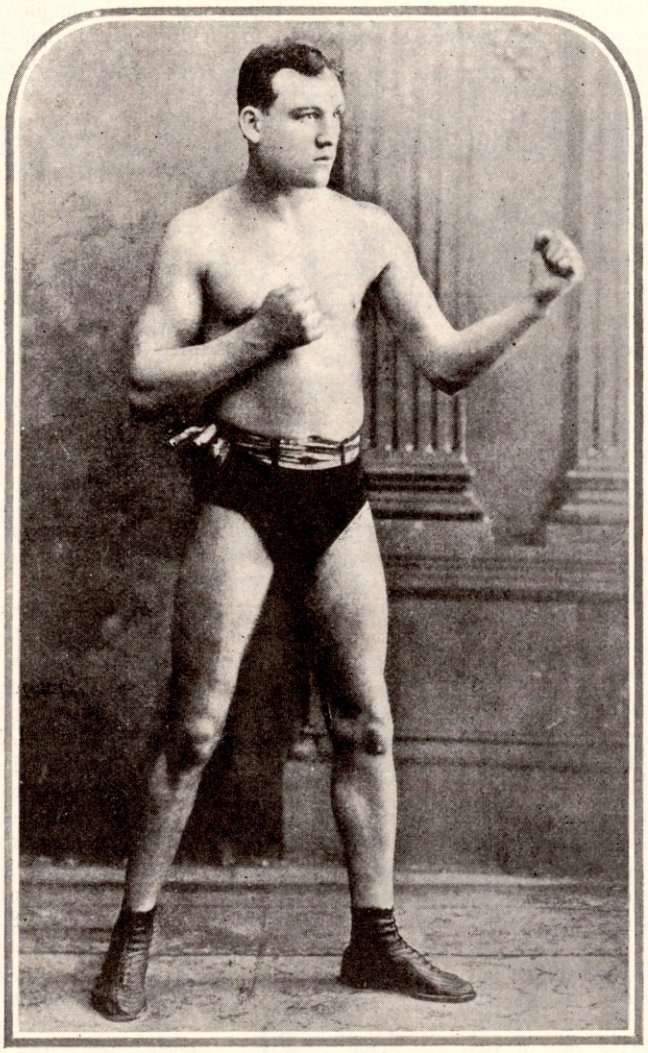
By WILLIAM LEE KEATS

THE recent Sharkey-Scott fiasco at Miami and the Schmeling - Sharkey affair at the Yankee Stadium, with its grotesque ending, has caused much comment anent fouls and the verdicts of the referees upon them. Boxers of experience are aware of the fact that much is allowed to pass inside the roped square that would fail to meet the approval of any author of the various boxing codes now used where boxing is legalized.

Those sly taps with the head that go so far to dull a man's brain; artful imprisonment of an opponent's arm; sly use of the elbow and heel of the glove; the dig with the knee and the low delivery—all are worked and frequently are successful when operated on the blind side of the referee.

* * *

IN this and a subsequent article, I want to recall some of the queer happenings and decisions that have passed into history but still find their way into many a heated argument. Some of the tactics used were foul, others not. Yet in each case, one or more claims of foul were made by persons on whom the punishment was inflicted. I have been to probably as many of the leading fights in all divisions as any man, my attendance dating back to the bare-knuckle fights of the early seventies, and from my observation, I feel justified in saying that we have reached the cry-baby stage in boxing, the stage when fighters, seeing an easy way out when defeat stares them in the face, either deliberately throw punches low to enable them to claim a foul, or cry foul at the least provocation.



Mysterious Billy Smith, who fought many savage rounds with the great Joe Walcott

The long drawn out series of ring battles between Mysterious Billy Smith and Joe Walcott, that dusky marvel nicknamed the "Giant Killer" of whose extraordinary physique such remarkable anecdotes are related, furnishes some ammunition for this article. Joe, the terror of the big men, the Negro with abnormally long arms, entertained the highest respect for the fighting ability of Mysterious Billy.

The Mystery Man was such a determined, savage antagonist, a man with a terrible temper, that it never was particularly wise to tackle him. Yet Walcott had no fear.

He clashed with Smith for a total of 89 rounds and every one of those sessions was a rough one. When these two fought, it seemed that everything went. Fouls were frequent, the Mysterious one being the chief offender, yet Walcott and his great manager, Tom O'Rourke seldom put in claims against these unfair tactics.

* * *

IN fact, most of the battles could have been awarded to Walcott on a foul, but the records show that only one, in 1900, ended in a disqualification, Smith being punished in the tenth. Two fights ended in a draw, one in five rounds, the other in twenty-five. One was won by Joe in twenty-five rounds and one in four, and still another was carried off by Smith in twenty.

Every bout was a hot baby. There were fighters, then, not the cry-kids of the present generation. Several times the referee attempted to break up the party, but each time Walcott, submitting to the attack with the patience of a Job, waved the official aside and settled the affair in his own way.

I recently heard Jack Dempsey say that the best way to end the foul epidemic, is to have the victim of a foul retaliate.

"If he hits you low, hit him in the same spot," was Dempsey's statement.

That is exactly what Walcott did when things became too hot for him. He retaliated, but somehow, despite his popularity, he feared, being a Negro, he would get in wrong with the fight fans, and soon abandoned this form of attack.

Perhaps the most creditable thing in all of Walcott's career —and a most creditable career it was—is the record he set up against Mysterious Billy Smith, a tough 'un if ever there was a tough 'un in the prize ring.

* * *

WALCOTT was never disqualified in his six hard battles with Smith, and was ruled out only three times in his 154 bouts, once when he hit Kid Carter low in the nineteenth round, again when he was disquali- (*Continued on page* 47)

In The Skin-Glove Days

The Battle at the Dawn

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

"LET us wind up the evening with a rattling skin glove fight" said Wright Sandford as a party of his friends sat around the festive board of Jack Elliott's hotel at Pelham Bay, near New York.

The genial gathering had spent five days at Travers Island and was well tuned up for just such a proposition, so they all agreed it would be quite the proper caper indeed.

"But where in thunder are you going to get the fighters?" asked Henry E. Dixey, the actor. "Don't you know it's past ten o'clock?"

"Leave that to me Henry. I'll have two corking fighters here in a couple of hours," answered Sandford as he left the room and sought three of his trusted scouts who hung about the hotel. He sent them flying to New York.

At this period, Wright Sandford was the President of the New York A. C., and the son of the U. S. Senator Sandford of California. His father had left him millions, part of which he spent around town freely, especially among the fistic fraternity with whom he was a sort of a demi-god.

* * *

IT just happened on that eventful September night in 1886 that Mike Breslin was matched to battle Hughey Reagan for a couple of hundred dollars with skin gloves to a finish at Waldick's dance hall on the 7th Avenue between 18th and 19th Streets, which was more generally known as the "Chicken Coop" by the West Side boxers and spielers.

But somehow or other the tip on the scrap had leaked out and when the fighters reached the hall with their seconds, they found a howling mob of over a thousand hoodlums trying to "crash the gate."

The obstreperous crowd attracted the attention of the police who soon dispersed the mob and spoiled any chance of pulling off the mill at the "Chicken Coop." The fighters were taken to their homes and put to bed for another occasion by their respective seconds.

In the interim, one of the Sandford scouts had reached Billy Tracey's saloon on 29th Street and delivered his message to the proprietor.

Tracey, almost immediately, jumped into a cab and after about an hour's hustle located both Breslin and Reagan. Billy soon had the seconds of the two fighters getting them out of bed and ready to start for Pelham in coaches which left Tracey's saloon about midnight for a long, dismal ride of some fifteen miles.

When the cabs and coaches finally pulled up at Elliott's hotel it was after two o'clock in the morning. The poor horses were exhausted from the hasty, long travel over the rough dark roads.

The merry party of wealthy sports was delighted, however, with the arrival of the fighters, their handlers and some fifteen friends of Tracey.

* * *

AFTER the popping of many wine bottles to refresh the newcomers, the decks were cleared and a sort of ring was arranged in the big parlor of the hotel, enclosed with lounges and chairs, as it was quite impossible to fix up a roped arena in the odd circumstances.

Old Toppey McGuire, who had officiated as a ring arbiter for many a mill, was selected as the referee. McGuire at the time was the pugilistic reporter for *The Sun* and he always managed to get all the private skin glove fights of the 80's.

Peter J. Donahue, another veteran sport writer, was chosen for timekeeper. You must remember in those days there was no gong to ring at the start or finish of a round. The timekeeper simply shouted "Time." Each fighter was also supposed to have a timekeeper to keep watch on the official timekeeper chiefly.

Billy Dacey and Jack Hopper, both great skin glove battlers at the time, were the seconds for Breslin. Billy Murray, Jack Toughey and Jack Lee, also noted skin glovers, were behind Reagan.

It was almost dawn when the two gamesters started milling in the most terrific manner. They fought hammer and tongs toe to toe as if they were battling for a kingdom.

BEFORE the first round was over both boys were bleeding rather profusely and their slashing, cutting punches seemed to thrill the swell clubman and others around the improvised ring.

The crowd had increased to about 150 spectators as the second round started. In this session Breslin took the lead away from his dangerous opponent and floored him twice by his stiff, straight, left handed stabs. But Reagan was game and fought back courageously, landing some punishing blows also.

The proprietor of the hotel seemed to get a bit worried about the fighters' blood spoiling his parlor carpet. "Don't bother about that Jack, I'll pay all the damages," sang out Sandford, with a wave of his arm.

It was quite evident after the third round, which was just as fierce as the other two, that Breslin was the superior battler. He knew too much and was too aggressive for his opponent, as plucky as Reagan was.

Otto Sarney and Salvini, the tragedian, wanted Sandford to stop the battering battle but the latter insisted it should go on to a finish.

The finish came, however, much sooner than the enthusiastic fans expected, for at about the end for the fourth round, Breslin landed a heavy right on Reagan's jaw and the latter dropped to the discolored carpet almost lifeless. It was over half an hour before the knocked out gamester regained his bearings.

The boys had agreed to fight for a $200 purse. $150 to the winner and $50 to the loser but each of them got double those amounts from the wealthy clubman who was very liberal indeed to the game fighters in those hard old skin glove days.

* * *

THE sun was rising over picturesque Pelham Bay when a long line of cabs, coaches and other vehicles left Elliott's hotel for this big burg, chiefly, that beautiful September morning. Everybody appeared to be fully satisfied with his night's fistic sport, even the badly punished fighters who were wined and dined by the swells at one of the most exclusive Fifth Avenue clubs that evening.

Mike Breslin soon became the pet of the wealthy high rollers and fought and won half a dozen other gruelling skin glove battles for their amusement in various queer places under the most sensational and adventurous circumstances.

Sometimes the "swells" would have Mike go to the suburbs of Long Island City. Other times, it would be up the river around Hastings where a barge would be waiting to take him and the rest of the boys to the scene of battle. Always, Mike accommodated, and was well paid, as purses then went, for his trouble.

Five Brother Boxing Family; Two Left

STAN WILLIAMS, 126 pounds, and Albert Williams, 112, are the last of the only five brother boxing family in the world.

At Cincinnati about a year ago the five brothers broke even against five good opponents, winning two, losing two and drawing in one bout.

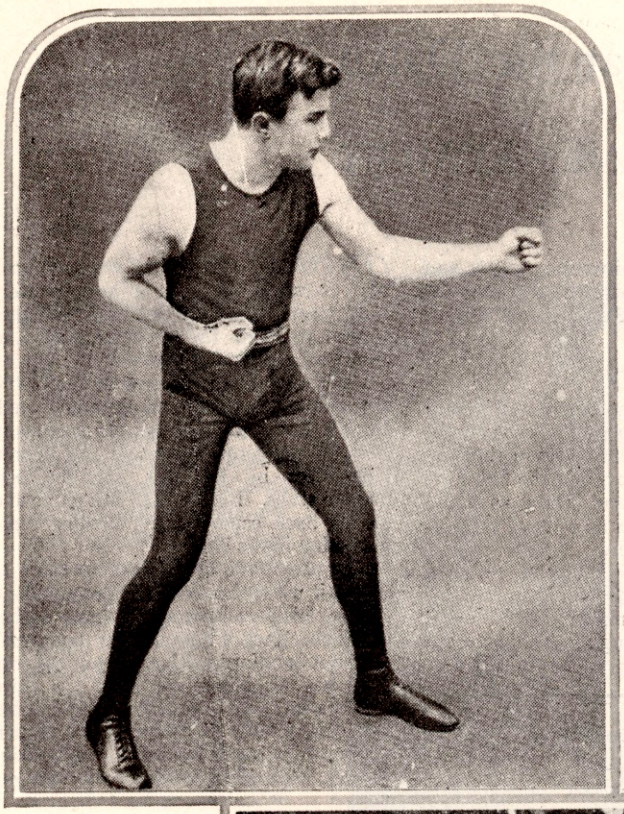
Stan, the present star, has been rated one of the most promising prospects among the feathers.

Recently Stan beat Howard Mayberry, won a contest and lost one with Mike O'Dowd, beat Joe Elrene, knocked out Harry Crisp in 5 rounds, and stopped Bobby Rendelly in one minute.

Since Albert was graduated from Martins Ferry, Ohio, High School last June, he has KO'd Claire Repole in 3, Young Kitchell of Steubenville in 2, Cowboy Martin of Columbus in 6, drew with Ross Fields and boxed a draw with Johnny Edwards.

CARPENTIER'S *Mistake*

Claiming $2500 Forfeit From Papke Enraged American in Paris Fight



Billy Papke as he looked when he fought Carpentier

GEORGES CARPENTIER, idol of France, the Orchid Man, succeeded where Shylock failed.

The mercenary Shylock demanded his pound of flesh but the shrewdness of Portia saw to it that he was doomed to failure.

Gorgeous Georges demanded and received $2500 because his scheduled opponent, Billy Papke, at that time middleweight champion of the world, came into the ring weighing less than one-eighth of an ounce overweight.

So insistent was Carpentier in getting the forfeit money that he even denied Papke a chance to take off a ring he was wearing or allow me, Billy's manager, to trim his hair. By doing those things, Papke undoubtedly would have been at weight. But Carpentier wouldn't have it so—he wanted his price and got it.

The middleweight limit at that time was 158 pounds—the match was billed by the late Theodore Vienne as a championship contest for the heavyweight title to take place at the massive Cirque De Paris, of Paris, France. This was in 1912.

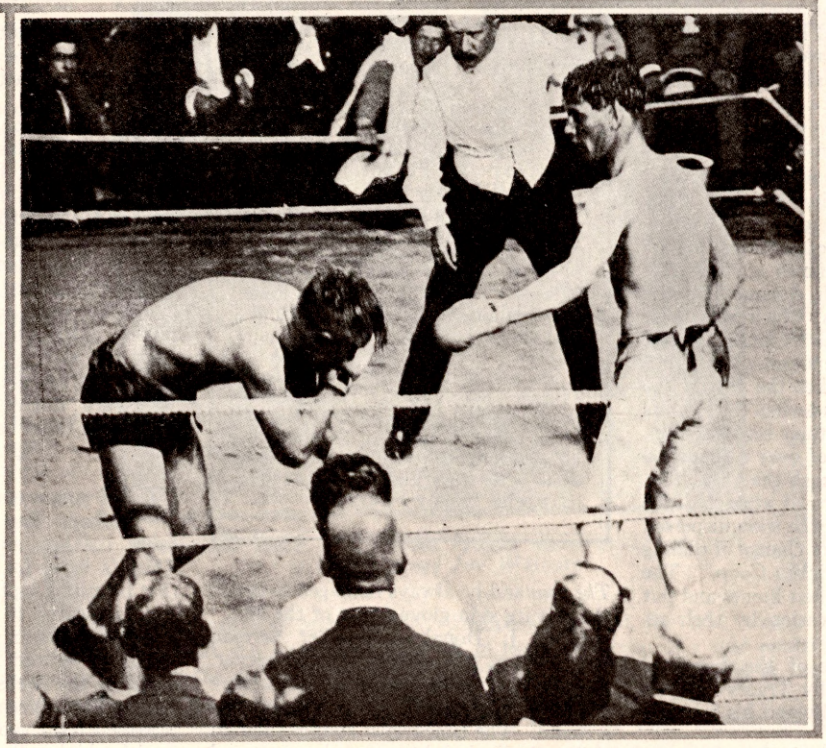
When Carpentier greedily snatched the forfeit money, the French Boxing Commission announced that the battle between the Frenchman and the American would take place as scheduled but not for the championship as Papke was over the scheduled poundage.

* * *

THE fans had bought out every ticket available as early as a week prior to this all-important tilt. The contest was the fistic natural of the time, for Papke had scored knockout victories over the best European middleweights, Willie Lewis, two rounds; Adrion Hogan, six rounds; Marcel Moreau, sixteen rounds and Jim Sullivan, English champion, in nine rounds. Sullivan was knocked out in London, while the other trio hit the deck in Paris. It was after these victories that the fans and critics demanded that Carpentier and Papke box for the crown.

Little or no trouble was had in getting the contracts signed for a 20-round bout.

Contrary to expectations, not one ticket was refunded when the Commission annouced that the contest was not for a championship, so eager were the Frenchmen to see the invader downed by their Idol, the handsome Georges.



A scene in the Papke-Sullivan fight in London. The Britisher was knocked out in the ninth round

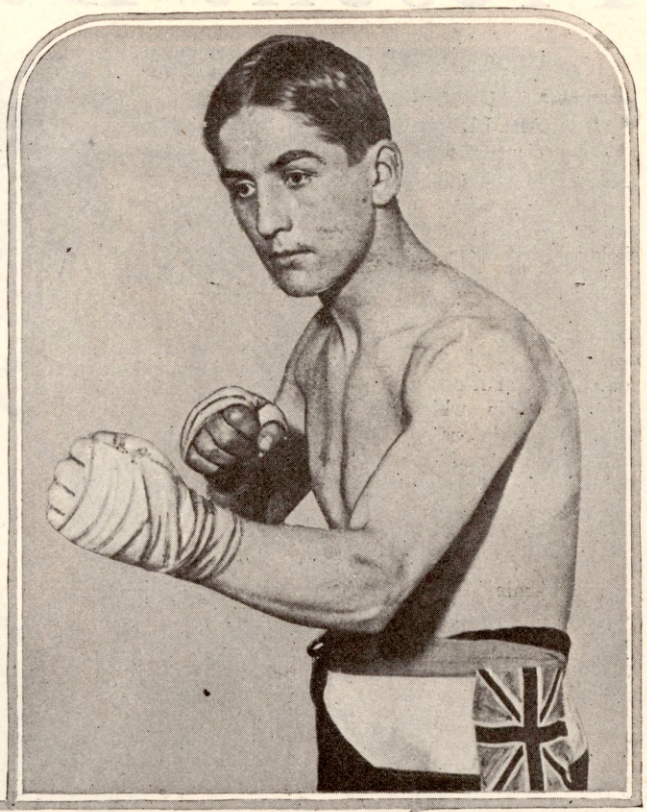
Not only that, but one of France's leading jewelers donated $5,000 worth of gold to be made into a belt, to be presented to the victor. The sculptor, Paul Vautier, hand-engraved an ivory plaque, which showed two fistmen in action and he presented this to be attached to the belt. Vautier, a few weeks before the fight, put his ivory plaque on exhibition and was awarded first prize at the Grand Palais, of Paris, so magnificent was this contribution. This plaque would never have been made had Mons. Vautier had any idea that the French champion would not be declared the winner.

Four days prior to the scheduled contest, rumors began to spread around Paris that things were fixed so that Carpentier would win in four rounds. The betting was 2 to 1 in his favor. That stimulated betting further. The sure thing gamblers wagered heavily on the outcome.

Papke put down $5,000 of his own money against $10,000 that he would master his foe. Ordinarily not a betting man, but in order to dispel the rumors that he was to lay down, he came to the fore to prove that these rumors were false.

Cost Him a *Mauling*

By AL LIPPE



Carpentier when he held the middleweight championship of France

Papke pruning trees in his California orchard

The night of the fight found every nook and corner filled with craning necks, all eager to be eye witnesses to the killing. They were all anxious to see the American fall by the wayside. All eyes were focused ringward.

Those who bet on a sure thing were certain that Papke would be put to sleep in the fourth round. Papke was equally confident that the one who would be counted out would be Carpentier.

* * *

THE bell sounded—not a second was lost—Papke and Carp went at it hammer and tongs—the action was terrific. So it went all the way until near the close of the fourth round, when what the sure-thing bettors had expected came near being realized.

Papke stopped in his tracks. He walked away from his opponent. He strode toward the ropes, covered his eyes with with hands and cried loudly that he was blinded.

The crowd was in an uproar. They finally thought they had witnessed the fall of the American.

The referee called the club physician into the ring to examine Papke before the official would render his verdict. The doctor detected a medicinal odor. He then walked over to Carpentier's corner and it didn't take long to find that the French ringman had some strong solution in his hair, strong enough to blind his opponent for the time being anyway, if it gained access to the eyes.

Carpentier was asked to have his hair thoroughly washed. The referee wanted to award the contest to Papke on a foul but Billy wouldn't have it that way. He wanted to win and win decisively and in a sportsmanlike manner. The third man in the ring gave Papke a five minute rest period in order to clear his eyes.

When Papke was ready, the bell was sounded for the fifth canto and this time the sure-thing bettors knew that the worst had come. Not only did they kiss their money good-bye, but they also were aware of the fact that the inevitable was about to take place.

An enraged Papke cast all caution to the four winds. He tore into his man. He battered the gritty Carpentier from pillar to post. Billy asked no quarter and he gave none. Papke sought vengeance. The handsome French gladiator was being battered to a pulp. He was unrecognizable.

Still Carpentier wouldn't go down. No matter how many blows Papke landed, and all with a force to knock out an ordinary fighter, Georges kept his feet. No mercy was rendered him by Papke. The referee refused to intervene, for the fans had paid to see a fight and he knew that Carpentier was a puncher and apt to pull "one out of the air." But as round after round passed by, a sadly and badly battered Frenchman was manfully taking his punishment without fighting back.

The bell rang ending the 17th round. Carpentier's seconds were frantically working on their charge to bring him the necessary strength to weather the remaining three rounds, for the bout was scheduled to go 20 rounds.

* * *

BUT the seconds didn't know how badly their charge was battered by the unmerciful blows of the American. He was knocked out standing up and couldn't respond for the eighteenth canto.

The referee was in a quandary. He urged Carpentier to rise out of his chair and continue fighting. Papke, sensing a knockout victory, ran to Carpentier's (*Continued on page* 49)

Present Day Fighters

TOM McARDLE efficient matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, was sitting in his office recently surrounded by several newspapermen, fight managers, Kid McPartland and myself. An article in THE RING in which McPartland discussed "Gallery Gods and the Referee", had brought on an argument that for a time bid fair to be as hot as the recent McLarnin-Thompson go.

The easiest way to get an old timer all het up, is to tell him how much superior the present day boys are to the fellows of two or more decades ago. That invariably produces a discussion that will last for hours. Such was the case when Sol Goldie, manager of the "Human Wind-Mill", Jackie Kid Berg, disputed a statement of McPartland that the old timers possessed more energy and a harder punch than the boys parading the deck to-day

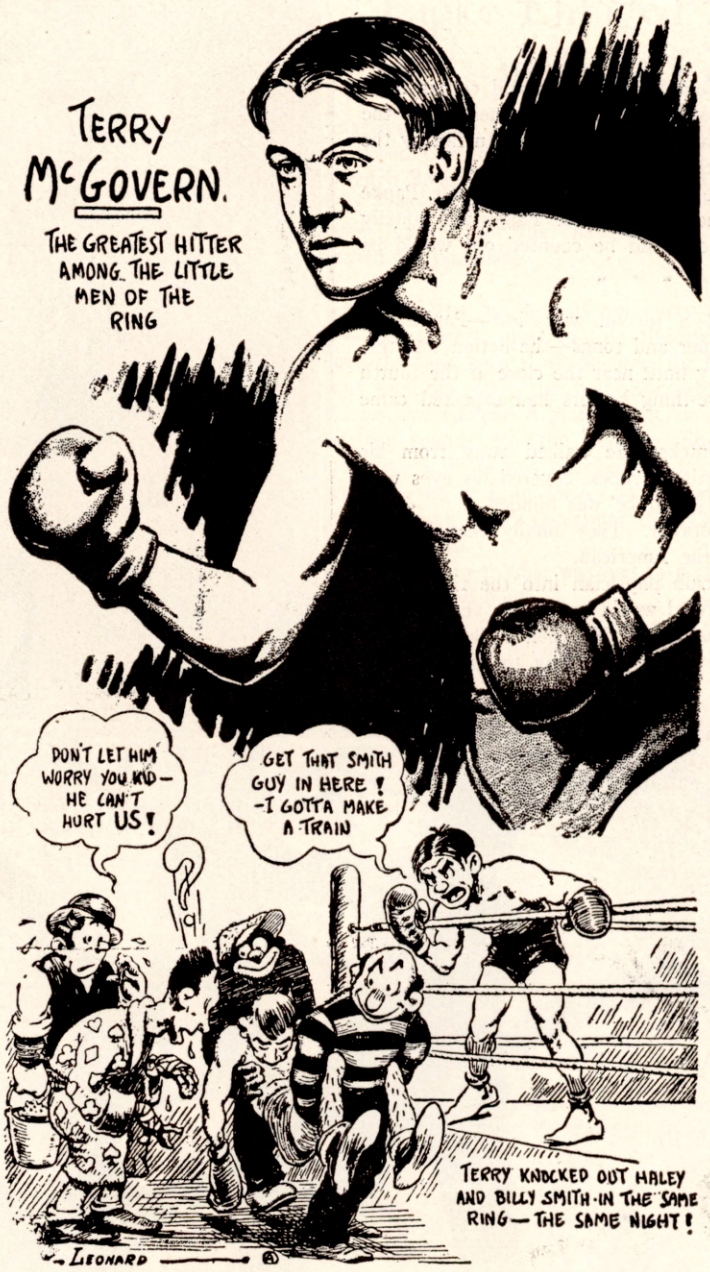
* * *

IT was Goldie's contention, and he was backed by Lou Brix and Billy Roche, that while the fighters of McPartland's and my time were a more hardy race, and far tougher than the present crop, the lads who are near the top today know more about the science of boxing and are better combination fighters than the old school.

An exception was taken by McPartland and myself, both of us veterans who had fought the best of the lighter boys in our time, a period when the greatest fighters in American ring history were before the public.

I disagree with those who think the present crop of fighters surpasses that of my time. In my opinion, the boys of today are entirely too cautious. They wait for their opponent to carry the fight to them. They lack the courage of the old school in that they refuse to take any chances. They cry foul at the least provocation.

I can go through a list of 100 or more famous boxers of a score of years or more, and point to contest after contest which those boys had, in which one of the contestants took the count ere the fourth round had been completed.



He could polish 'em off!

In the days when I donned the mitts, stalling was almost unheard of. Not alone that, but we seldom saw the fighters sparring for an indefinite period, as we see today. It was a question of tearing in, and the first one that landed the proper clout, proved the winner.

* * *

TAKE the case of Terry McGovern. Terry fought me twice, in 1899, and on both occasions, he scored a knockout. In our first battle, Terry had the time of his life to lick me, the Brooklyn Terror being forced to travel 18 rounds before he could land the haymaker. In our second contest it only took a couple of punches for Terry to turn the trick.

I do not think there ever was a fighter among the smaller men who could punish an opponent so severely as could Terry When one discusses quick knockouts, he must not forget to include McGovern among the leaders in this line.

The famous little whirlwind, when featherweight champion, established a record for himself in Chicago, on November 18, 1899, which probably will stand for all time. It was on this occasion that I suffered my quick knockout by Terry, but I had company that night.

* * *

TERRY was matched with myself and with another fellow, by the name of "Turkey Point" Billy Smith, of Philadelphia, and he disposed of me in exactly one minute and 40 seconds of the first round, while his second opponent lasted one minute of the third round. We were both scheduled to go six rounds with Terry, and after my splendid showing with him in our previous contest, I really felt that I would not only last the limit, but would beat McGovern.

In this contest, Smith and myself adopted opposite tactics. I was informed that the only way to get Terry, was to start mixing it with him, and from my experience in our previous 18 round bout, I realized that this was the only way to handle the little Tornado.

Smith, on the other hand, raced wildly around the ring, in

Too Cautious

An Old Fighter and Referee Sees a Change

By PATSY HALEY

an effort to keep beyond McGovern's swing. Had Smith mixed it, he would have lasted no longer than myself. However, within a few seconds after he made his first stand in the third round to fight it out with McGovern, as I did, Smith was prone on the floor, as the result of a terrific right swing to the jaw. That punch put him out for more than 10 minutes.

* * *

I WEIGHED 119 lbs. for the second contest with McGovern while the Brooklynite scaled 122. McGovern started at me like a whirlwind, landing lefts and rights so rapidly that I scarcely knew what had happened. In less than 30 seconds he had me so befuddled that I lost my senses completely. Terry dropped his guard momentarily and I swung a left flush to the chin. Terry saw fire. He rushed into me like a bull and with a short left jab put me down in quick order.

I was down for seven seconds, but came up strong, and went right at Terry. I led my left for his jaw, but the blow was blocked and McGovern then landed a right and left three times in rapid succession, staggering me. I led with another left, when I came to, but McGovern whipped his right across, catching me on the point of the jaw, and out I went.

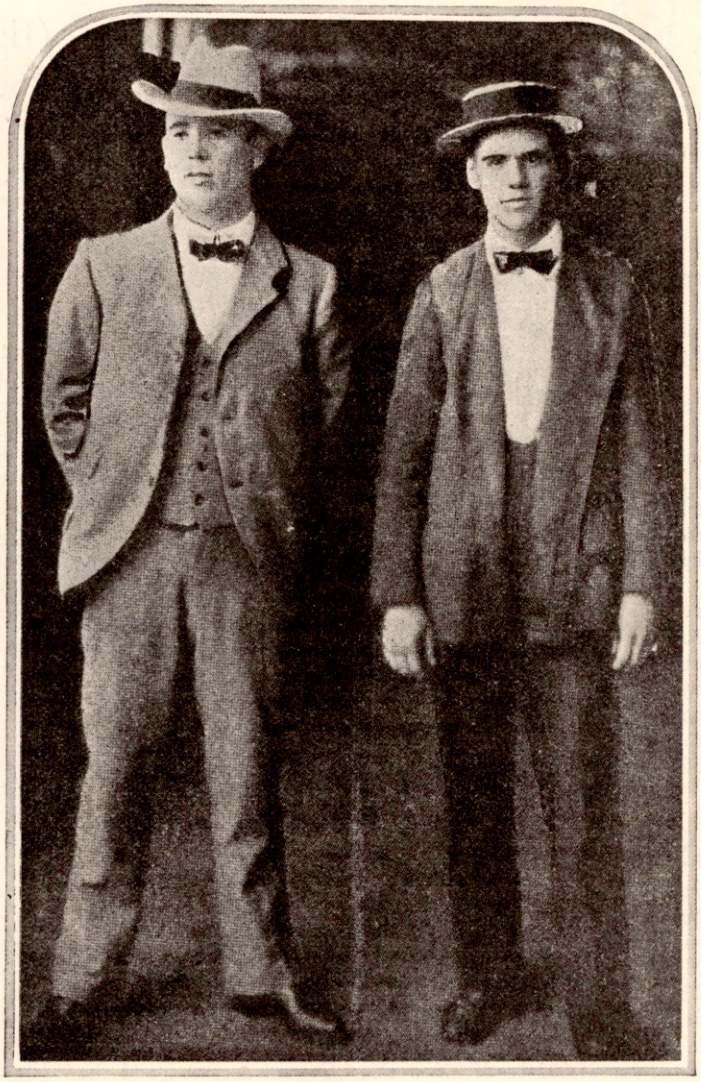
Right after that Terry stopped Smith in the third round. This was a feat—two knockouts in one night. And don't forget that he stopped Pedlar Palmer, British champion, in one round at Tuckahoe—the shortest championship fight on record.

I would not attempt for a moment, to take away from the present day boxers the glory that belongs to them for the advance they have made. They are far more scientific but they lack the fighting spirit of the boys of my early days.

* * *

THE fighters of to-day will not take the chances we old timers took to win a battle quickly. With most of the boys to-day, it is "safety first." The contests are getting too cautious to be as interesting as bouts staged when I was in my prime.

New York City, the place I first visited when I drifted from a country town in New Hampshire in search of adventure, was not exactly the best place for a foot-loose youngster. I was hot on the trail of adventure and I got my share of it. I became a frequenter of the gambling houses, dance halls and other places where the sports of the day congregated and there I met some of the toughest fellows in the metropolitan area. Yet I can't say that such contact did me much harm for I was well able to take care of myself and as a result, through fighting, I picked up some ready cash which I needed badly and went to Europe.



Pedlar Palmer, (left) British champion, who lasted less than one round against McGovern

Patsy Haley, former star featherweight, who now is one of the nation's leading referees

* * *

WITH me, boxing was a very serious matter at the time, although as I progressed I let down somewhat. I have often been asked to give an opinion on the relative merits of the boys of my day and those of the present. As I have remarked above, I favor the old timers for their hitting prowess and the present crop for their cleverness.

For one thing, I don't think the boys of this era train properly. We had some great experts as trainers in our time, men who made a thorough study of boxing and knew how to condition an athlete. To-day, almost every fellow who has a little money and a little (*Continued on page* 49)

Boxing Is Here to Stay

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

"ONE more foul," shrieks a worried pessimist, "and the boxing game will be as dead as a ten-penny nail."

"One more frameup," howls an anguished observer, "and the sport of wrestling will be chucked into the sepulchere."

"One more Chicago White Sox affair," moans a baseball crank, "and the national game will be ready for the crematory."

"One more fixed race," wails an occupant of the grand-stand, "and the sport of kings will be tossed into the nearest glue factory."

Those above referred to are of the type who would discard an apple because of one decayed spot.

Yet boxing with bare hands was introduced by James Figg in 1719 and with numerous amendments to the rules has lasted to the present time. And boxing, still undergoing modification and improvement, is today in the most promising condition, and more popular with the masses, than at any time since the first fight with the "raw 'uns."

When ring battles were first inaugurated in America, nearly every State in the Union had a law forbidding prize fighting. As a result, the City, County and State authorities were kept busy pursuing would-be contestants about the highways and by-ways. Few important matches were contested without what was known as "magisterial interference," and the fighters and their handlers were kept busy dodging sheriffs and other law officers.

* * *

SOME of the schemes employed to outwit the minions of the law were amusing, even if not entirely successful. Such a one followed the matching of Joe Coburn, one of the cleverest boxers of bare knuckle days, and Mike McCoole, a heavy slugger of that period. Coburn had given a boxing lesson to McCoole in 1853, and the latter was eager to even the score. Therefore, McCoole sent a challenge to Coburn, covered by a deposit of $1,000, daring the latter to meet him within fifty miles of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, Louisville or New Orleans, for $1,000 to $5,000 a side. Coburn accepted and the fighters met in Chicago and signed articles of agreement to fight within fifty miles of the Queen City, on May 27, 1868. The side stake was $5,000, and Coburn, having the choice of ground, selected a spot in the vicinity of Cold Spring Station, Ind.

The fighters and their backers were so confident that the authorities would not discover the fighting ground that they went ahead with the erection of the ring and other details. On the day of the fight, fully 5,000 persons gathered at the ringside, prepared to witness the contest. Then it was that a bit of strategy planned by Coburn and McCoole went wrong.

* * *

WITH a view of outwitting any snooping Sheriffs or other officials, Coburn and McCoole decided to disguise themselves as tillers of the soil and ride to the ring in a farmer's cart. Coburn drove the horse, and his make-up consisted of a blue denim shirt and corduroy trousers, the bottoms being tucked into a pair of high topped boots. To heighten the effect he held a wisp of hay between his teeth, and his conversation was of the "gosh-all-hemlock" style.

All went well until within a couple of hundred yards of where the ring was pitched, when William F. Woods, chief of counterfeiting staff of detectives in the employ of the Treasury Department, and a bevy of helpers, came out of the underbrush and halted the cart. Coburn and McCoole tried to make the officials believe that they were just returning from a hard day's work in the hay field, but the detectives were incredulous and intimated that stone breaking was the task the two men were best fitted for. They were arrested and taken to the nearest court where they were plastered with heavy fines and told to go and fight no more.

* * *

HOWEVER, persistency was the middle name of nearly all pugilists of the misty past, and Coburn bobbed up in 1871 with a match with Jem Mace, the heavyweight champion of the world by virtue of his defeat of Tom Allen, American champion, in 1870. Coburn and Mace were matched to fight for the championship of the world and $2,000 a side.

The ring was pitched near Port Ryerson, Canada, May 11, 1871, and it was the most remarkable battle in pugilistic history. Both Coburn and Mace were master boxers, and each had the greatest respect for the other's skill. As a result these two great fighters stood in the ring for one hour and seventeen minutes, and neither struck a blow. All they did was to feint, sidestep and look fiercely at each other.

The Canadian Militia had been apprised of the intended battle and arrived on the scene just as each man had completed his score of 249 feints and 600 sidesteps. The soldiers prevented any further hostilities in the ring, much to the relief of the bloodthirsty pugilists, who left the arena as free from bruises as when they entered the inclosure. Many of the spectators expressed the opinion that both boxers deserved to be shot at sunrise, but they were released without punishment.

It would be interesting to observe the action of the gallery gods if two boxers tried the Mace-Coburn stunt in one of the modern arenas. The boys in the gallery would not wait for the military forces, but would make remarks more pointed than bayonets.

* * *

ALTHOUGH laws against prizefighting were general in nearly all States during the early days of boxing, there has been a complete upset of that condition. In nearly every State of the Union the original statutes have been so amended as to permit contests with gloves and under humane rules. Nearly every State and many municipalities now have legally appointed Commissions to supervise and govern boxing, with the result that the sport is now on the most solid basis of its entire career.

Despite the fact that it is now conducted with as much care as any other branch of athletics, those who cry for the abolition of all games except a modified version of tiddledywinks, yelp to have boxing thrown into the discard. There is not a chance of such action, the reason being that so large a number of persons throughout the United States are strong supporters of the game. Boxing Commissions may go out of business, but boxing, never. True there are many weak spots in the sport, but the men in command are constantly trying to eradicate the errors and improve the general character of the game.

Two laws permitting boxing have been repealed, but in each case, political reasons were at the bottom of the repeal, and these were based on faulty supervision by the men in control. The Horton Law was wiped out because of an orgy of crookedness on the part of those who were in charge of enforcing the law. There was not a legally appointed commission, but the men who managed affairs were self-appointed.

The Frawley law had a commission in control, but was not much superior to the Horton law. The present Commission is the rock foundation of boxing's welfare and has been responsible for improved conditions all over the world.

Boxing Is Here to Stay

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

"ONE more foul," shrieks a worried pessimist, "and the boxing game will be as dead as a ten-penny nail."

"One more frameup," howls an anguished observer, "and the sport of wrestling will be chucked into the sepulchere."

"One more Chicago White Sox affair," moans a baseball crank, "and the national game will be ready for the crematory."

"One more fixed race," wails an occupant of the grand-stand, "and the sport of kings will be tossed into the nearest glue factory."

Those above referred to are of the type who would discard an apple because of one decayed spot.

Yet boxing with bare hands was introduced by James Figg in 1719 and with numerous amendments to the rules has lasted to the present time. And boxing, still undergoing modification and improvement, is today in the most promising condition, and more popular with the masses, than at any time since the first fight with the "raw 'uns."

When ring battles were first inaugurated in America, nearly every State in the Union had a law forbidding prize fighting. As a result, the City, County and State authorities were kept busy pursuing would-be contestants about the highways and by-ways. Few important matches were contested without what was known as "magisterial interference," and the fighters and their handlers were kept busy dodging sheriffs and other law officers.

* * *

SOME of the schemes employed to outwit the minions of the law were amusing, even if not entirely successful. Such a one followed the matching of Joe Coburn, one of the cleverest boxers of bare knuckle days, and Mike McCoole, a heavy slugger of that period. Coburn had given a boxing lesson to McCoole in 1853, and the latter was eager to even the score. Therefore, McCoole sent a challenge to Coburn, covered by a deposit of $1,000, daring the latter to meet him within fifty miles of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, Louisville or New Orleans, for $1,000 to $5,000 a side. Coburn accepted and the fighters met in Chicago and signed articles of agreement to fight within fifty miles of the Queen City, on May 27, 1868. The side stake was $5,000, and Coburn, having the choice of ground, selected a spot in the vicinity of Cold Spring Station, Ind.

The fighters and their backers were so confident that the authorities would not discover the fighting ground that they went ahead with the erection of the ring and other details. On the day of the fight, fully 5,000 persons gathered at the ringside, prepared to witness the contest. Then it was that a bit of strategy planned by Coburn and McCoole went wrong.

* * *

WITH a view of outwitting any snooping Sheriffs or other officials, Coburn and McCoole decided to disguise themselves as tillers of the soil and ride to the ring in a farmer's cart. Coburn drove the horse, and his make-up consisted of a blue denim shirt and corduroy trousers, the bottoms being tucked into a pair of high topped boots. To heighten the effect he held a wisp of hay between his teeth, and his conversation was of the "gosh-all-hemlock" style.

All went well until within a couple of hundred yards of where the ring was pitched, when William F. Woods, chief of counterfeiting staff of detectives in the employ of the Treasury Department, and a bevy of helpers, came out of the underbrush and halted the cart. Coburn and McCoole tried to make the officials believe that they were just returning from a hard day's work in the hay field, but the detectives were incredulous and intimated that stone breaking was the task the two men were best fitted for. They were arrested and taken to the nearest court where they were plastered with heavy fines and told to go and fight no more.

* * *

HOWEVER, persistency was the middle name of nearly all pugilists of the misty past, and Coburn bobbed up in 1871 with a match with Jem Mace, the heavyweight champion of the world by virtue of his defeat of Tom Allen, American champion, in 1870. Coburn and Mace were matched to fight for the championship of the world and $2,000 a side.

The ring was pitched near Port Ryerson, Canada, May 11, 1871, and it was the most remarkable battle in pugilistic history. Both Coburn and Mace were master boxers, and each had the greatest respect for the other's skill. As a result these two great fighters stood in the ring for one hour and seventeen minutes, and neither struck a blow. All they did was to feint, sidestep and look fiercely at each other.

The Canadian Militia had been apprised of the intended battle and arrived on the scene just as each man had completed his score of 249 feints and 600 sidesteps. The soldiers prevented any further hostilities in the ring, much to the relief of the bloodthirsty pugilists, who left the arena as free from bruises as when they entered the inclosure. Many of the spectators expressed the opinion that both boxers deserved to be shot at sunrise, but they were released without punishment.

It would be interesting to observe the action of the gallery gods if two boxers tried the Mace-Coburn stunt in one of the modern arenas. The boys in the gallery would not wait for the military forces, but would make remarks more pointed than bayonets.

* * *

ALTHOUGH laws against prizefighting were general in nearly all States during the early days of boxing, there has been a complete upset of that condition. In nearly every State of the Union the original statutes have been so amended as to permit contests with gloves and under humane rules. Nearly every State and many municipalities now have legally appointed Commissions to supervise and govern boxing, with the result that the sport is now on the most solid basis of its entire career.

Despite the fact that it is now conducted with as much care as any other branch of athletics, those who cry for the abolition of all games except a modified version of tiddledywinks, yelp to have boxing thrown into the discard. There is not a chance of such action, the reason being that so large a number of persons throughout the United States are strong supporters of the game. Boxing Commissions may go out of business, but boxing, never. True there are many weak spots in the sport, but the men in command are constantly trying to eradicate the errors and improve the general character of the game.

Two laws permitting boxing have been repealed, but in each case, political reasons were at the bottom of the repeal, and these were based on faulty supervision by the men in control. The Horton Law was wiped out because of an orgy of crookedness on the part of those who were in charge of enforcing the law. There was not a legally appointed commission, but the men who managed affairs were self-appointed.

The Frawley law had a commission in control, but was not much superior to the Horton law. The present Commission is the rock foundation of boxing's welfare and has been responsible for improved conditions all over the world.

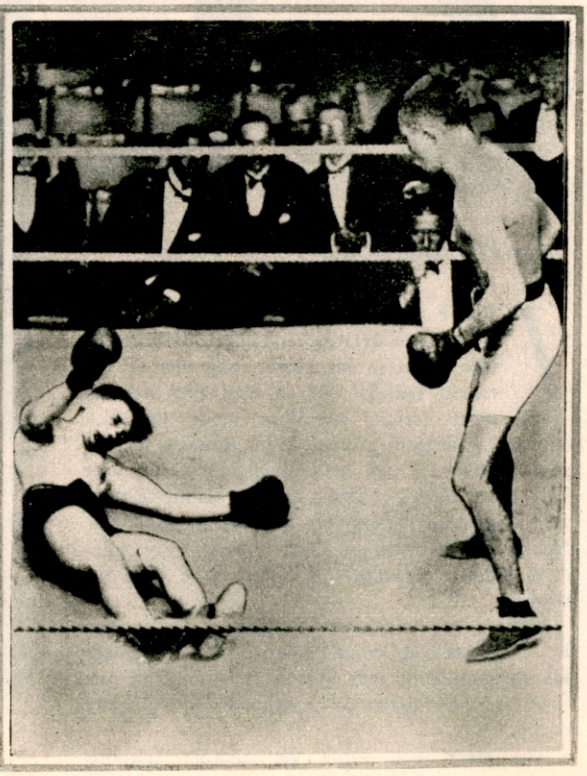
Famous Fights Recalled

SERIES NO. 9

pionship bout at Vernon, Cal., in 1913. The boys fought 20 rounds to a draw

Bottom left: A thrilling battle took place at Vernon, Cal., Feb. 22, 1913 when Joe Rivers, (right) knocked out Knockout Brown in tenth round

Bottom right: When Pete Herman knocked out Jim Higgins in London in the eleventh round, July 11, 1921



IMMONS

/ILL LAWLESS (Solar Plexus)

ustralia's veteran sports critic, ›rmerly of the Sydney Referee

will put right the many erroneous statements that in record books and other publications in regard to ckled one's date of birth and early life.

have frequently been told that the great mitt artist was on June 4, 1862. This is not correct. He first saw light of day on May 26, 1863, at Hilston, Cornwall, ngland, as per copy of birth certificate obtained by the te Frank Bradley, former boxing editor of *The Mirror of ife* in London.

The same authority possessed information that the birth was not registered until June 23 of that year by Bob's father, who was then a member of the police force. And two years later, his dad quit the force and emigrated with his family to New Zealand.

Like the late Les Darcy and that other formidable Australian, Paddy Slavin, Bob Fitzsimmons, before becoming a boxer, earned his living as a blacksmith.

* * *

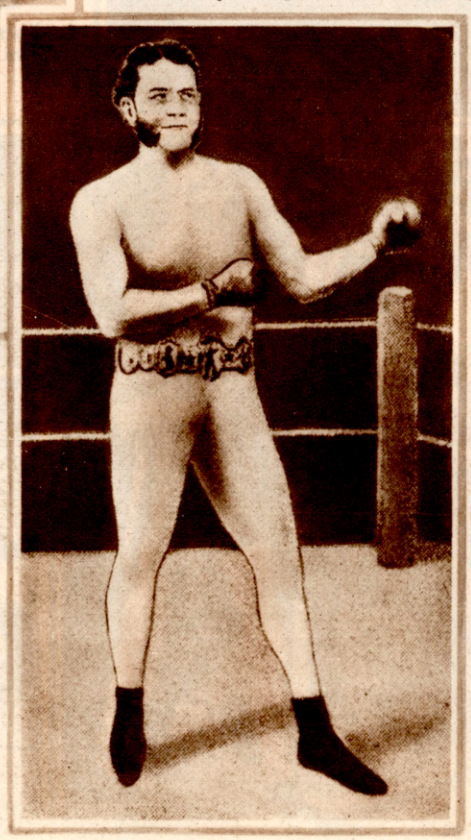
THE fact that he won two tourneys, beating quite a few men in one night in the same ring, has been so often mentioned, that I will not take the space to elaborate on that. But it is worthy of mention that contrary to the general impression that Fitz received several dollars for his efforts, prizes only, and very cheap ones at that, were offered. Jem Mace, one of England's most popular and scientific boxers, was the originator of these amateur shows. He staged them and was quite tight with his money. He made certain that the trophies were not expensive.

It was at these shows that I first became acquainted with Ruby Robert and my friendship lasted until his death. That is why I can speak with authority of the early life of Bob Fitzsimmons.

It was back in 1886, when Fitz took up the job of blacksmith, and between whiles, appeared at Foley's White Horse Hall, the rendezvous of the Australian sportsmen, a place kept by the picturesque Larry Foley, that I first saw him in action.

In these impromptu battles, the Maorilander figured with much success and after settling the pretentions of quite a few first class performers, but not

Bob Fitzsimmons as he looked when in his prime



Larry Foley, at whose White Horse Hall Fitz made his first appearance

I HAVE read with interest many stories in THE RING relating to Bob Fitzsimmons, who when in his prime, was one of my closest friends. As an Australian veteran sports critic, one who made the first trip of a foreign journalist to America to report a fight, I am extremely happy to note how often boxing scribes refer to Ruby Robert as the greatest fighter of the modern fistic era. Hence I feel that a little inside dope concerning his early efforts will find favor with the readers.

Probably no man knew Fitzsimmons better than I. I followed his career from the time he made his appearance in Jem Mace's amateur show and therefore feel qualified to write as an authority on his life.

The story will serve yet another purpose,

The True Story of the Early Career of the Great Triple Champion

men of championship caliber, Fitz's friends challenged Mick Dooley, a famous Australian fistic character, to a battle. However, Fitz's adherents insisted that because of Mickey's prowess, the match would be consummated only if Dooley would consent to be declared the loser if Fitz remained on his feet at the end of the fourth round. Mickey quickly agreed and the bout was clinched.

* * *

A RATHER unusual agreement for a fighter to lose unless he knocked his man out, but Dooley was so confident that nothing would balk him. The contest took place at Foley's White Horse Hall on May 15, 1886, and that occasion marked the first knockout of Fitz regardless of the record books which fail to mention it. Freckled Bob was silenced in the fourth round by one who, had he taken proper care of himself, would have overshadowed even Fitz and Peter Jackson or at least have gained equal fame.

I have been severely criticized by other fight experts for naming Dooley as Fitz's conqueror by the k. o. route, almost all my critics declaring that no such bout took place. To them I say that I was present on the occasion and that I know my memory is not faulty for I have ample proof in the form of stories of that bout that appeared in a great daily of the period, the Sydney *Evening News*. I also have data to prove that they clashed twice subsequently, and the facts are quite visible in black and white, in bold face, on the sheets of this Sydney paper.

* * *

DESPITE this defeat at the dexterous hand of Mick Dooley, Fitzsimmons proved superior to many other first-class fighters of his day, but still was far from being a champion. At that, he was much better even then than an also-ran in the race for fistic honors.

After Fitzsimmons had proved his worth in his first few contests in America, many Australian fans, who did not know, told stories of Fitz's great drawing powers when in Australia, but, as a matter of fact, there was one outstanding instance that went all the way in proving otherwise.

Departing from the usual custom of fighting under the promotion of the former Australian champion, Larry Foley, Fitzsimmons, accepting a challenge from another man from the land of the Moa & Maori, whose name was Dick Ellis, decided to rent a hall, and fight it out there. But so little were they thought of, that there were not 50 persons present, and the fight fell through. It was not until later years that his fame spread and he could fill an arena every time he fought.

According to many chroniclers of old-time fistic events, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Hall only came together twice, once when Fitz was alleged to have been bowled over for the count in the fourth round, in Australia, and the second time when Freckled Bob turned the tables on Hall in four rounds at New Orleans. The fact is that this pair of middleweights crossed gloves five times.

Ruby Robert at the anvil with Bob Armstrong, famous Negro heavyweight, as his aide

Of their championship affair in Australia, which was severely criticized, the inside story is as follows: Some weeks or so prior to the date of their contest, they met in a trial go at Mortlake, where Hall was attuning himself for the fray, and Fitzsimmons knocked his man out in the fourth round.

Some time prior to the contest, a Mr. James, an officer aboard the then well-known American mail boat, the *Alamada,* had arranged for Hall to go to America under agreement to the California Athletic Club, but such agreement would have become void in the event of defeat, hence Fitzsimmons, listening to reason, and for the promise of a paltry few pounds, consented to be knocked out.

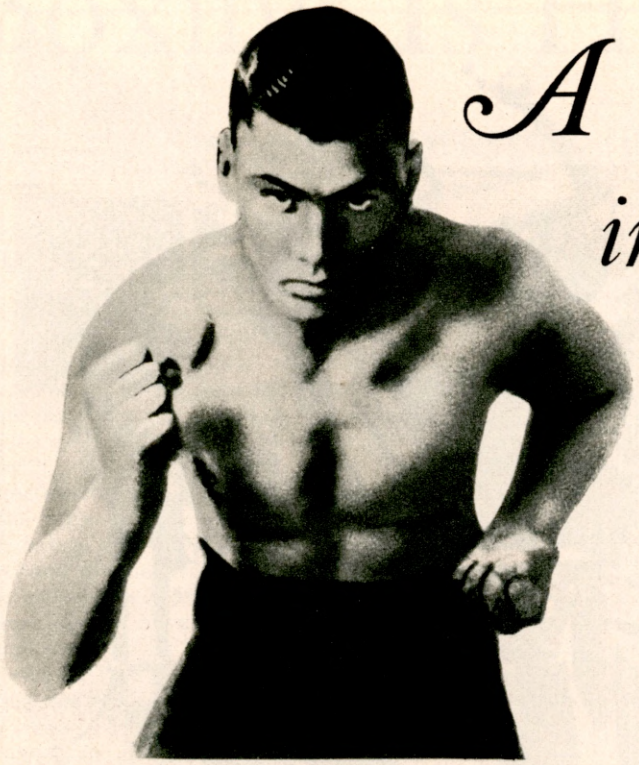
When the money promised was not forthcoming, Fitz became enraged and threatened to get revenge. He challenged Hall for a return contest, but Hall wisely would have nothing of that.

* * *

IN the meantime, Hall, who was never over careful in the selection of his company, got into serious trouble at what was then the roughest part of Sydney—Woollcomooloo. Hall was badly wounded by a knife stab in the right hand, much to the consternation of Mr. James, who had gone to big expense to get Hall to California.

While narrating his trouble to a gentleman named Griffiths, a well-known fruit merchant of Sydney who was not a fight follower, the latter stated that he knew a man who was Hall's superior. All he knew of this fellow was that he was a fighter and that he shod Mr. Griffiths' horses.

Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, Mr. James requested that he be permitted to interview the smithy who, he soon found out, was none other than Bob Fitzsimmons. The latter told the seaman all concerning the alleged championship contest he had with Hall. He also told Mr. James of the private go and brought eyewitnesses of (*Continued on page* 46)



The earliest picture of Jack Dempsey as a pugilist

A STUDY in HEREDITY

How Jack Dempsey Acquired His Strength

By NAT FLEISCHER

MEN inherit physical strength through their mothers. Great athletes may have puny fathers, but there are few examples of weak mothers in the cases of powerful sons. Every rule has an exception, and the exception in boxing, is Jack Dempsey.

There are many stories told of how Jack Dempsey gained his strength. Some tell how he developed his muscular system in the mines. Others how he gained his tremendous power through a building-up process supervised by Jack Kearns, his manager. Still others attribute his punch-power to heredity on his father's side.

Jack posing with his parents

Jack Dempsey is the one robust member of a group of weaklings. A freak of heredity seems to be the only plausible explanation. His father, Hiram, came from hardy Irish stock, his ancestors hailing from County Kildare. Jack Dempsey's fiery spirit, his love for battle and his ability to conquer, are traced to the fighting Irish and Indian in his blood.

Hiram Dempsey married Celia Smoot of Logan County, Utah, a member of the famous Smoot clan of that territory, a second cousin of the then State Senator of Utah. She followed the blood lines of the Scotch and the Irish on her father's side and the Cherokee Indian on the mother's. Her mother was half Indian.

* * *

JACK Dempsey attributed to the Indian blood in him the responsibility for his roving spirit and his stoicism under fire.

The hardiness of the Virginia mountaineers always has been in evidence in the erstwhile Manassa Mauler, yet it remains a fact that Dempsey's mother is a mite of a woman who seldom has weighed more than 116 pounds. Frail, almost feeble, she has been ailing throughout her entire married life.

Dempsey's father, while five feet nine inches tall, never has been a robust, hardy fellow. Normally his weight is 140 pounds and almost from the time he entered manhood, he has been failing. His health became so precarious some years ago that the family was forced to move from West Virginia to Colorado.

From the above, it is obvious that a consideration of heredity in Dempsey's case, so far as his dad and mother are concerned, does not reveal any strength that the "Idol of Fistiana" might have inherited from them.

But further examination into the family tree reveals the source of Jack's power. The blood of the American pioneer stock—the stock that crossed the Alleghanies and the Sierras, the stock that built the vast Western Empire, made Jack Dempsey the great fighter he was.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY'S great, great grandfather was one of these daring Virginia pioneers. He was a Jewish pack peddler, Abraham Levy by name, who came from a Virginia family that saw service in the Revolutionary War. The records of the Levy family reveal that Abraham Levy's grandfather was the partner of an Irishman in the hardware business in the Virginia mountains when the war with England was declared and when the strife was over, he and his Irish partner enlarged their affairs and opened a combination country merchandise and chemical store.

From this Levy family, back in the pioneer days of American history, Jack Dempsey apparently inherited the hardiness that enabled him to withstand the hardships that so often were his prior to his fight with Fred Fulton and from his granddaddy, known as "Big" Dempsey, the Goliath of East Tennessee, Jack Dempsey acquired his tremendous strength.

"Big" Dempsey's fame rolled over the mountains of his section into other parts of the country, and there came to East Tennessee, pilgrims who paid to see the "Big 'Un" exhibit his skill.

His powerful muscular development gained him fame in the Tennessee Regiment in which he served during the Civil War. From Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky and the Carolinas, the strong men pitted their prowess against "Big" Dempsey, but on each occasion, he came through with flying colors. It is said of him, that he had tremendous power in the palm of his hand and that he could twist a horseshoe by pressing it gainst the palm.

There is a story told by members of his regiment that on one occasion while at a hotel which had just been taken over after a siege, Dempsey was asked to entertain with a bout. He consented and in missing a wild swing, the bare fist struck the head of the heavy oak post of the bed

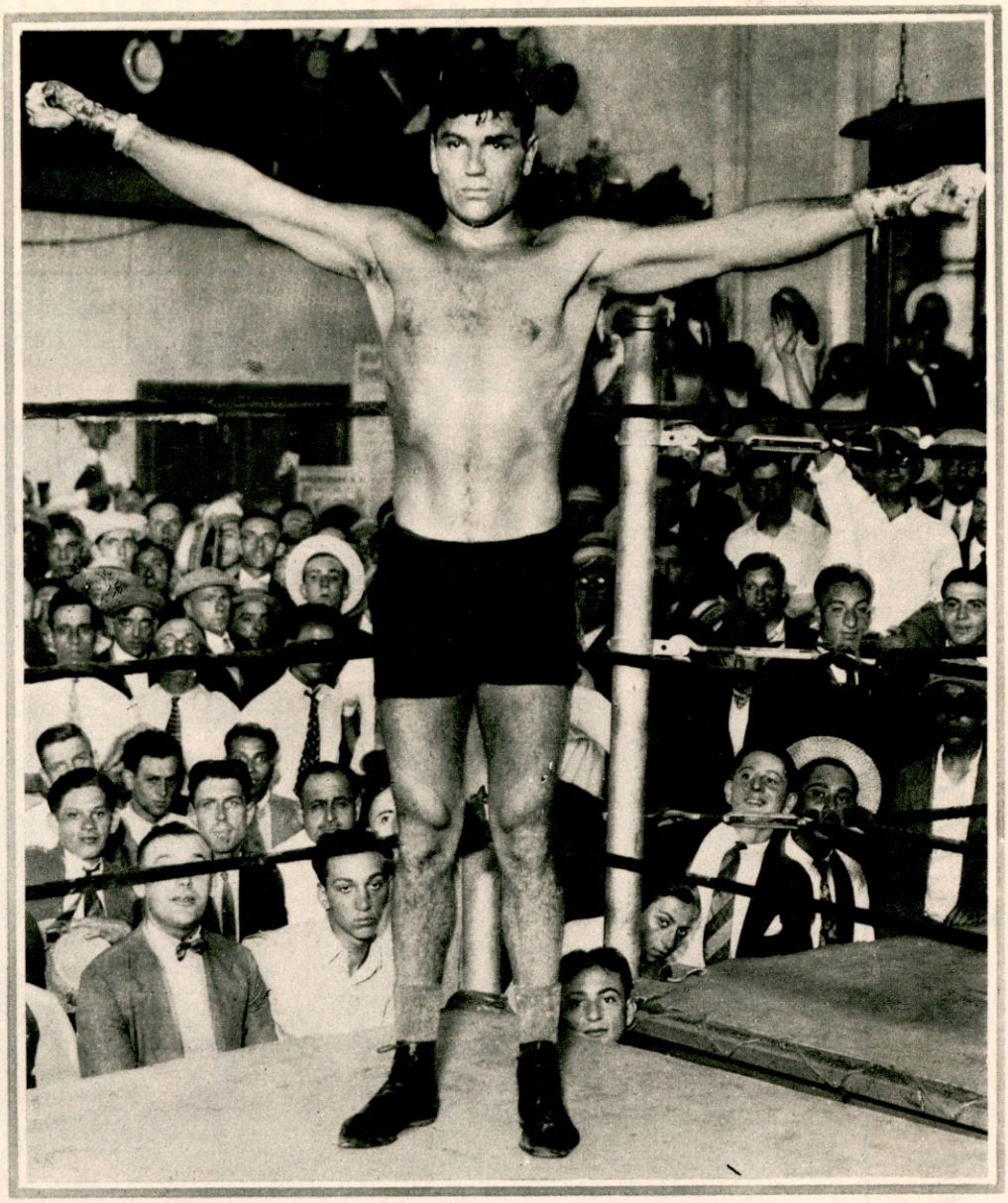
and broke it in two.

From the above it is obvious that the fighting qualities of the four races of his ancestors — Irish, Scotch, Indian and Jew—generously bred in bone and blood, contributed to the remarkable fighting machinery of Jack Dempsey.

No other athlete of modern times has had the physical perfection of Jack Dempsey. His body might have been carved by a Grecian sculptor. Packed into his shoulders and hands was a hitting power second to none in the history of the ring. In his prime, he was as quick on his feet as a jungle animal.

* * *

THERE is not a man in the ring to-day who boasts the physical powers of the Manassa Mauler. Yet, as already pointed out, Dempsey comes from a family almost every member of which, from father down, is or has been unfit. Malnutrition in youth contributed to the cause. Therefore, if as above related, one considers heredity and environment, Jack is a miracle, for the only discernible fountain source for his strength comes down from his grandparents and his great grandparents.



The perfect physical specimen—the idol of Fistiana as he appeared when in his prime

John Dempsey, one of Jack's brothers, had four major operations for stomach trouble. Bernard, the elder brother, was an invalid in his teens, but turned to athletics in his early manhood and seemed for a while to gain strength. He became a professional fighter under the name of "Jack" Dempsey, but could not last and the present "Jack," William Harrison Dempsey, took the *nom de guerre*. Joe, the third brother, was a sufferer from a valvular heart.

Both Dempsey's sisters suffered from illnesses and for a long time were semi-invalids, far underweight and undersized.

There is therefore no factor in such a family to account for a superman—Jack Dempsey, other than what has been related about the grandfather and the great grandfather. This is consistent with the theory of heredity by that great authority, the Abbé Mendel, Galton and others. As Jack Dempsey suffered more from privations and endured more suffering than all the rest of his family prior to his rise to fistic fame, the champion should have been the most disabled in the group. Yet, as things turned out, he was the hardiest.

In his boyhood, Dempsey was as frail as any of his brothers. He had to work harder than the rest. First as an apprentice boy in a coal mine and later as a worker in copper and silver mines and a bouncer in a dance hall, he spent much of his early years cut off from the health giving sunlight and fresh air.

* * *

YET, despite unhealthy work and improper food, Jack outgrew his early weakness and became a strong, enduring young man—a physical marvel. Some, as already noted, explain this in the mysterious alchemy of motherhood. They say that perhaps all the health and strength which normally would be distributed among the brothers and sisters, were given by the mother to the champion in their entirety. But the history of the Dempsey family tree proves otherwise.

As above pointed out from the famous Levys of the Revolutionary period, one of whom was the great, great grandfather of the Manassa Mauler, there has coursed through the veins of the Dempsey family the blood of the hardy stock of mountaineers through a series of intermarriages with Irish, Scotch and Indian, and from this mixture there developed the great "Big" Dempsey, a superman in physical appearance and power. From all appearances, the laws of heredity, working through the mother, has carried down this gigantic strength from "Big" Dempsey, the granddaddy to Jack Dempsey, one of the greatest fighters of all time.

SPORTING RENDEZVOUS IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

Here we have a bird's-eye view of Jones' Woods in the Yorkville section of New York City during the middle of the last century. Amusements of all varieties were present as at the Southwark Fair and many hot scraps were staged in the back rooms or cellars of the beer gardens

Where Idols of Old Got Their Fistic Baptism

By A. D. PHILLIPS

EVER hear of Jones' Woods?

Ever live on the East Side of New York, that section above the present site of the Queensboro Bridge that now is the residential district of New York's wealthiest citizens?

Well, that's the spot that years ago was famed as the stamping grounds of Father Knickerbocker's picnics, the gathering spot of the Sunday pleasure seekers of eighty years ago.

Of bustle and tussle, of broil and hurly-burly, there was variety in Jones' Woods. It was the spot for entertainment, the place where the business of pleasure prevailed, the park where many a future great of the old Prize Ring days received his baptism of fire. There are few persons still alive who can go back that far and recount the deeds of the youthful fighters of that period, but THE RING Editor, fortunately, recently came into possession of some valuable fight prints and fight data of the middle nineteenth century. Hence the presence in this issue of the article on Jones' Woods in "Little Old New York" along the East River water front.

Take a good look at the engraving reproduced on the opposite page. Coney Island had nothing on Jones' Woods, as the illustration shows. Like the old Southwark Fair of London where the fencing and boxing booths, the shooting galleries, the fortune teller tents, the refreshment stands and the like had their place, so every avenue in Jones' Woods was flanked with booths and stalls.

Scene at the Southwark Fair in England, where James Figg and other "Masters of Boxing and Sword Fencing" gave exhibitions almost two hundred years ago

* * *

EVERY path had its shooting galleries, billiard halls and bowling alleys and in these, as often as the proprietors could steal a march on the police, the enterprising owner would sneak over some fight. Of course that was contrary to the law, but what difference did that make when members of the police force were "honored" members of the fight club?

Tents for picture shows, gymnastic appliances for exhibitions of skill, wooden horses for the children, hot dog stands, lobster and oyster stands, and halls where games of skill were played —each had its place in Jones' Woods. With all these, naturally it would be a great oversight not to stage a boxing match, and those who were frequenters of the park saw many a hectic encounter under the very noses of the police in that great amusement center.

And when the fistic entertainment was over, there was the fascination of the old German beer gardens, the kind that once flourished in the big centers of this country and still are so popular in Germany. Here beer reigned with supremest power. Its flow was constant and unrestrained. Ever-gurgling spigots emitted their steady streams.

The scenes on a fight night were picturesque. Here and there groups of men would be seen strolling through the park and then suddenly they would disappear as if by magic. They had located the "spot" and vanished into the cellar or the back room of a beer garden where all was set for the merry go. To them, this was Paradise. While the women folk and ofttimes the children were enjoying the amusements in the park, the men were sipping their beer, eating their cheese and sausage sandwiches and enjoying a good scrap.

* * *

WHAT the fight fan of to-day wouldn't give to go through the experiences of the old clan of "Little Old New York"!

Take a good peep at the picture of Jones' Woods. It is a study in the history of New York sports and recreation. It is a rare illustration of New York life in the early fifties—in the pre-Civil War days.

It is a picture of the gay crowds of the past, the gatherings that made sports in the metropolitan district half a century or more ago so interesting. Gone are these days, but the seed they sowed has taken root. The sports developed then have grown bigger and better while the sinister influences, the corruption and drinking bouts have passed on.

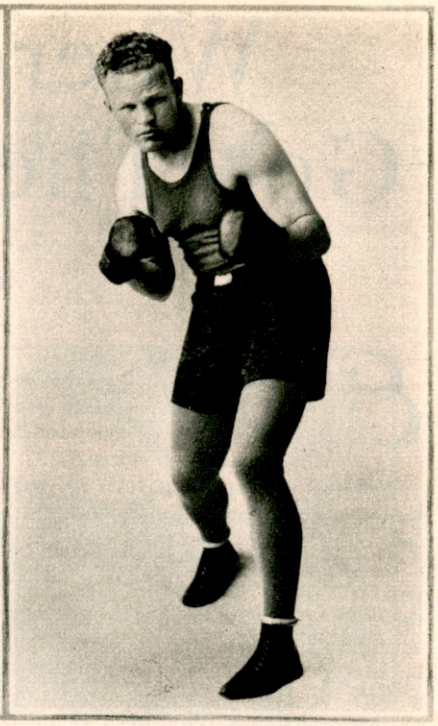
The fights which were witnessed in filthy, smoke-filled beer cellars, have given way to bouts staged in clean, wholesome clubhouses, especially built for the purpose. The police interference, which led to skull cracking and murderous assaults on innocent victims, has given way to orderly conducted contests under legalized state supervision.

Such is the change that has taken place in the last half century.

(This is the first of a series on historic boxing centers.—Editor.)

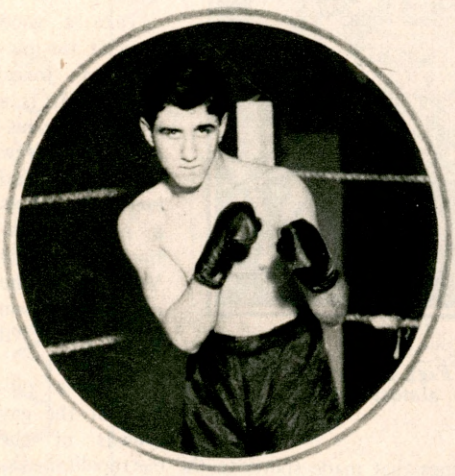
Tony O'Dell, star welterweight of the Northwest

Babe Hunt, giant heavyweight from Ponca City, Okla.



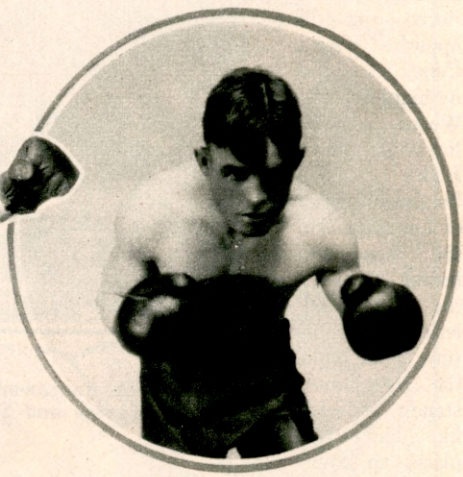
Frankie Wine, rugged Butte, Mont., heavyweight

Far Westerners in Limelight



Louie Mays, hard hitting Iowan middleweight

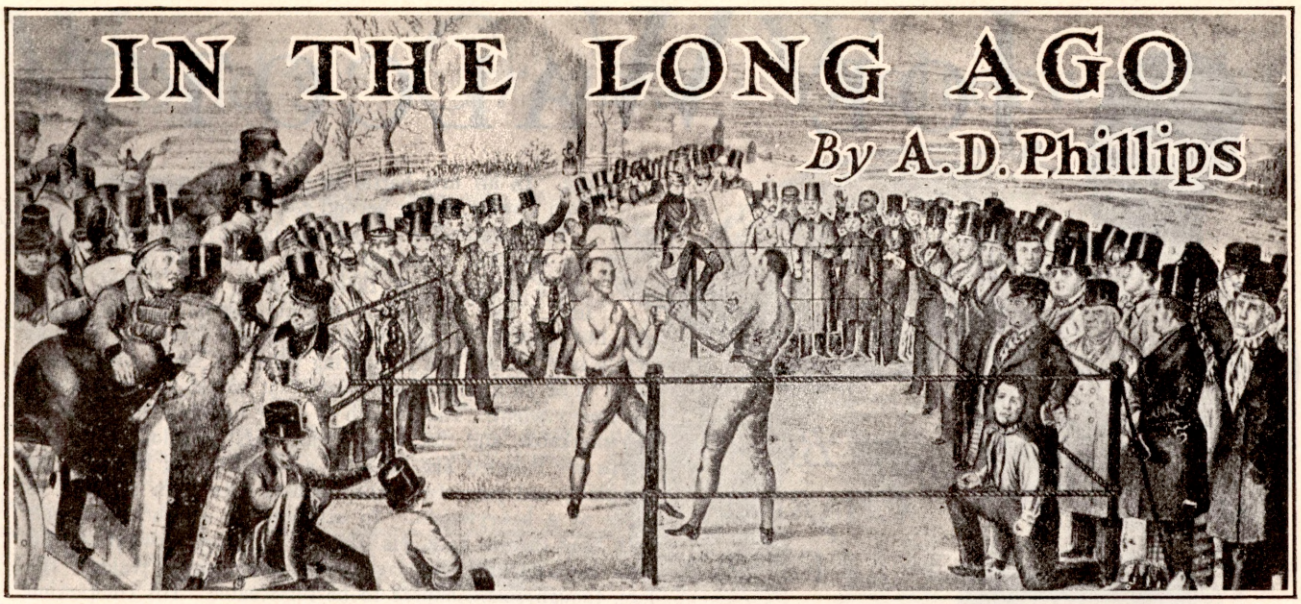
Jimmy Lundy, Pacific Coast 140-pounder, now campaigning around Chicago



Billy Vaughn, Omaha lightweight

IN THE LONG AGO

By A. D. Phillips



Ring Repartee

YOUNG CORBETT, as game a boy as ever entered the ring, was a great "kidder." His sarcastic remarks often got the "goat" of his opponent with the result that Corbett rattled his man to such an extent that he had no difficulty making him miss blows by a city block.

In his first fight with Battling Nelson in San Francisco in 1905, Corbett's cutting remarks, while they amused those at the ringside, goaded the Battler into a rage.

"Who told you you could fight! Why Bat you're a joke! Come on, don't dog it, fight! I thought they said you were a demon!"

These remarks delivered while in a clinch and ofttimes when Corbett landed a corking wallop to the jaw, unnerved the Battler. They transformed him into a wildcat. In other words, he played right into the hands of his opponent whose sole object was to upset the Durable Dane.

On one occasion the Battler caught Corbett with a beautiful right, smack on the mouth, a blow that threw Corbett's head back and made him hold momentarily. Backing away, Corbett astonished the Dane with the following:

"Huh, I thought you could hit! You couldn't put a dent into a Charlotte Russe! Say, what's the name of that burg you came from?"

Nelson became furious. He couldn't understand such tactics, especially after he had almost floored Corbett.

Coming out of his corner in the ninth round, Nelson rushed at his rival and crashed a telling left behind the ear. Quick as a flash, Corbett caused a let-up in the attack by a continuation of his ring repartee:

"Say Bat, you're a ham. What a nerve *you've* got to fight *me*. Go back to your job of hash slinging!"

With eyes fairly bulging from their sockets, Nelson, fury written all over his map, then let fly one left that sank deep into the stomach and Corbett dropped for the full count and put a quietus to the Denverite's gabfest.

* * *

"Old Buckhorse"

WHEN boxing was still in its infancy, there lived in England a most eccentric fighter, John Smith by name, but familiarly known among the Fancy as "Old Buckhorse." This famous character who thrived between 1732 and 1746, acted wholly upon principles of contradiction. Many a tale is told of his whims and his peculiar actions, the story of his life being the subject of many thrilling yarns.

For example, he always wore his shabbiest clothes and ate the worst he could get on Sunday, because other folk wore and ate their best. On a Monday, because it was a holiday, he used to work from morn till night, but the rest of the week he was the most idle and the best dressed man in the parish.

He always made a practice of dining off a fine goose on Shrove Tuesday, and on oatmeal on Michaelmas Day. He fed on oysters as long as the weather continued hot but refused to eat them when there was an "R" in the month.

He starved himself on Christmas Day but ate like a glutton when there was a church fast day. In coldest weather he went without his coat or vest but in the hottest summer day he buttoned his coat. He wrote with a skewer fashioned in the shape of a pen and fastened his letters with a pin.

He frequently hired a boat and would pay the boatman to attend him, but never would put his foot in the boat. He married three wives but never lived with one of them. He slept in his kitchen, breakfasted in his garret and dined in his cellar. He had a great habit of talking to himself but he never spoke in company. When he died, he owed money to all of his friends, but he would never allow any one to owe him a sixpence.

* * *

Between Two Fires

IN the old days when commercialism was unheard of, a fighter toed the mark because he felt he was honor-bound to fulfill an engagement when once contracts were signed. Such obstacles as the weather, small gate receipts or a bruise which was not of an incapacitating nature, were not sufficient cause for a postponement as in the present era. How would the boys of to-day have acted in an emergency like this:

Harry Jones, a famous London "Sailor Boy", scrapper of fifty years ago, having fallen in love with a pretty girl, popped the question and got the day named. Being deeply in love, his wits went wool-gathering and he quite forgot that on the appointed day he had previously made a different kind of a match, one to fight a certain Jim Aldridge, but better known from his habits and trade, as "The Fighting Typo."

There was no way of postponing the match. Harry was too much in love to think of putting off the wedding and honor-bound to go through with his fight. So he took his girl to church, got spliced, and then said to his best man:

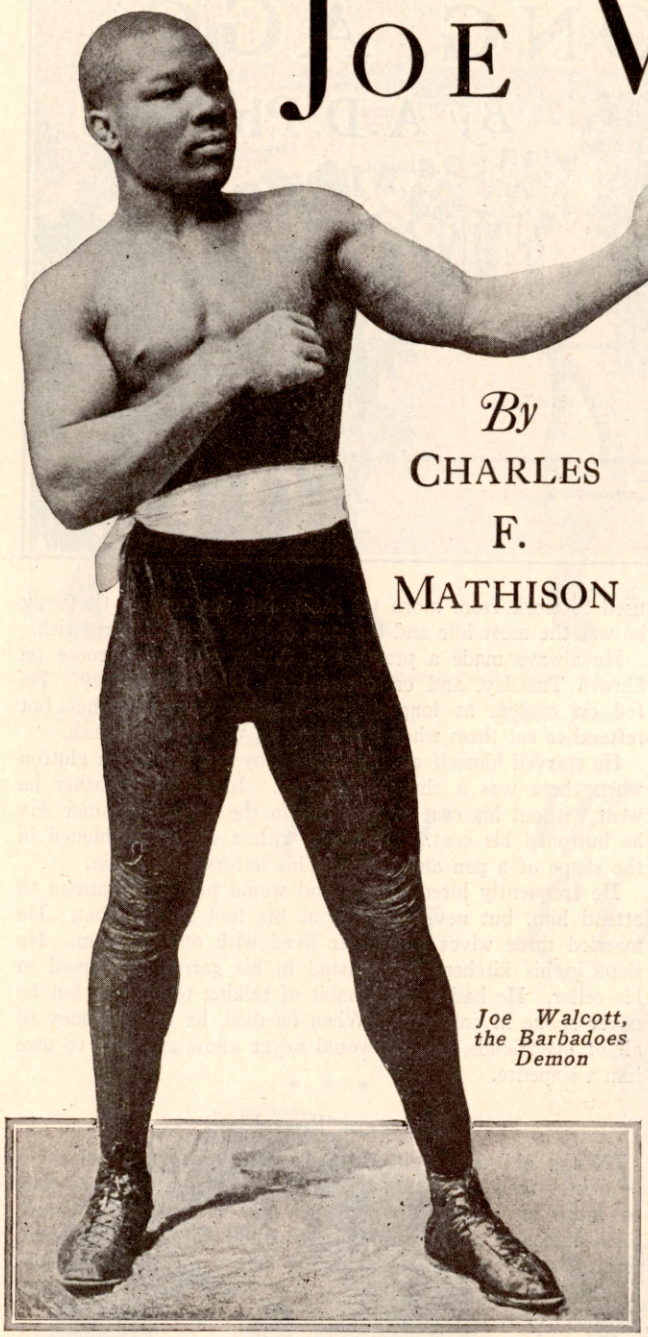
"Jack, take charge of the missus for a little while. I shan't be long. I've got a very particular engagement to keep."

He hurried off to the scene of the encounter without giving his bride the least hint as to the nature of his errand. Harry arrived at the trysting place to find his opponent awaiting him.

Stripping off his wedding togs, the Sailor Boy quickly set to work and in twelve minutes he had given the pugnacious printer such a beating that he cried, "Enough."

Harry then slipped into his glad rags again and without a single scratch, hurried back to rejoin the wedding guests. Later on, over the grog, he told the story of his fight to the horror of his bride, who thought of what *might* have happened.

JOE WALCOTT,



Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

QUITE appropriately, Madison Square Garden, the world's leading palace of pugilism, now houses the world's greatest welterweight fighter. He is now past the fighting age, as he reached his 58th year last April. Yet, in the twenty-one years from 1890 to 1911, that he was in the thick of battle, he compiled the most remarkable record of any man of his size and weight. His task at the Garden is to keep dust from the interior of that celebrated structure. As he moves about the lobby with duster in hand, he occasionally stops in front of a life size portrait of himself and studies its leading characteristics as they were when he was bowling over welters, middles, light heavies and heavyweights. At such times he fervently expresses the wish he had been born a little later in the 19th Century. He has also given expression to the belief that if he was at his best in the present joyous days of large purses, he would be sitting most attractively.

His name is Joseph Walcott and his deeds are recalled by the recent victory of Jack Thompson over Jackie Fields. He was born in Barbadoes, West Indies, on April 7, 1872, and he started his fighting career in 1890, when he was 18 years of age. In his first battle he stopped an opponent named Tom Powers, in the second round.

The outstanding feature of his physical makeup was the apparent smallness of the man. He looked more like a featherweight than a welter. His height was 5 feet, 1 and 1-2 inches, and his normal fighting weight was 140 pounds. A reproduction of a photograph of Walcott at his best, shows him in fighting pose. A small round head is set close to a pair of shoulders that would be the envy of any heavyweight. The breadth of space between the shoulders is remarkable, and discloses a wide chest development. His biceps are muscled like those of a wrestler, and his forearms are thick and powerful. His doubled fists seem as large as those of a heavyweight. In attitude for a fight, he stands with head thrown back, his left arm extended forward and his right forearm held close against his solar plexus region. His legs, though small, appear to be serviceable. His complexion is coal black, and his little eyes sparkle above his sombre face.

* * *

WALCOTT did not get into his stride until 1894, in which year he accomplished things that brought him to the startled attention of the boxing world. In that year Walcott stopped Tommy West in 3 rounds, and followed that feat by knocking out Tommy Tracy in 15 rounds. Tracy is the chap who gave Tommy Ryan, one of the holders of the welter title, all kinds of trouble.

The next eye opener by Walcott was a 12-round knockout of Dick O'Brien, who later fought a 25-round draw with Kid McCoy.

Next the Barbadoes Demon stopped Austin Gibbons in four rounds, the latter having fought Jack McAuliffe for the lightweight title and lost.

For several years thereafter Walcott contented himself with meeting the average welters and he usually was returned the winner. But on December 2, 1895, he made the greatest mistake of his career when he offered to knock out Kid Lavigne within 15 rounds or lose the decision and a $500 side stake. However, Walcott was compelled by the handlers of Lavigne to make 133 pounds ringside, and he found the reduction was too much for him.

It was only by the most drastic measures that he managed to make the required poundage and the effort so weakend him, he was unable to fight with accustomed vigor in the opening rounds. Towards the close of the bout he regained some of his natural strength and gave Lavigne a thumping the Kid never forgot. However, Lavigne piled up a lead in the early rounds that assured him of the decision and the side stake.

Two years later, Lavigne and Walcott met in San Francisco in a bout scheduled for 20 rounds. Walcott gave up in the 12th round. As Walcott was not required to make any unusual weight for this contest, the reason for his defeat never has been explained. Walcott probably was out of condition at the time, for later on in the same year he dropped a 20-round decision to Tommy West.

But in 1899, Walcott was in rare form. He knocked out Dan Creedon, once the middleweight champion of Australia, in the first round. This created a sensation, as Creedon at the time was fully thirty pounds heavier than Walcott. Creedon was not satisfied with the result and made another match with the Demon. It went 20 rounds and Walcott took the decision of the referee.

In 1900 Walcott continued his amazing feats, knocking out Joe Choynski, one of the best heavyweights in history, in 7 rounds. Walcott also defeated Mysterious Billy Smith in 25 rounds and Andy Walsh in 20 rounds. He also knocked out Dick Moore, a big middleweight, in 4 rounds, and Bill Hanrahan, hard hitting middleweight, in 12 rounds.

World's *Greatest* Welterweight

Walcott's knockout of Choynski, a man who gave Jim Corbett some hard battles, caused more talk throughout the boxing world than anything since David slew Goliath.

The year 1901 was Walcott's banner year, for he got a chance to fight Jim Ferns, holder of the welter title. Ferns did not hold the title long after he got into the ring with Walcott. The Demon stopped Ferns in the fifth session, and despoiled him of his championship. In that year also Walcott whipped Jack Bonner, a light heavyweight, in 20 rounds; outpointed George Gardiner, the man from whom Fitzsimmons won the light heavyweight title, in 20 rounds; defeated Young Peter Jackson, a middleweight, in 20 rounds, and knocked out Charles McKeever in 6 rounds.

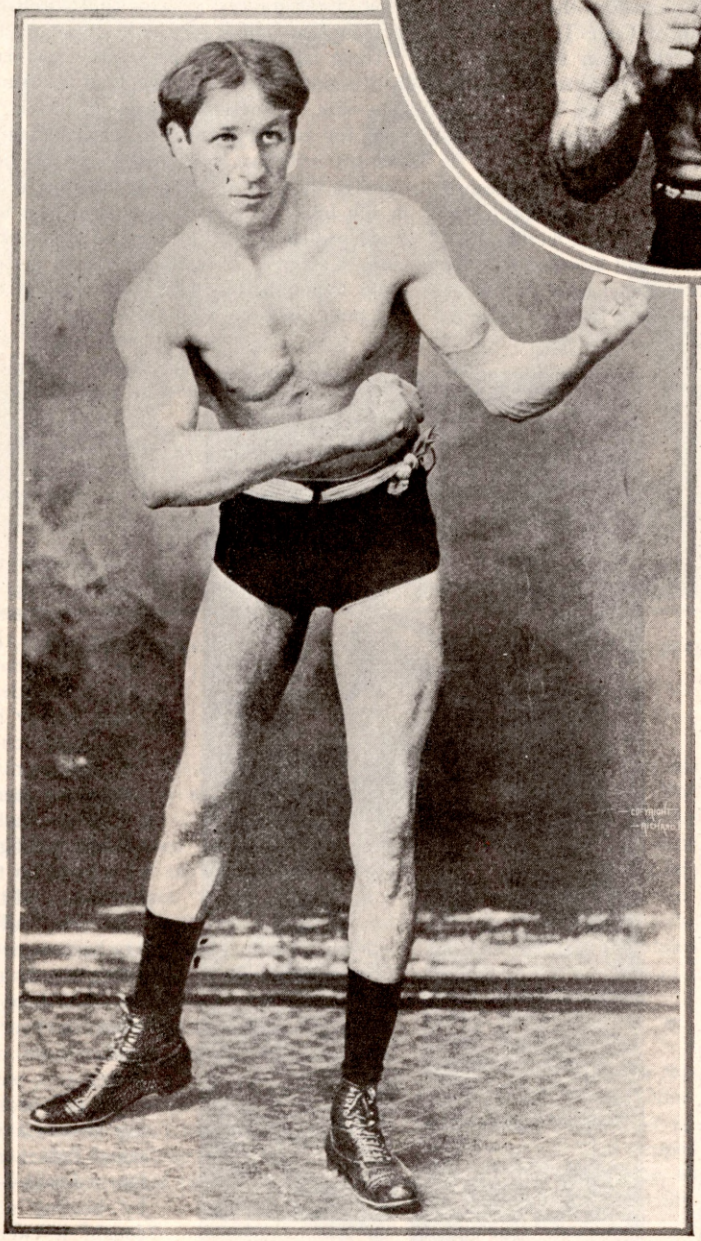
Walcott lost his welter title in 1904, under conditions that caused much argumentation. The winner was a Negro named Aaron Jones, a welterweight, who boxed 20 rounds with Walcott, but was outpointed. In the 20th and last round, the referee disqualified Walcott for an alleged foul, and declared the Dixie Kid to be the winner of the bout and the title.

* * *

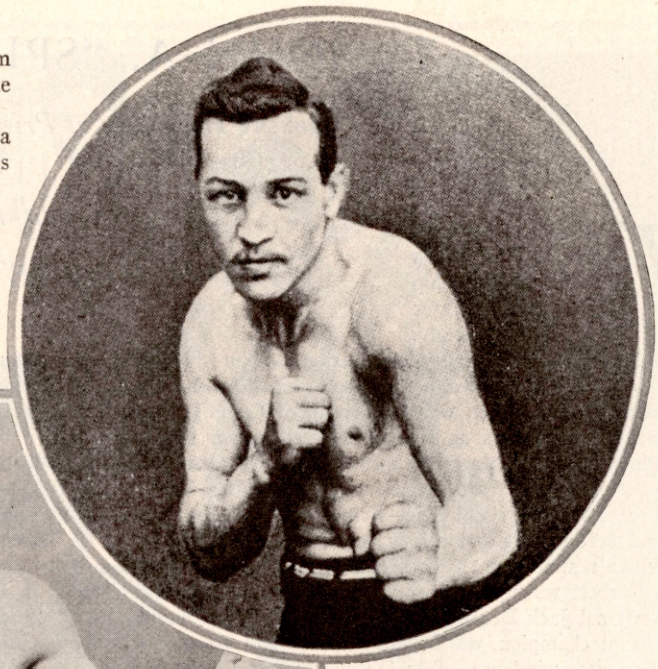
IT is declared by reviewers of the fight that the spectators chased the referee out of the arena in San Francisco where the bout was staged. Later on in a return bout, the Demon and the Kid went 20 rounds to a draw, indicating clearly that the new champion was not an easy mark for anyone. Especially was this view strengthened when the Dixie Kid, a light welter, went to France and stopped the celebrated Georges Carpentier, then the middleweight champion of France and Europe, in the 5th round.

Carpentier claimed foul and the local referee disqualified the Kid.

However, a number of prominent French sportsmen who were present realized that the blow was not foul and compelled the referee to reverse his decision.



Joe Choynski, hard hitting heavyweight who was knocked out by Walcott in seven rounds



Honey Mellody of Boston, claimant of the welterweight title in 1906

The loss of title by Walcott did not affect his fighting ability and he went along for several years defeating a varied assortment of boxers.

In 1904 Walcott boxed draws with Sandy Ferguson, a rugged Boston heavy, and Sam Langford the noted Tar Baby, and one of the most terrific hitters of the ring, who went 15 rounds with the Barbadoes Demon.

In that same year Joe Gans, then at his best, went 20 rounds to a draw with Walcott.

* * *

FOLLOWING these mills Walcott began to deteriorate and lost more bouts than he won.

Walcott lost a contest to Honey Mellody, a Boston welterweight, in 1906, the latter claiming the welter title. Mellody overlooked the fact that Walcott had dropped his title to the Dixie Kid in 1904, two years previously.

It was common gossip that while Sailor Tom Sharkey was preparing for his title bout with Jeffries in 1899, he was floored by Walcott during a training bout. At any rate the Demon was summarily dismissed from the Sailor's training staff.

It has also been fairly well established that Walcott challenged Sharkey, Corbett and Jeffries to fight, but they all declined to take him on on the ground that he was too small. Walcott never feared any fighter no matter how big and strong.

Scions of *Wealth* Who Could

By JOHN A. "SPIDER" KELLY

Boxing Instructor at Princeton University

As told to

EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

IT is unreasonable to assume that all young men of championship athletic ability enter sports professionally, and this is particularly true of the boxing game in which there are apt to be certain social objections entertained by their families.

As a matter of fact, when we speak of Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey and others as having been champion fighting men of the world, what we really mean is that they are champions only of those who care to contest for the title. The same is true of all other champions—living in quiet seclusion somewhere there may be potentially better men.

Which reminds me that a fireman in a theatre once thrashed Jim Corbett when the latter was champion of the world, and the original Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil", then world's middleweight champion, was severely beaten and knocked through a plate glass window in Tom O'Rourke's hotel by a waiter.

Recently published statements to the effect that the place to find the next heavyweight should be from the ranks of the college athletes, prompts me to tell my experiences with college students who had a flare for the boxing game.

It was on January 5, 1902, that I became the first college boxing instructor in the country by accepting the position of boxing tutor at Princeton—and in the twenty-eight years that have elapsed since that time, I have boxed with college students who had more to commend them as potential ring champions than any of these contenders for the heavyweight title to-day.

I happen to know something about what is required to make a professional ring man, because prior to becoming a boxing instructor to these scions of wealth, I myself was a professional fighter from 1888 to 1901—thirteen years of battling all comers at my weight.

* * *

JUST to mention a few of the college boys who had professional fight promoters chasing them until they learned their identity, I'll name William Brady, of New York, son of William A. Brady, theatrical and motion picture producer and once the manager of Jim Corbett; Theodore Larsen, of Salt Lake City, known in his college days at Princeton as "Wolf" Larsen, prominent football star, and now a big corporation lawyer in New York City; J. Mason Smith, whose father is a wealthy cotton man in New Orleans; Forest Harold McCormick, of Chicago, grandson of John D. Rockefeller and son of Harold McCormick, the multimillionaire head of the International Harvester Company.

These sons of wealthy men were typical college champions, all big, strong fellows with fighting hearts who, under other circumstances, perhaps could probably have defeated any of these contenders for the heavyweight title today.

These fellows, now performing their daily duties in business institutions, had everything that modern ring champions possess—size, strength, a knockout punch, fighting spirit and a flare for battle, boxing sense and ring generalship, physical courage and that mysterious quality best described by the plebeian word "guts". And in addition to this, had their position in life been such as to give them the urge to enter the ring game professionally they would have taken into the ring with them a degree of intelligence and inspiration and habits of clean living such as few champions of the professional fighting game have ever possessed.

Such are some of the young American men who participate in boxing purely for the love of it and for the development of those mental qualities that enable them to give a better account of themselves in the battle of Life.

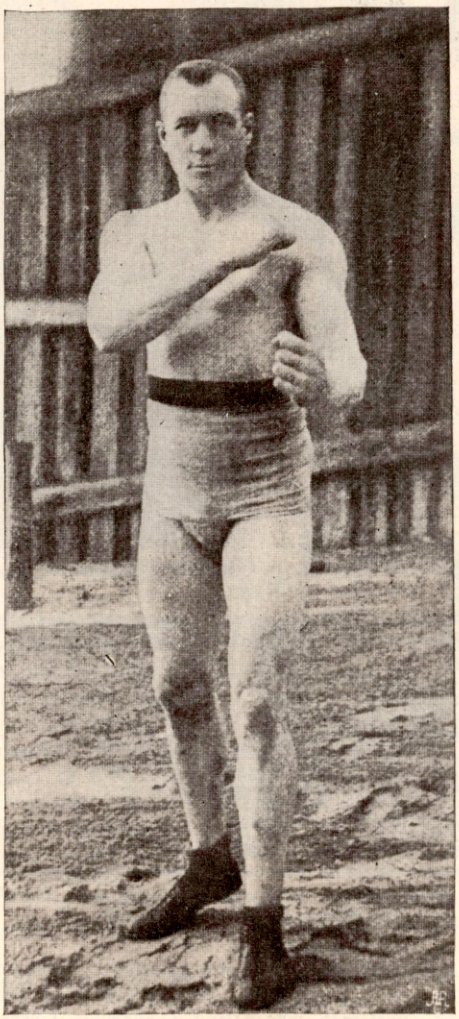
* * *

IN my position at Princeton I am not only an instructor but also an adviser to many of the boys. Naturally, when they have come to me for advice about fighting professionally, I consider my words carefully. Many of my boys in the past have been approached by fight managers and promoters. I have even had sons of wealthy men come to me and beg me to get them a match with some professional fighter "just for the fun of it" and to test themselves out to see how good they were.

In nearly all such cases my answer has been something like this: "Your father would never forgive me if I did—you'd be a fine looking ornament in your dad's office with a broken nose and a couple of cauliflower ears, wouldn't you?"

On one occasion I *did* get one of my boxers a match with a professional fighter of note, just to teach him a lesson—and he crossed me up by beating a man who had just fought a twenty round draw with the man who shortly afterward became the greatest heavyweight champion of all time.

This student was Theodore Larsen, now a corporation lawyer, then "Wolf" Larsen, football star and college boxing champion. Larsen measured about six feet two inches



Gus Ruhlin who played second fiddle to "Wolf" Larsen, famous Princeton football star in private setto at New York A. C.

Have Been *Champion* Fighters

"Spider" Kelly instructing a class at Lawrenceville. The famous mentor prepared many boys at this institution for Princeton's boxing team

in his stocking feet and weighed 190 pounds—and that's big enough to beat any man in the world. Weight above that mark is more or less of a physical handicap to a fighting man. In addition to his size and strength, Larsen, in my opinion, was the best amateur boxer in America or anywhere else.

When Gus Ruhlin, the once famous "Akron Giant", was being groomed for the heavyweight championship of the world, the eastern papers were full of articles about Ruhlin, Jeffries, and other big men of the ring. Ruhlin had fought Jim Jeffries a twenty round draw, and Larsen, a big man himself, though the son of a wealthy Salt Lake business man and still a college student, felt the fighting spirit stirring in his heart.

He came to me and begged me to get him a match with one of these big heavyweights—he didn't care which one. "Just for the fun of the thing and to get the experience," he explained. To his urging I gave my usual answer—NO!

* * *

BUT Larsen was obdurate. It didn't have to be in public, he explained, but he wanted it to be "in earnest", with the professional fighter trying just as hard to knock him out as he would in a public ring. It was his fighting spirit crying out for the supreme test—and "Wolf" Larsen wanted to subject it to the scourging heat of the crucible.

Seeing this, I resolved to teach "Wolf" Larsen a lesson. I arranged for a private match to be held at the New York Athletic Club, in New York City, Larsen's opponent to be no less a person than Gus Ruhlin, the man who had fought Jeffries a twenty round draw. I explained to Ruhlin's manager that I had a big, strong fellow who imagined he could fight and I wanted him to be given a most severe test. Ruhlin was to "go after" his man and do his best to knock him out, so that I could ascertain the ability of my man to absorb punishment as well as the measure of his fighting ability.

* * *

WHEN this match was pulled off in private in the gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club, Larsen displayed not the least bit of concern over the fame of the man he was to fight. He stepped right into big Ruhlin like a veteran of the professional ring, stepped all around him like a master of ring craft, and actually beat in six rounds the man whom Jim Jeffries had failed to defeat in twenty rounds. The more cumbersome and less intelligent Ruhlin couldn't lay a glove on this big, strong college student who was an accomplished all-round athlete and whose work on the football field had made him remarkably shifty on his feet, and he administered more punishment to Ruhlin than Jeffries had done.

One manager came to me and offered me $1,000 if I would get Larsen's signature to a contract to fight professionally, but Larsen was now satisfied—all (*Continued on page* 48)

In Club Membership Days

(*Continued from page 23*)

That timidity, the kind often seen even in the best of fighters, cost Morgan and his fighter a fortune and a crown.

* * *

IT was at that same club that Foxy Abe Attell and Frankie Burns, clever Jersey City bantam, put up a brilliant battle. Attell, suffering from a bad left hand, his best, refused to ask for a postponement and despite that handicap, Abe gave as pretty an exhibition as I've ever seen. The hand went entirely out of commission in the third round and it was then that Attell, with only his right to hold off the flashy Burns, peppered Frankie with lefts and put up such a wonderful defensive battle that he carried off the honors.

It was also in that same arena that the great Stanley Ketchel knocked out Westchester Jim Smith in the fifth, but almost went out himself to do it. When that match was made, Smith wasn't given a look-in. The affair looked like a sure setup, yet Smith battered Stanley all over the ring until Ketchel uncorked one almost from the ground and crashed it flush on Smith's chin for a knockout.

Going in for his pay check, Ketchel encountered O'Rourke and, in discussing the fight, remarked:

"Well Tom, I'm glad I was in condition. If I hadn't been, you'd now have a new world's middleweight champion in that boy."

The old Opera House was the scene not only of thrilling contests, but also was productive of many a wild night. One of the wildest I've ever seen was on the occasion of the Leach Cross-Matty Baldwin battle. That mill was full of action and the partisanship was so keen that the referee feared he would be caught in a riotous whirlpool and without warning, he ducked under the ropes and leaped out of the ring.

O'Rourke, in a quandary, jumped in as substitute referee, but as the crowd packed the house and hundreds were still outside clamoring for admission, Tom thought more of the receipts than he did of the mill and therefore kept his eye on the audience, trying to spy someone to whom he could entrust the duties of third man in the ring. Suddenly he spotted Patsy Haley and shouted across the arena for Pat to come in and relieve him. This Haley did with considerable credit to himself and since then Patsy has become one of the country's leading boxing officials.

* * *

IN those days the fights were more keenly contested. The scrapping was harder and the fighters in several divisions were greater hitters than we now have. As for the patronage, it was far from the roughneck element so often depicted. In O'Rourke's Opera House for example, the clientele was the forerunner of Tex Rickard's starched front gatherings. The elite of New York were regular patrons of O'Rourke's club and the shows Tom put on usually proved hummers.

Great memories, these! What I'd give to have a little of that excitement now!

Bob Fitzsimmons

(*Continued from page 35*)

that little comedy to confirm the statement of his knockout by Hall. This convinced Mr. James who then cast Hall aside and engaged passage to America for Ruby Robert. That is how Freckled Bob got the start in America, that led to the winning of three championships.

I have often read that the reason why Fitzsimmons went to America was for the purpose of chasing Hall and compelling him to meet Fitz in a return contest. This is a decidedly poor guess, for when Fitzsimmons had completed his first two contests in America, Hall was in Sydney.

As a matter of fact the Freckled Wonder at the time had not sufficient money to have been able to pay toll for a gingham to say nothing of paying his own fare across the states and had all his belongings tied up in a large sized colored handkerchief.

I'll Be Champion Yet, Says Jack Sharkey

(*Continued from page 7*)

extras with all the details of the fight.

"If we start now, we shall be home by the time the kids wake up," I said to Mrs. Sharkey.

"All right, dear," she replied.

A few minutes later I was driving my car along the Boston Post Road home.

The kids were just getting up when Mrs. Sharkey and I arrived home. And for a few minutes the loss of the heavyweight championship of the world didn't seem so very important. I still had greater treasures—two fine children.

It pleased me when people later took the stand that I was a better boxer and all-around fighter than Schmeling. The support of the boys of the press was particularly gratifying as I respect their knowledge of boxing.

And I decided to keep on fighting. First I would try to get a return bout with Schmeling, sacrificing my entire purse if necessary, and failing this, to defeat every other outstanding challenger.

After all, it was by taking on all comers that I reached my present position.

Fighting and not talking is what the public demands. I shall try to furnish the fighting.

Am I discouraged? Not in the least. I still believe I am master of the heavyweights now in the limelight and if Schmeling thinks he can dodge a return bout to take on some lesser light, then I'll prove my right by again eliminating the cream of the opposition. My mind is set on winning the world's heavyweight championship and nothing less than that will satisfy me. I lost my opportunity, but I think that if given another chance, I'll make amends by scoring a knockout.

Fighting Fates

(*Continued from page 25*)

Again he pictured strange lands and adventure. He didn't want any more money. The folks were well provided for. He hated to fight and besides, there was nobody to fight.

He had exhausted the list of contenders, and he had no liking for contests with men who did not measure up to the standard for competition against the conqueror of Hale.

And so it came to pass that Jim Harrand turned in the world's championship. It had been done before—by Jim Jeffries. But Jim had come back to fight Jack Johnson and get a terrific beating.

There was to be no comeback from this retirement. Jim Harrand quit, and then began the romance of the Marine and the girl of millions.

Off they went and got married one day, and then came adventure, the seas and strange lands, Naples and Rome, China and Japan—with Jim Harrand lolling on a sunshaded deck as he thought of the nights he had rested from his work on a packing case, check and check over again.

He sat back in his chair. "Check, 4567, consignment of loveliness. Check!"

"Did you say anything, Jim?" Mrs. Harrand asked.

"No, I was just thinking aloud," smiled The Champion.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 18)

Then, in addition, let us have competent referees, not men who merely obtain their jobs because of political influence, but officials who know their business and are fearless. A capable referee doesn't have to seek the opinion of a judge as to whether a blow was struck fair or foul. He should see for himself each and every punch and how and where it landed.

Following the Sharkey-Schmeling fiasco, the New York Board dropped the rule which compels a referee to consult the judges before rendering a decision on a foul. That, at least, is proper legislation.

Say what one may about Lou Magnolia for the blunder he made down in Miami, I still think he is the greatest and most competent referee in America. He is the type of referee who sees every blow and doesn't have to depend upon the judgment of others before rendering a verdict. An able referee, like Lou Magnolia, is never looking over the backs of the fighters as in the case of the official of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight. He is always seeing what takes place between them and with every move of the contestants, he is in motion, ready and able to see what transpires.

* * *

Overweight Epidemic

FOULS and overweight matches must go if boxing is to flourish as in the days when Tex Rickard held the helm as America's greatest promoter. Take the recent case of Tony Canzoneri, a game, courageous little fighter who, like Johnny Dundee when he was in his prime, bars no one. Only a few weeks ago Tony fought Benny Bass, champion of the junior lightweight division in states where that title is recognized, and was forced to sign an agreement that he would come in overweight in order to save Bass his crown in the event Benny were whipped.

As things turned out, Bass weighed 125 on the afternoon of the fight and Canzoneri scaled 129¼ pounds, just within the junior weight limit. In order to carry out a "Gentleman's Agreement," and also to make certain that the fight would not be called off, Tony was forced to eat two oranges and drink considerable water to gain an extra pound.

And to think that a boxing commission stands by and permits such procedure!

If the Penn boxing board had acted in the interests of the sport over which it rules, Bass would have been compelled to face the music against Canzoneri with his title at stake since Tony's weight was that of a junior lightweight. If that had been done, Canzoneri, former featherweight king, would to-day be the acknowledged junior lightweight champion.

What good are boxing commissions if they repeatedly permit flagrant violations of the rules?

* * *

New Hamphire Sets Pace

IF the professional fighters who have been testing the patience of Johnny Public think they have not aroused his ire, a little study of the boxing situation in the Middle West and in New England should furnish them with ample proof that foul fighting contests with set-ups and the like are killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

In New England, the Boston Garden finds it most difficult to obtain a $6,000 gate. Eddie Mack, running in opposition to the Garden finds it necessary to close shop for the summer. Yet while this is going on, the amateur fighters keep drawing capacity houses.

Out in the Middle West, RING correspondents, asked to comment on the situation, have answered the query with the statement that amateur boxing is supplanting professional boxing. Pinkie George, writing from Omaha, says: "The Mid-west has gone amateur. Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Omaha are drawing far greater houses with the simon pures than with the pros."

What's the answer? The fight fan is sick at heart. He is tired of paying out big money to see phoney fights. He has been milked dry and won't permit himself to be mulcted much longer by unscrupulous promoters, fly-by-night managers and crooked fighters.

Better beware, you who depend on boxing for your livelihood! The handwriting is on the wall!

* * *

Foul Cries in Famous Fights

(Continued from page 26)

fied in the twentieth round of his fight with the Dixie Kid on the Coast and a third time in his bout with Bill McKinnon at Brockton, Mass. When one considers the great battles in which Walcott engaged, and the hard hitters he fought, it must be admitted that the Barbadoes Demon must have been hard put to restrain his temper.

In their last long contest, Mysterious Billy did everything he could to injure Walcott by unfair means. He butted, he hit with the open gloves, he elbowed, heeled and even sunk his knee into Walcott's groin. He rubbed his open glove against Joe's nose, a painful operation and once, in the ninth round, he almost wrenched Joe's head off with an arm-lock.

When the bell rang ending the round, Smith kicked Joe, and Walcott, astonished at this procedure, turned towards O'Rourke who was furious because of the unfair tactics used against his man, and then Joe deliberately walked over to Smith's corner and said:

"Mr. Smith, you'se no genulman. You'se kicked me."

"Zat so?" replied Smith. "I'll make you quit before I'm through."

So when they came up for the tenth round, Smith came out expecting to do vicious things, but he found Joe on his guard. He waited for Smith to come toward him, then suddenly made a flying leap and sunk a terrific right into the Mysterious One's stomach and before Smith could straighten up, he received a hard left to the nose.

Smith became annoyed at this, and jumping into a clinch he leaned over and immediately proceeded to bite at Joe's head. This was too much for the Man-Killer. He was willing to stand for many things but not for this one. When they became disentangled, Walcott leaped over the ropes and made a retreat for his dressing room. Of course the referee disqualified Smith and saved the day for the Negro.

Smith kept up a heated argument with the referee and then went hunting for Walcott. Joe, fearing another biting attack, leaped through the window of his dressing room into a safe hiding place.

Dempsey Hails Rise of Al Singer

(Continued from page 8)

influence. Maybe the star gazers and the astrologers know just what it is.

Here is a man who should be the recognized champion of the world. He has skill and he is game. Yes, he's emotional. You cannot afford to be that way in the fight game. But of course, Jack has a family, and it's hardly right for a man without a family to be criticising the emotions of one who is surrounded by happy kids.

That's one great thing in life, anyway, that Sharkey has not passed up. It must be great to know that back home kids are sitting up waiting for word about your fight—waiting to greet you, winner or loser. Sharkey has a lot that others haven't, even if the title has missed him.

Winter will come, and Schmeling will begin to talk about a fight, and when that happens he will have to see Sharkey, for I don't believe there is another fighter to dispute the gob's position, and his right to a return match.

Singer Should Revive Lightweight Glories

(*Continued from page* 4)

he should reap a fortune. He is a colorful fighter with a big following, the type that boxing needs so much.

* * *

THAT victory of Singer was one of the most sensational and dramatic in the history of the lightweight division. Only once before in the history of the American ring has a lightweight champion been knocked out in the opening round, Gans turning the trick in a return engagement with Erne at Fort Erie on May 12, 1902.

Unlike the case of Erne, who was floored only once, by a terrific right to the mouth, the Mandell battering was far more dramatic, Sammy going down four times. At the close his head rested on the canvas, feet stretched out and the champion oblivious to anything going on. Sammy had counts of three, seven and four on him before the ten was tolled off.

Mandell was an abject figure in crushing defeat and presented an appearance only slightly different when he entered the ring. He seemed to have lost all his color. The bright-eyed Mandell who gave such a brilliant exhibition of the manly art of self-defense against McLarnin two years ago, was not in evidence.

The sprightly figure who conquered the hardy Tony Canzoneri, gave way to a dejected, shuffling champion who seemed to have lost everything in an effort to keep himself from losing the championship through failure to make the weight.

Dr. William H. Walker, chief of the medical staff of the New York Boxing Commission, summed up Mandell's condition when he declared after the weighing-in:

"Too bad! There's a fine chap, a good champion who has killed himself by reducing. He has dried himself so thoroughly that there doesn't seem to be an ounce of water in his system."

That tells the story of Mandell's downfall. He had weakened himself to such extent that he could not react when coordination of mind and muscle was necessary. His mind was feeble, and his body was in the same condition.

What chance did a fellow in such a state have against a clever, hard hitting, two-fisted, youthful fighter who carried dynamite in that left of his?

Eyes glassy, feet unsteady, lips parched, his entire action torpid—that was the appearance of the champion as he faced Singer at the clang of the bell. The physical apathy so evident while Mandell was sitting in his corner, was far more apparent when he went out for Referee Donovan's instructions. It was a pitiful sight, but not so pitiful as his appearance soon after the action began.

Let Mandell's defeat and the manner in which it was brought about, stand out as a lesson to those who would rather make weight than enter the division in which they properly belong. Jimmy McLarnin took heed after taking a boxing lesson from Mandell.

* * *

AL SINGER is the first lightweight since the days of Ad Wolgast who can scale within the lightweight limit. He is at his best around 134 pounds. Properly trained, the new champion should be able to keep within the class.

From the time that he first gained success as an amateur, Singer has ever been the idol of the New York East Side youth. Like the Leonard of a few years back, Al is a quiet, soft-spoken boy who loves outdoor life and keeps away from the bright lights. Always in condition, he takes pride in the fact that New Yorkers look to him to carry on where Leonard left off. He gets a great kick out of that, primarily because Benny is his idol and his mentor.

Singer has been knocked out only once, by Ignacio Fernandez in the third round, but he later handed his conqueror a terrific lacing in a return bout. His affair with Mandell was only his fifty-seventh fight for the new champion has been fighting scarcely three years. In that he holds the record, for he is the first champion to win a world's title in less than three years of active competition.

Scions of Wealth Who Could Have Been Champion Fighters

(*Continued from page* 45)

he had wanted to do was to test himself for his own personal satisfaction. "Wolf" Larsen went out of college and into the business world knowing that he would be unafraid, and I have often wondered what would happen if some guy who thinks he is a fighter ever went into Larsen's office and began to get "fresh" with him—and I'd like to be there to see it.

Princeton has turned out a number of boys who would give a little surprise party to any professional fighter who thought he was picking something soft by trying to impose on a pampered son of wealth.

There was John Fennelly, from Kansas City, an exceptionally fast 140-pound boy; Bill McLean, of Fort Worth, Texas, who won the Great Lakes championship title while at that naval training station during the war, in addition to the college crown; Walter Solinger, of New York City, who reached the A. A. U. national finals; Walter O'Dell, who boxed a national champion and outpointed him; Bob Williams, who fought Paul Hennessey, the 115-pound champion. Williams is the son of the late Judge Williams, of Princeton.

One of the best lightweights I have ever laid eyes on was J. Mason Smith, of New Orleans, son of a wealthy cotton man. Smith defeated Benny Mitchell, of Atlantic City, for the Middle Atlantic States championship, and ran his string of victories up to eighteen straight. His only blemish was in losing a close decison to Augie Ratner, who later became one of the best professional middleweights in the ring. Among Smith's victories was one over Jack Tiplitz, brother of the slugging Joe.

* * *

HERE are the names of just a few other boys whom I instructed at Lawrenceville Prep and who later won laurels in amateur contests: Huck and Carl Rex, of Cornell, both of whom won championship boxing titles in college; Larry Miller, heavyweight champion of the University of Pennsylvania; Bill Ten Brach, and Jim Cromwell.

Some of my other Lawrenceville boys were Sid Davis, of Waco, Texas, 118 pounds, winner two years at Lawrenceville, then again at the University of Virginia; Anderson, of Texas, winner in the middleweight class; Arthur Crowder, of Birmingham, Ala., one of the best boxers ever turned out in the South; and the Bedham brothers, also of Birmingham.

There are seven of the Bedham boys, and every one of them fought for the school championship year after year and each one of them has won it in turn. Bill was the Flying Squadron champion in Europe during the war, and while at Yale, he won both the middle and light-heavyweight titles. His brother Bob was the featherweight champion. Hamill, Yale's big tackle, was another good heavyweight.

All these fellows would have made their mark in the professional ring. They were all game and clever and could take punishment. And I'm convinced that some of them would have even made ring history—ring history that so far never has been written—if they had sacrificed their position in the social and business world to enter the ranks of professional fighters.

To name some more of them, there was Dougherty, from Kentucky, at Princeton Prep; Parker, who won both the middleweight boxing and wrestling championships; there was Ben Funk, of Lawrenceville, who later was Yale's sensational welterweight champion during his entire course at the New Haven institution of learning.

There was also Jim McCormick, football captain at Princeton, who stood six feet one and a half inches and weighed 198 pounds; Eddie Dillon, later star quarterback at Dartmouth; and a lot of others who were good boxers and who had absorbed a fighting spirit on the football field that is equal to anything that fighters show in the ring.

With the new social atmosphere that is now being introduced into the boxing game, perhaps some day we will yet see a heavyweight champion from the college ranks.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 14)

any enjoyment out of seeing George beat him up. Get somebody else."

"Never mind that nonsense about how brutal it will be," he said. "The Kid is begging for another fight with George and if it's all right with him, it's all right with me. And I don't see any reason why it shouldn't be all right with you. Your business is to look after Gardiner and let Carter take care of himself."

I already have said that Paddy was very stubborn. I tried to persuade him to get somebody else for Gardiner to fight but he was set on Carter and, as I didn't want to refuse to allow George to fight for him, thinking he might misconstrue my refusal, I finally agreed.

The announcement of the match stirred up immediate opposition on the part of the newspapers, which published detailed accounts of the fights on the Coast to prove Carter didn't have a chance. They called on the mayor and the chief of police to prevent the men meeting again. Getting no satisfaction in that quarter—for Carroll was favorably regarded by the administration and was allowed to run his shows to suit himself—the appeal was carried to the sheriff of Cook County.

* * *

THE sheriff was Tom Barrett, a widely known and picturesque figure who, as a boy, had been a page at the Board of Trade, later had played under Pop Anson on the Chicago baseball club and, on his retirement from baseball, had become a member of the Board of Trade. An enthusiastic patron of sports—he had built the Board of Trade gymnasium—he liked nothing better than to sit at the ringside when a good fight was on the card. He was not fertile ground for the seeds of opposition to this fight but, a politician at heart, he suavely promised the newspaper owners and the reformers who had rallied to their call that he would be in a ringside seat and, if the fight became brutal, that he would stop it.

The fight was exactly as I had known it would be. Carter was at the mercy of Gardiner's ripping body punches—and there was no mercy in those punches. The poor Kid took another terrific beating and barely lasted out the scheduled six rounds. At the finish, as the Kid, groggy and flecked with blood, was being helped from the ring, the newspapermen made a rush for the sheriff, who sat placidly puffing a cigar.

"What did you think of it?" they asked him.

He leisurely blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Why, gentlemen," he said, "I thought it was a very good fight!"

(*To be Continued in Next Issue*)

Carpentier's Mistake Cost Him a Mauling

(*Continued from page* 29)

corner and insisted that the referee count Carpentier out in his chair. There was naught else to do but count the fatal ten over the fighter who, like Jess Willard, was unable to get out of his corner.

* * *

THAT victory earned Papke the belt. Promoter Vienne offered to refund Papke's $2500 forfeit money which Billy lost to Carpentier out of his own pocket, but the American refused it.

Papke later consented to accept half that sum.

Leon See, manager of Primo Carnera, at that time sports editor of *Le Boxe & Les Boxeurs*, the leading French sports newspaper, wrote a masterpiece on the fight with the streaming headline reading:—

"PAPKE HUNG CREPE ALL OVER FRANCE WHEN IDOL QUIT IN SEVENTEEN ROUNDS"

But according to boxing law, Carpentier really quit in the eighteenth round for the bell had already sounded.

Papke later lost his world title to Frank Klaus of Pittsburgh, in 15 rounds on a foul in Paris.

Billy then returned to America, made one more fight, in Brooklyn, N. Y., won it and then announced his retirement with a bank account of $300,000.

Now Papke is independently rich. He has a massive farm in Pasadena, Cal., and is happily married. He has three children, all boys. The oldest, Billy, Jr., was born in London, 18 years ago.

At present Billy Jr., is boxing as an amateur on the Golden Slope and as soon as Dad thinks his son will be able to take care of himself in the professional ranks, he will send him East to box under the management of the writer.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, like his famous father, the offspring is also a middleweight. He shows the same fistic tendencies as his illustrious dad showed the fans of yesteryear. Truly a chip off the old block.

Papke has not a mark to show for his numerous ring battles and considering the fact that the man who won his title by a knockout over the late Stanley Ketchel, was a rugged and aggressive type of warrior, it is all the more noteworthty of his ability as a ringman.

Present Day Fighters Too Cautious

(*Continued from page* 31)

pull, becomes a manager or trainer. Few of the present day fighters go in for road work as we did. Road work is a most important part of a fellow's training, yet it is highly neglected.

Go into any gymnasium and you see the boys going through an hour's work that was play for the old timers. Too much conversation, too much buffoonery takes place. Only hard work in a gym and on the road will build a fellow's stamina and that is why our old timers were so hardy.

I recall one Sunday afternoon many years ago, taking a stroll through Coney Island with Young Corbett. We chanced to meet Terry McGovern and two friends and all went in for a little pleasure in a favorite cafe of the sporting elite.

* * *

THE conversation naturally drifted to boxing and one of the guests, turning to me, asked:

"Patsy, who was the greatest featherweight fighter you ever saw—Terry or Corbett?"

"Neither," I replied. "George Dixon was better than either."

A look of astonishment and bewilderment swept over the faces of the guests, who seemed greatly embarrassed, but McGovern eased their minds when he slapped me on the back and heartily remarked:

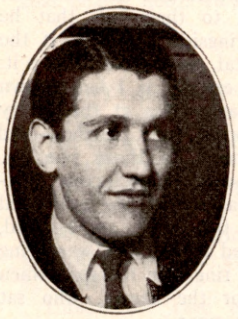
"You're right, Patsy, Little Chocolate was the greatest."

To which Corbett nodded quick assent.

I should know, for I fought McGovern, saw Corbett in action and refereed several of Dixon's fights. I do not think there ever was a fighter among the smaller men who could punish a fellow as could Terry McGovern, but I'm certain there never was a better all-around scrapper than George Dixon.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



THE month of July was an active one for topnotchers. Several champions and runners-up taking part in contests both here and abroad. One new champion was crowned when Al Singer turned in a sensational one-round knockout of Sammy Mandell at the Yankee Stadium. Three other title holders were defeated in non-titular bouts, and in a fourth Midget Wolgast whipped Ernie Peters. The champions who saved their crowns through forcing their rivals to come in overweight, were Young Jack Thompson, who was badly beaten by Young Corbett III; Benny Bass, who was outclassed by Tony Canzoneri and Bat Battalino, who was whipped by Cecil Payne after successfully defending his title against Ignacio Fernandez.

Although the championship fights take precedence in the matter of news, by far the most important item of the month was the knockout of Phil Scott by Young Stribling in the second round at the Wembley Stadium of London. This victory makes Stribling the leading heavyweight contender and places him above Jack Sharkey in the ranking.

The knockout of Scott by Stribling caused a big change in the heavyweight division as it brought about the elimination of Scott from among the first ten ranking fighters, put Stribling into the runner-up position in the place of Sharkey and gives Ernie Schaaf, the fast-rising Boston boy, the place occupied last month by Scott.

Tuffy Griffiths gained an important victory when he decisively trounced Johnny Risko and regained some of his lost prestige. Griffiths later in the month beat Tom Heeney.

Primo Carnera kayoed Bearcat Wright in the fourth round. George Godfrey returned to activity when he flattened Frankie Simms in two rounds. Simms was also beaten by Paul Swiderski.

K. O. Christner produced two fine victories during the month when he kayoed George Manley in two rounds and trimmed Arthur De Kuh. Babe Hunt knocked out Paul Pantaleo in five rounds and scored over Al Friedman while Friedman retaliated at the expense of Paul Swiderski. Jimmy Braddock defeated Joe Monte in Boston.

Jack Renault outpointed Harold Mays. Les Kennedy defeated Max Baer on the Pacific Coast. Marty Fox defeated Ralph Ficucello and kayoed Lee Mitchell in one round.

Ficucello beat Lew Barbar, and Mitchell was also flattened by Buddy Howard in seven rounds and Nisse Ramm kayoed Willis Hoffman in one round.

In the light-heavyweight division Joe Banovic defeated Joe Sekyra and Sekyra bested Bob Olin. Tait Littman stepped to the front line when he defeated George Courtney and Ted Ross. Courtney scored over Vincent Forgione. Leo Lomski stopped Harry Dillon in four rounds. K. O. Phil Kaplan returned to the ring by winning over Joe Oliver. Lee Williams stopped Billy Franklin in three sessions. Fred Lenhart bested Nate Brown.

Al Gainor stepped into prominence by defeating Chuck Burns and kaoing Bobby Brown in four rounds and Gus Johnson one. Joe Anderson scored over Wesley Ketchell. Dan Gasparo kayoed George Pavlick in one round. Battling Bozo whipped Tony Cancela and Raul Rojas scored over Johnny Haystack.

Harry Smith headed the activities of the middleweight division with a three-round kayo over Babe McGorgary. Len Harvey stopped Henri Vandever in one round. Harry Ebbets showed signs of recovery when he kayoed Walter Sells in three rounds, George Deschner in one round and scored a victory over Nick Palmer. Joe Zelinsky knocked out Joe Gainor in four rounds but was beaten by Abie Bain.

Roy Williams scored over Harry Robarts. My Sullivan outpointed Vince Dundee. Clyde Chastain drew with Everett Strong. Gorilla Jones kayoed Bucky Lawless in nine rounds on the Pacific Coast. Oddone Piazza whipped John Patrick Sullivan.

Enzo Fiermonti defeated Howard Bush. Johnny Pepe kayoed Eddie Dempsey in four rounds. Allie Wolff scored over Tony Tedesco and kayoed Murray Held in one round. Nick Testo bested Mickey Fedor. Tiger Thomas defeated Johnny Roberts and Floyd Hybert outpointed Tony Scortino.

In the welterweight division Young Jack Thompson suffered the loss of a decision but did not affect his welterweight title in his bout with Young Corbett at San Francisco. Baby Joe Gans whipped Matty Mario and stopped Sammy Baker in the tenth round.

Benny Bass ran second to Tony Canzoneri but retained his junior-lightweight title. Al Foreman flattened Sammy Hackett in two rounds and was credited with winning from Pete Zivic when the latter was disqualified in the third round for not trying. Pete Nebo carried too many guns for Sid Terris.

Battling Battalino successfully defended his title against Ignacio Fernandez by stopping him in five rounds, but was beaten by Cecil Payne in Cincinnati. Payne also whipped Jackie Dugan. Kid Chocolate stopped Dominick Petrone in six, Vic Burrone in three rounds and whipped Luigi Quadrini.

Earl Mastro showed his mastery over Bud Taylor in Detroit. Eddie Shea kayoed Ray McIntyre in the first round. Bushy Graham kayoed Milton Cohen in three rounds. Johnny Datto stopped Benny Gershe in one round. Tommy Paul outpointed Steve Smith in Buffalo. Smith drew with Johnny Melton.

Koli Kola, latest Porto Rican featherweight sensation, started his New York career by stopping Jack Ditz in two rounds. There is plenty of color surrounding this Kola and he appears to be another Kid Chocolate. Oscar Goldman scored over Billy McCann and Benny Tressite.

Al Brown, still leading the bantams, kayoed Calvin Reed in four rounds and outpointed Domencio Bernasconi. Joe Scalfaro and Johnny Erickson went six rounds before the bout was declared "no contest." Johnny Pena outpointed Buster Nadeau.

Midget Wolgast, peer of the flyweights, scored over Routier Parra and Ernia Peters during the month. Willie Davies outpointed Black Bill. Art Giroux kayoed George Holmes in the seventh. Jackie Harmon outpointed Mickey Cohen and Antol Kocsis bested George Paulin.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

The following are my ratings for the month ending July 28:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Young Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Young Stribling	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Young Corbett	King Tut
2—Jack Sharkey	Larry Johnson	Rene De Vos	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
3—Primo Carnera	Lew Scozza	Harry Smith	Jackie Fields	Billy Townsend
4—Tuffy Griffiths	Pete Latzo	Len Harvey	Johnny Indrisano	Bruce Flowers
5—Johnny Risko	Joe Banovic	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans	Tommy Grogan
6—George Godfrey	Tait Littman	Jack McVey	Paul Pirrone	Joe Medill
7—Victorio Campolo	Billy Jones	Harry Ebbets	Tommy Freeman	Billy Petrolle
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Leo Lomski	Abie Bain	Andy Di Vodi	Stanislaus Loayza
9—Ernie Schaaf.	Fred Lenhart	Joe Zelinsky	Bucky Lawless	Johnny O'Keefe
10—K. O. Christner	K. O. Phil Kaplan	Roy Williams	Freddy Huber	Armando Aguilar

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Al Singer	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Pete Nebo	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Tony Canzoneri	Al Foreman	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Louis Kid Kaplan	Cecil Payne	Fidel La Barba	Vidal Gregario	Willie Davies
4—Justo Suarez	Roger Bernard	Eddie Shea	Archie Bell	Black Bill
5—Tony Herrera	Maurice Holtzer	Bud Taylor	Pete Sanstol	Phil Tobias
6—Eddie Mack	Harry Blitman	Bushy Graham	Dick Corbett	Frenchy Bellanger
7—Billy Wallace	Sammy Fuller	Freddy Miller	Joe Scalfaro	Art Giroux
8—Andy Callahan	Johnny Farr	Johnny Datto	Harry Fierro	Steve Rocco
9—Sammy Dorfman	Honeyboy Finnegan	Tommy Paul	Domencio Bernasconi	Speedy Dado
10—Harry Carlton	Dom Volante	Lew Massey	Jackie Rodgers	Jackie Harmon

Johnny Indrisaro scored over Izzy Grove. Paul Pirrone flattened George Russell in the first stanza.

Andy Di Vodi, still campaigning on the Pacific Coast, whipped Larry Murphy then stopped Joe Cordoza in eight rounds. Paulie Walker outpointed Young Ketchell. Vincent Sereci whipped Steve Gotch. Freddy Polo kayoed Mike Dempsey in two rounds. Canada Lee stopped Willie Garafola in nine rounds but was beaten by Ignacio Ara.

Jack Kid Berg, still heading the junior-welterweight division, defeated Henry Perlick in Newark. King Tut scored over Bruce Flowers and kayoed Georgie Balduc in one round. Billy Petrolle whipped Johnny Melton and kayoed Izzy Cline in three heats. Joe Medill whipped Billy Townsend and in their return engagement was stopped in the first round.

Freddy Huber scored over Eddie Murdock, Murdock whipped Lepe Tenorio while Tenorio in turn defeated Joey Kaufman. Johnny O'Keefe outpointed Joe Glick. Mickey O'Neill whipped Hershie Wilson. Tommy Cello outpointed Spug Myers. Armando Aguilar bested Jimmy Goodrich in Albany.

Ring history was created when Singer kayoed Sammy Mandell in one minute and forty seconds of the first round. Al looked brilliant in his performance. Louis Kid Kaplan defeated Maurice Holtzer. Eddie Lord scored over Ray Miller but came back to defeat Mike Sarko and flatten Frankie Hayes in one round.

Tony Herrera whipped Harry Dublinsky in Detroit. Eddie Mack, back in the lightweight division, bested Ray Raviera. Justo Suarez, South American, started off with a clean cut victory over Joe Glick. Harry Carlton gained the award over Harry Blitman. Eddie Anderson scored over Henry Falegano.

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Al Little, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bantamweight—Danny London, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Featherweight—Tony Sciolino, Buffalo, N. Y.
Junior-lightweight—Johnny Gaito, Yonkers, N. Y.
Lightweight—Al Rossi, Newark, N. J.
Junior-welterweight—Mickey O'Neill, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Welterweight—Pete Suskey, Scranton, Pa.
Middleweight—Allie Wolff, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Light-heavyweight—Buck Easterling, Wichita, Kansas.
Heavyweight—Mike Raffaelo, Springfield, Mass.

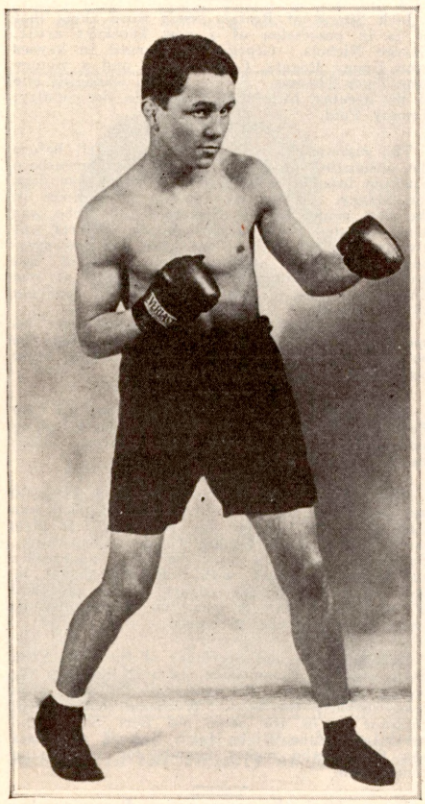
CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

JACK KELLY, Waterbury lightheavy, defeated Old Man Harry Martone of Jersey City in eight rounds.

Ruby Greenberg, N. Y. lightweight, knocked out Tommy Jarrett, New Haven, in the 1st. Jack Sharkey, Waterbury feather, whipped Ernie Carbon, Waterbury, in a four spot. Joe Garren beat Gene Martin in six. Franz Boja, Germany, middleweight, knocked out Eli Dodge in 3 heats.

Al Gainor, New Haven lightweight, stopped Bobby Brown of Holyoke in four rounds. Buddy Howard, former national amateur heavy champion, came back off the floor to drop Leo Mitchell, Kansas City heavy in the sixth, and then finished Mitchell in the seventh. Johnny Pena of N. Y., and Buster Nadeau, of Holyoke, bantams, produced a thriller for six rounds, the verdict going to Pena.

Carmen Knapp, New Haven lightweight, trimmed Georgie Gioia, of Walnut Beach, in six rounds.



Earl Duquette, one of the best bantams in New England. Hails from Springfield, Mass.

Tony Aggliano, New Haven lightweight, settled an old feud by scoring a technical K. O. over Johnny Andrews, New Haven Ace, in the fourth round.

At Walnut Beach Stadium Pat McGrath of Waterbury and Gerry Emard of Holyoke fought eight rounds of their ten-round fight and the lights went out. After retiring to corners for 15 minutes, both fighters went cold and the commissioner ordered hostilities ended and no decision was rendered.

Frankie Watts, Georgia flyweight, took the nod from Kid Roma of New Haven in the opening four.

Leo Larriviere, Waterbury middleweight, trounced Battling Tracey of N. Y. in a hard fought eight-rounder at Waterbury. Johnny Pena, N. Y. armory fighter, won an eight-round decision from Mike Esposito, of Stamford.

At Newfield Park, Bridgeport, Phil Johnson, New Jersey lightheavy, scored a technical knockout victory over Jackie Baker of N. Y. in the feature eight-rounder. A real hard fought battle was the semi-final, between Steve Black, of Stamford, and Eddie Moore, of Bridgeport, welters. Moore opened a cut over Black's eye in the fifth and the referee stopped the bout, awarding Moore a technical K. O. Frankie Minerva received a very unpopular decision over Eddie Reed of Hartford in another eight. They are bantams.

Frankie Trainor, Irish Olympic champion, scored a technical K. O. over Jimmy Bones, of Bridgeport, in six rounds. Big "Keed" Chocolate, New Haven heavy, registered a K. O. over Sailor Muggins in three sessions.

Joe K. O. D'Andrea, Stamford bantam, came through with a well earned decision over Frankie Marino of New Haven in a six spot.

Willie Lewis, Stamford lightweight, won from Jack La France of Union City, N. J.

Tony Bellantoni, of Portchester, whipped Leo Ford, Columbia University flyweight, in a four spot.

Ted Fleming, Bobby Green's baseball pitcher, showed very well in disposing of Jules Weinard, of Greenwich, in the second round via the technical K. O. route. The boys are middleweights.

Bat Battalino, featherweight champion of the world, knocked out Ignacio Fernandez in the fifth.

Al Gainor, New Haven's colored lightheavy, is forging to the front. The writer has watched Gainor in several of his fights and can truthfully say that Al is the best lightheavy fighter in New England at the present time.

Sindulfo Diaz, Porto Rican and N. Y. armory boxer, won a fight at Walnut Beach Stadium, from Jimmy Watts, Atlanta, Georgia, featherweight, in ten rounds. The official verdict went to Watts but the crowd thought otherwise.

Willie Lewis, Stamford Tar Baby, lost to Tommy Jarrett of New Haven, in the eight-round semi-final at 140 lbs.

Johnny "Red" Allen, who was a sensational lightweight ten or twelve years ago, returned to the ring, against Jack Bogar of New York and in the very first round flattened Bogar.

Tony Aggliano, of Naples, Italy, gained the decision over Nick Petite of Bridgeport. This Aggliano boy looks like a comer.

Larry James, of Derby, 174 lbs., won over Jackie Baker of N. Y. in six rounds.

Willie Attell, one of New England's best flyweights, whipped Al Taylor, of Bristol, in 3 heats. Johnny Martin, New York, 120, beat Johnny Bellino, Waterbury, 122, 3 rounds.

Eddie Carr, Waterbury, 162, defeated Bill Anderson, New Haven, 159, 3 rounds.

Pete Martillo, Hartford, 147, shaded Sam Fisher, Newark, 147, 3 rounds.

Joe Arnold, Waterbury, 153, scored technical K. O. over Teddy Le Croix, Bridgeport, 158, in the second.

Al Gainor, New Haven lightheavy, stopped Gus Johnson, of New York, in the first round at Bridgeport. Leo Larriviere was stopped by Eric Holmberg of New York.

At Waterbury, Chuck Burns, of Texas, stopped Joe Smith of Hartford in the first. K. O. Kelly, 147, stopped Eddie Moore, 147.

Carmen Knapp beat Georgie Gioia. Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight, lost a decision to Low Brouillard of Worcester, Mass., at Westerly, Rhode Island.

Teddy Hayes, 140, won over Freddie Slade, of Fall River, Mass., in six rounds.

Dan Risko, heavy, Joe K. O. D'Andrea, 120 lbs. Tony Esposito, 120, Silent Barrett, 130. Steve Black, 147, Tommy Donahue, 155, and Jack Stanley, 185, are now with Jack Lynch, Stamford's popular fight manager.

Johnny Balko, Stamford middleweight, has donned the gloves after a year's lay off and will engage Charles "Buddy" Howard in his first return battle.

For information regarding fights in this vicinity address the writer at 21 Ludlow Place, Stamford, Connecticut. Send return postage for a reply.

Walnut Beach Stadium seems to draw the largest attendance for a club its size in the state, which is largely due to Matchmaker Caroly's policy, which is "Action fights, no fakes, no fouls, no howls and not a substitute fight to date."

Mickey "Babe" Gibbons, proprietor of the Elm City Gym, in New Haven, is as busy as a bee, but finds time to take in all the fights.

Promoter George Mulligan, of Waterbury, was renewing old acquaintances at the New Haven fights recently. George don't get to town very often, but when he does, his many friends welcome him.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

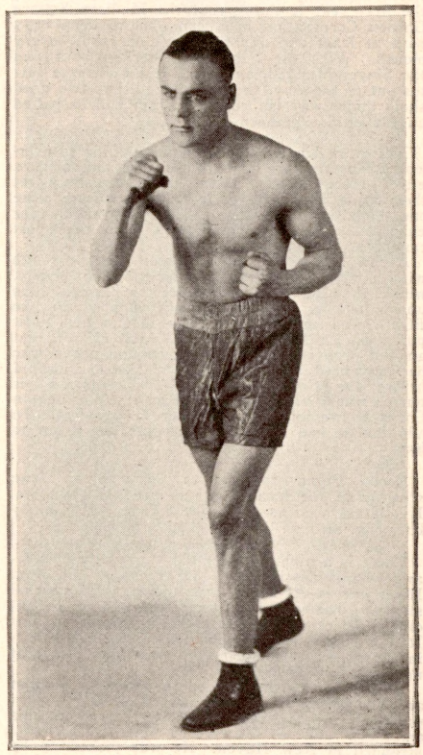
AFTER two postponements because of inclement weather, Johnny Oakley, Trenton middle, and Doc Conrad, of Newark, met at the Laurel A. A. at Newark. Oakley, who was figured to go about five rounds, upset the dope by knocking out Conrad in the tenth.

Joe Reno, Trenton welterweight, goes right along winning his share of fights, this time his victim was Harry Barrone, of Jersey City. This bout was of ten rounds and was held at the Ocean A. A. at Long Branch.

Paulie Walker, of Trenton, came back to the wars after a two months lay off and beat Johnny Ketchell, of Chester, in a ten-round bout held at the Dreamland Park in Newark.

Johnny Oakley lost a ten-round decision to Johnny Pilc, of New York, at the Ocean A. A. at Long Branch.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, of Trenton, lost to Al Trainer, of Philadelphia, in an eight-round bout. This bout was held at Johnny Toppie's Club in Philadelphia.



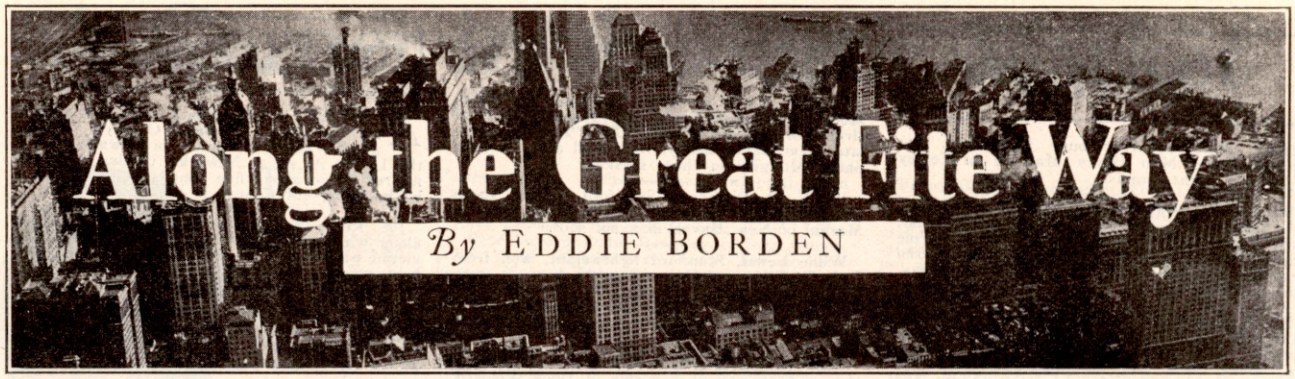
Irish Bobby Brady, Eastern featherweight star

Ralph Fulton, promising Trenton lightweight, made an auspicious debut at the Newark Velodrome, being declared the winner over Ralph Aquino in the fifth round when the latter sprained his ankle. Fulton was leading by a big margin up till the misfortune happened.

In another bout on the same card, Chick Emmons, of Trenton, failed to answer the bell for the third round in his bout with Patsy Pasculli, of Newark.

After his setback he received at the hands of Murray Elkins, Young Terry, Trenton welterweight, decided he needed a well-earned rest. He is up in New York State roughing it.

Here is news that will be of interest to boxing fans in this vicinity. Estranged for ten years, the Di Angelo brothers, Lou and Charlie, are friends again. Ever since the night Lou, now a boxing official, but then an outstanding bantamweight, lost to Pete Herman, reigning world champion of the time, in a Paterson ring with 20 seconds of the last round to go, Lou and Charlie, manager of Johnny Oakley, have passed each other by without speaking. The trouble started when Lou failed to follow manager Charlie's advice and was clipped. Told to box, he fought and the result was a sensational ending to a bitter slugging match. Since that time until the other night in Garfield, after the bout between Christner and DeKuh, they have never crossed each others' paths. It remained for them to bury the hatchet when Willie Gilzenberg, Velodrome, matchmaker, Lou Diamond, Benny Jacobs, secretary of State Athletic Commission and a host of others prevailed upon the pair to shake hands.



Along the Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

DESPITE the lull in boxing throughout the country during the tremendously hot spell that has gripped this country, more important fistic encounters have been staged this summer than in past years. The topnotchers in the sport are not as active as they would like to be, but the smaller fellows are getting plenty of work, especially in the eastern states. This is the first year in many that the Madison Square Garden Corporation has been able to keep busy with at least one important outdoor show every month. With the Schmeling-Sharkey bout and the Singer-Mandell, and Berg-Kid Chocolate settos out of the way, the Garden still has two good shots under way before the curtain will be raised on the outdoor season.

Not every boxing commission is willing to overlook offenses, make lenient decisions and oftimes either rescind rules, alter them or simply set them aside for one fire, in order to please some one high in the game. Take Cleveland, for example. There the man who runs the sport cannot be trifled with.

A few weeks ago Tut Jackson went through with a match in Cleveland against Bob Moody, which the Public Safety Director thought was unsatisfactory. The fight was stopped in the fifth round and Jackson was disqualified. His purse of $150 was confiscated and $25 of that amount was returned to Jackson's manager who had advanced him that sum. Jackson, appeared before the Commission with 20 cents in his purse, was given his return fare to Washington Court House but no money for his services. In addition he had a year's suspension meted out to him.

Rocco Cigna appears to be coming along steadily in the local ranks of the 130 pounders. His latest victims were Joe Leone and Stanley Knapack through the knockout route.

There is a nineteen year old youngster in Newark who is destined for big things in the ring. His name is Al Rossi. In nineteen professional starts he has scored ten victories and nine knockouts. There is an interesting sidelight to this Italian youth who also happens to be a brother-in-law to Vince Dundee, top-notch middleweight now residing in Newark.

Two years ago he decided to become a pugilist and his father frowned on the suggestion. This prompted Al to leave home to carry out his ambitions and a few weeks later found him stranded in New Haven. He was picked up by the police for vagrancy and when brought before the Magistrate said that he was a boxer and that he was entered in the amateur tournament taking place that night.

The official happened to be a fight fan and told Al "Win the fight to-night or go to jail to-morrow." Needless to say, Rossi won his bout that night and subsequently won the State featherweight title of Connecticut. By that time his father appeared content that Rossi had selected a suitable vocation and withdrew his objections and now he is one of his son's most ardent rooters. Many competent critics have declared Rossi a great prospect.

In every line of endeavor there is some sort of Beau Brummel but boxing boasts of two of them in the vicinity of New York. Sonny Barry and Mack Green, trainers are the last thing in sartorial splendor.

Lew Raymond, chubby New York matchmaker, is now located in Denver promoting shows and handling a few boys on the side. He speaks highly of Mickey Cohen, Denver lightweight, and Ted Easterling, light-heavyweight from Wichita. Ted is a youngster and evidently a hard hitting one, judging by twenty-six knockouts in thirty-eight starts. Cohen is more seasoned and is ready for the first rank flight of 135 pounders.

Mike Sankovich, Passaic heavyweight, was turned over to Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs by Jimmy Marsh for a sum which have not been mentioned. Sankovich weighs 195, can hit like a mule and has not been given many opportunities to show his true ability. Under the new regime he will have ample chance to prove his mettle.

Eddie Murdock added Lope Tenorio to his string of victims at the Dexter Park Stadium. Murdock is a good decision winner and should make plenty of headway in the East.

Jimmy Bronson has returned from his European trip and brought back many interesting narratives that keep one intrigued. Fistic material is very short there and no new prosects developed that stand out.

Jimmy Kelly and Johnny Keyes have received an offer from the Los Angeles Olympic Club for the services of Midget Wolgast to clash with Speedy Dado in an over-weight match. Keyes expects to make the trip. Wolgast should register highly with coast fans. He should make a hit against Dado who should give him a good fight.

The Perlick Twins had better keep clear of Jack Kid Berg if they want to make any progress in the East. Jack whipped Herman at the Queensboro and Henry sought revenge at Dreamland Park, Newark, but ran second again. Henry did a sporting thing when he raised Berg's hand as the winner before the announcer had time to lift the Englishman's hand and that act placed Henry in good standing with the folks.

The Pennsylvania Boxing Commission pulled a boner when they revoked the license of Eddie Elkins, New York boxer, following his bout with Tony Herrera at Braddock, Pa. The show was postponed four times due to rain and in the meantime Elkins raised a boil on his arm. He was officially passed by the physician but because he was unable to do much damage with the injured arm they stopped the fight, did not pay his money which he was rightfully entitled to and took his license away. If Elkins had insisted on stepping out of the fight which he should have done, the Commission would probably have suspended him and the fans would have accused him of being a poor sportsman. Elkins was in a tough position either way and it seems unfair to make him the goat.

Tuffy Griffiths again established himself as a serious contender for the heavyweight throne when he decisively whipped Johnny Risko in Cleveland. Tuffy suffered a serious reverse at the hands of Jack Gagnon but returned to defeat his erstwhile conquerer and his latest victory is quite a feather in his cap.

Kid Chocolate returned in all his glory when he stopped Dominick Petrone, the plucky Harlemite in the sixth round at Ebbets Field. This was his first bout since he met with an automobile accident and the mishap evidently did not affect the Kid's fighting. He looked invincible and is truly one of the marvels of the present day. Following the Petrone win, he kayoed Vic Burrone in Buffalo in the second round.

That no-foul ruling edict sponsored by the New York State Athletic Commission left many loopholes for the boys to discover as time will pass. It may curb low hitting and also encourage it for low punching, the guilty party is assessed one round. In an important battle where there is considerable at stake, a plan can be devised whereby one can be cautioned for four or five rounds for low punching but in that period is seriously weakening the opposition with the illegal blows. As time wears on the effect is bound to tell and one good punch on the chin aided by the other blows in the groin will put a man out for good. And then he is credited with a knockout.

The return check which is being issued in some of the states when a foul is committed will hardly correct the evil. Hurt them where it hurts most, in the pocketbook, and you will see a general reformation. Pay them for the rounds they have finished and you'd be surprised with what care the boys would handle their blows.

In the good old days of boxing, before there were legalized bodies elected to control the sport and when the referee was in sole charge of the ring, there were very few fouls.

Another well known veteran fell by the wayside the other evening when Billy De Foe, with probably twenty years of campaigning in the featherweight ranks, was knocked out by Hymie Wiseman, a local youngster, at Des Moines in six rounds. There must be something to this science of boxing when they continue for such a period. Jack Britton, Johnny Dundee and Mike McTigue can verify the statement.

Jack Singer of Buffalo sends word along that he is in possession of a new knockout artist, George Nichols. Georgie has turned in kayoes over Jimmy Rogers, Gene McCue and a victory over Tiger Thomas. Singer is also managing one of the greatest little 122-pounders in the country, Tommy Paul.

The manner in which Sid Terris fell before the onslaughts of Pete Nebo at the Queensboro Stadium brought recollections of far better days for Sidney. Terris was floored three times in the first round by the Seminole and Nebo was never reputed to be a hard hitter. Terris was always troubled with a bad chin but his spryness and agility and marvelous pair of legs brought his national recognition and at one time looked like the future lightweight champion of the world.

Worries aside from his ring battles were responsible for his deterioration and it would be no more than proper for Terris to retire right now before he is seriously injured.

Benny Jacobs has a fine little prospect in Lew Feldman of Brooklyn. Feldman has been coming along rapidly and should reach stardom before another year expires.

The Singer-Mandell receipts reached $129,000 net and if the reports are true that Mandell was guaranteed $65,000 for his share, it left little profit for Madison Square Garden Corporation. Such conditions are very bad and guarantees should be dispensed with. Boxers should be paid off on what they attract at the gate and if the receipts fail to come up to expectations there is no one else to blame.

Bert Stand, genial Secretary of the New York State Athletic Commission, is well liked by the boxing fraternity. He is a real fellow, always ready to help the boys. We hope that he will continue to be the same old Bert Stand and never adopt the High Hat. Bert is a hustler —a fellow who makes friends for the boxing commission.

Davey Abad, the peregrinating Panamian, has deserted Cleveland for New York and is once again back in the big city. He wants to make up for lost time. Abad, when in proper condition, can defeat any man within the 130 pound limit and that takes in some territory; but Davey has the ability and lacks the patience to get into condition. He is, to use a familiar expression, his own worst enemy.

What happened to Jackie Fields since he lost the welterweight title? It is inconceivable that Jackie is all finished and the quicker he returns to action the better for his mental state of mind. The loss of a title did not deter Mickey Walker. Since losing the welterweight crown, he captured the 160-pound title and has a good chance to win the light-heavyweight championship. Fields is far from through and the quicker his return the quicker his success.

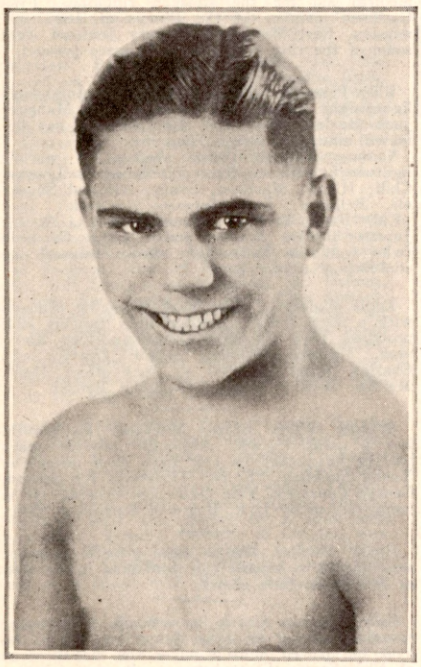
The third titleholder to be crowned within the past few months is Al Singer, pride of the Bronx, who took the crown from Sammy Mandell when Sammy fell under the crashing fists of Singer after one minute and forty-nine seconds of the first round at the Yankee Stadium.

Only a shadow of the Mandell who played with Jimmy McLarnin two years ago made his appearance and this happens to be one occasion when practically all of the experts agreed that the title would change hands. Singer was an overwhelming favorite and his showing justified the odds in his favor.

The most impressive part of Singer's performance was his unerring accuracy and sharp-shooting delivery once he stunned Mandell with that first jolting left hook. He was a tiger on the scent and was merciless and venomous in attack. Each punch that he released executed considerable damage and his work was that of a crafty workman. The added responsibility of a title is bound to improve Singer and he will have some worthy opposition on his hands when he gets ready to face the winner of Kid Chocolate-Jack Kid Berg and Tony Canzoneri, another serious menace.

A peculiar situation existed in the recent Benny Bass-Tony Canzoneri match in Philly. They fought at one pound over the junior-lightweight limit of 130 pounds but due to the excessive heat Canzoneri, considered one of the outstanding lightweights, weighed 129 1/4 at weighing in time. He was forced to drink two glasses of water and devour two oranges before they accepted the fight and Tony finally scaled 130 1/4. Bass, although the junior-lightweight titleholder, weighed 125 3/4 which was under the featherweight limit and showed him to be a legitimate 126-pounder.

As far as the fight was concerned, Canzoneri won all the way. Bass did too much holding and showed little desire to mix with his opponent. Bass is a dangerous man when he can hit the opponent but the minute the opposition shows ability to take the punishment and the desire to fight back it causes Benny to get into his shell and nothing will make him open up.



Johnny Pena, one of the best little bantams in the vicinity of New York

Ted Broadribb has a great looking bantamweight prospect coming from Australia and expects to ship him to Sol Gold in New York. Peters is an English product and made some corking bouts in the Antipodes. He is still a youngster. There is plenty of room for new talent in New York, providing they can deliver the goods.

Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, and who commutes across the Atlantic Ocean like one taking the subway, was due to arrive in Germany a few weeks back but was anxious to see the Singer-Mandell scrap and delayed the trip. Joe now has a desire to see Berg and Chocolate in action and is putting his trip off again for that purpose. By that time another good match will develop and Joe will be on the other side in spirit only.

Ray Miller showed how a fight could be won with one punch when he flattened Frankie Hayes, a tough Philadelphian, in the first round on the Canzoneri-Bass card. Ray hits with dynamic power and once his left hook lands it is certain destruction. The fight was one minute old when Miller let fly his swishing left hook and the finish was in sight. Miller, incidentally, another lightweight, scaled only 130 pounds.

The Castle Inn Country Club at Delaware Water Gap where Singer and Berg trained for their bouts is beyond description. A beautifully laid out hotel with every possible convenience at your command with unusual courtesies extended by the owners, Archie Slatoff and Dave Alpern, it makes training a pleasure. Golf, swimming pool, tennis, handball, billiards, ping pong, vaudeville entertainment, two jazz bands and plenty of sociability thrown in for good measure. A visit there once will never be forgotten. George B. Underwood, former New York scribe, has been summering at the hotel where he has been in charge of the Garden publicity.

Word comes from Yonkers that a mighty promising boy in Johnny Gaito is being groomed by Johnny Brannigan. Gaito has done remarkably well since leaving the amateur ranks where he had attained high honors and great things are predicted for him by competent critics.

Marty Collins, promising welterweight from Al Lippe's stable in Philadelphia, has left the Sleepy City and will make his home in New York. He will be looked after by Sol Gold and Frankie Jacobs. Collins has a good record and is only a youngster and time alone will determine just how good he is.

The two Perlicks, Henry and Herman, have fully established themselves in the big city and are now considered home boys. They have both come through with a thunderous bang against tough opposition and should have no trouble in securing engagements. Herman engaged in a stirring battle with Jack Kid Berg at the Queensboro and Henry repeated the experiment at Dreamland Park, Newark.

Charley Bennett of New York is handling their affairs and is doing a first class job. He is living at the Brentmore Hotel—phone Susquehanna 7480, and expects to make them the most talked about fighters of the present era once he gets his publicity campaign started.

Jack Rogers, originally from Montreal and now making his home in New York, expects to return to Montreal this fall where he will assist Alex Moore in his duties at matchmaker there.

Secretary Bert Stand and George Smith have dispensed with the ceremonies of friendship and now George is about as lonesome as the sphinx but he doesn't seem to mind it—Eddie Walker has lost plenty of vim and vigor since he is managing Henry Miellin, a Frenchman—The Benny Leonard-Lew Tendler receipts are in danger of being shattered if Berg and Singer ever come together—There is a great match for the Hebrew population of New York—The Perlicks make a great team when marching down Broadway in their natty attire and remarkable resemblance to one another—Jimmy Hussey is recuperating at Orangeburg, N. Y. and his superb courage and indefatigable good humor are things to marvel at—The Robbed Again Chorus were at work when Ray Miller and his trainer Ray Arcel returned from Flint and showed evidences of being unjustly treated—Sammy Baker is seriously ill since the Baby Joe Gans scrap in Cleveland and it is unlikely if he will ever return to the ring—Al Weill is still combating the rainy weather in his feeble attempts to run the Queensboro Stadium on scheduled time—Some of the New York papers are of the belief that Hymie Caplin and Sol Gold don't speak for publicity purposes in boosting the Berg-Singer match—Those gentle men have stopped conversing ever since Berg whipped Canzoneri and their being on the outs is not ballyhoo bunk. Gus Wilson still heads the list for outdoor training camps with Jack Sharkey, Victorio Campolo, Sammy Mandell, Tony Canzoneri and the latest Kid Chocolate. Besides the camp, Gus is still trying to convince the skeptics that his John Patrick Sullivan is the greatest middleweight in the world. . . .

WILKES-BARRE NOTES

By HUGH A. CARR

THE fight game here remains dormant while persistent rumors are in circulation in regard to a match between Pete Latzo, former welterweight champ now fighting as a light heavyweight, and Frankie Cawley, Pittston's rising star now in Tommy Loughran's stable.

The battle for this match is between the Wilkes-Barre and Scranton promoters with Matchmaker Bird of the local Armory A. C. having the inside track.

Jackie Britton has resumed training. Britton is anxious for another go with Tommy Paul, Buffalo's star featherweight, whom he fought to a standstill at Detroit last winter.

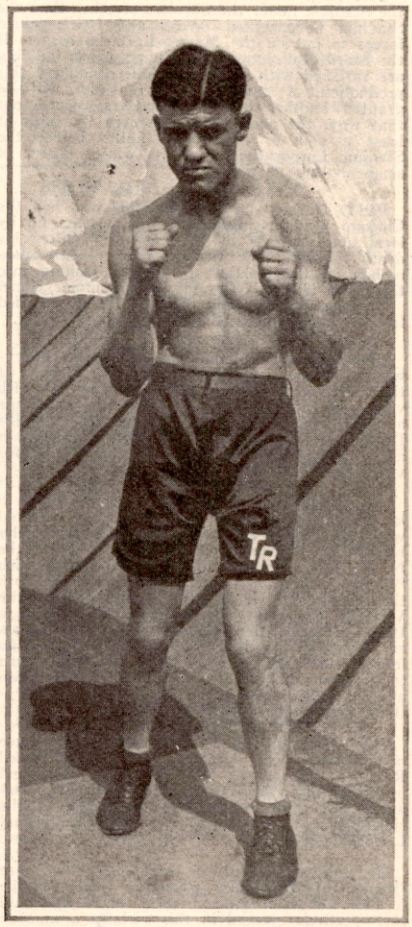
Jimmy Herman Hazelton, middleweight, is now under the management of Al Janetti. He is open to meet all comers. In his last two starts, he won over Wally Beers and kayoed Jack (Kid) Wolfe.

In a battle for the welterweight supremacy of Lackawanna County, Pete Suskey, Scranton, handed a neat lacing to Joe Grady, Carbondale, at Brooks Field. Suskey carried off eight rounds.

In the preliminaries to the Suskey-Grady bout, Eddie Brink, Scranton featherweight, outpointed Pinkey Silverberg of New York in six rounds. Joe Dell Dunmore, welter, won over Joey Coolbaugh, Duryea, in six rounds; Monte Doro, Pittston heavy, copped over Joe Stevens, Scranton, in four rounds; Vince Murphy, Hyde Park, defeated Joe Romaneskey, Scranton, in four rounds; Pete Bevan, Scranton, kayoed Young Attardo, Pittston, in two rounds.

Johnny Kelly, local welterweight, who has been winning regularly is eager to meet Pete Suskey.

Jackie Dillon, of East End, is training daily in preparation for bouts at Binghamton and Williamsport. Dillon is the most promising bantam turned out in these parts since the days of the late Bert O'Donnell.



Tommy Rivetti, New York crack, who is boxing under the colors of Doc. Syman

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

PROMOTER BARNEY MAGUIRE has an open air Arena called the Fairview A. C., in Camden. Barney will open the Convention Hall this fall in Camden.

Tony Falco looks like the most promising lightweight in this section. Since leaving the amateur ranks and joining the stable of Phil Glassman, he has yet to meet defeat. He has won thirty professional fights. Jimmy Coster is developing him.

The Elks held a benefit show at the Convention Hall in Atlantic City where Tony Falco easily defeated Mickey Blair. Johnny Hayes trimmed Spike Kenny and Gene Moretti was given a decision over Al Trainor. A week later Trainor defeated Tommy Kid Murphy in Philadelphia.

Phil Glassman has a large and busy stable. Amongst his men are Jack Gross, heavyweight; Al Trainor, welterweight; Frankie and Johnny Hayes, Jr., welterweights; Billy Wallace, lightweight; Emory Cabana, lightweight; Benny Bass, Jr., lightweight champ; Tony Falco, junior lightweight; Frankie Polo, junior lightweight, and Matty White, bantamweight. These are all star performers and big attractions in South Jersey.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

AFTER much dickering and bickering the much sought Earl Mastro-Fidel LaBarba featherweight match was made by Sammy Wolff and Nate Lewis, who rented out the Chicago (Harmon) Stadium for the big event. The big west side sports palace was shut down for the summer months at the time, but was rented out to Wolff and Lewis when the promoter and matchmaker, respectively, for this show, snared the "natural" between Earl and LaBarba.

This ring show was the first ever booked for the Stadium under the auspices of other than the Stadium Corporation. Wolff and Lewis joined forces to put on the Mastro-LaBarba scrap. If the board of directors of the huge sports building are satisfied with the way Wolff conducted this production, it seems likely that he will be granted another date. If matters turned out that way, the arrangement assures this city at least a pair of high class fights before the Stadium Corporation starts its winter season of semi-monthly shows.

Paddy Harmon, sports promoter, who had the Chicago Stadium brainchild, was written up by local sportswriters in glowing terms after his death following the turning over of his automobile on the Northwest highway coming into this town from his Crystal Lake summer home. Harmon was 53 years of age. He was buried from the Chicago Stadium, his dying request.

Ed Stevenson is pointing his latest heavyweight importation, Nisse Ramm for a shot at the better grade of big boys following his fifth victory in a row here at the Congress Arcade arena. Matchmaker Frank Spengled had Willis Hoffman of Grand Rapids, Mich., for Ramm and the Swede knocked him out in five rounds via the technical route.

Mique Malloy, Chicago promoter, seemed to have acquired a tough break in a promotional way when, just at the moment he practically had Primo Carnera's suspension lifted by the N. B. A. and signed for a return match with "Bombo" Chevalier of the west coast, here, both the Italian and U. S. governments ordered the Venetian giant out of this country and back to Italy. Emmigration officials claimed Carnera's six month's stay here was up and he had to leave, while Italy stated Primo had to return to his homeland to serve a year in the Italian army. Malloy said he wasn't worried as everything would turn out alright.

Tate Littman, Richie Mitchell's Milwaukee middleweight who local fans saw defeat Ted Ross, is heralded as the one bright 160-pound prospect this year. Chicago critics think Littman can't miss reaching the top rung of the ring ladder and that includes Clair Kelly and Lou Diamond.

My Sullivan avenged a defeat here by Vince Dundee of Baltimore when he whipped the former welter champ's brother in a St. Paul tilt. Sullivan showed in this vicinity a number of times and the ringworms here took a liking to his style of milling.

Willie Pelligrini, Jack Fitzgerald's west side bantamweight prospect, is back in ring harness following a rest at Twin Lakes. The little Chicagoan had a busy and successful period of ring work previous to vacationing, winning nine consecutive adventures, culminating in an important verdict over Jackie Stewart.

Jack Robinson, Cicero light heavyweight, has placed himself under the managerial wing of Eddie Siegel. The former knocked out Joe Miller in his initial performance under Siegel's banner.

Billy Cepak, matchmaker at Jones & Baumrucker Stadium, 21st & Kostner, saw his plans for a rematch between King Levinsky and Paul Pantaleo go wrong. Cepak placed both Levinsky and Paul on the same card against Jimmy Mahoney and Bud Doran, respectively, with the expectations of seeing each winning in sensational fashion and then pairing them. Instead only one of the two came through with the expected sensational victory and Billy will have to wait another day for a Levinsky-Pantaleo tiff. Levinsky lived up to expectations and kayo'd Mahoney in round No. 4. However, Paul didn't. He was held to a draw by Doran, a tough hombre from South Chicago.

Eddie Shea, local featherweight, can still sock with the best of 'em. The hard punching little Italian journeyed to Peoria, Ill., to stop Ray McIntyre of the Pacific coast. Patsy Pollock, formerly of Winnipeg, but now residing here, defeated Johnny Ramirez in the eight-round semi.

Bobby Vernon, California junior middleweight, is going good in local arenas. In one of his most recent efforts the vicious left-hooker met Jimmy Moore, New York colored boy, at the J. &. B. Stadium.

A snug, open-air punch bowl housed the amateur glove-wielders during the summer months under the auspices of the Belle Plaine A. C., with a neat profit, which brought out an announcement from club officials that it would hold professional shows at the outdoor arena, 2546 Irving Park boulevard, next year.

Promoter Dick Curley staged a show at Logan Square with Mike Dundee, veteran Rock Island junior lightweight and Joey Thomas, Minneapolis "stringbean" now living here, going ten rounds to a draw. Other results: Jimmy Murphy defeated Tommy Kluth, Billy Gladstone defeated Sonny Lloyd, Jimmy Chase defeated Jimmy Rockford and Joe Brown defeated Jack Sharkey.

Bobby O'Hara, Ed Willard's pride and joy, is now being trained by Jerry Hayes at Dave Barry's gym. As a starter under Hayes' conditioning system, O'Hara defeated George Kerwin at Shewbridge Stadium on the south side. Promoter Mike Harrison also had Henry Cullen knockout Joey Thomas of Milwaukee, Joey Bosak defeat Ernie Dell of San Francisco, Frankie Boyle defeat Harry Graham and Herb Petersen defeat Herbie Anderson of Kokomo, Ind.

Jack White, trainer at Howard's Arcade Gym, is still as busy as ever conditioning a large squad of boxers. His latest acquisition is a Cuban prospect managed by Teddy Bodkin, the popular old fellow who brought out Sammy Mandell.

Jimmy Carers has added Benny Goldblatt, Central A. A. U. and Chicago Tribune golden glove featherweight title-holder, to his boxing stable. He had Goldblatt make his pro debut against Sid Berg on the southwest side.

Barney Abel, veteran fisticuffing man, made a trip with Jock Malone to Winnipeg, Canada, where the old master toed the mark with Frank Battaglio. Abel is also handling the ring destinies of Cecil (Seal) Harris, south side dusky giant and "K. O." White, southern colored middleweight.

Ed Smith sent out a story from Los Angeles into this city telling of the big hit our Joey Medill made at the City of Angels when he won the ten-round decision over Billy Townsend, Vancouver, B. C., walloper. Townsend was a 1-2 favorite in the wagering because of his punching prowess and Joey's under-rated fistic ability.

Duke Barry, compiler of the Blue Book of Boxing, is in his 38th year in the fistic sport. Besides getting out his annual B. B. of B., Duke manages a long string of pugilists. Don Curley is Barry's only authorized representative and he lives in this town.

A tipoff on how tight money is in Davenport, Iowa, may be seen through Carnera's exhibition visit. Only 1,247 spectators paid their way and over 700 were of the $1.00 admission kind. "Red" Henaghen, Davenport promoter, said the condition exists because of unemployment.

A prominent business man of Moline, Ill., will replace Hessenauer Brothers as promoter at the the Tri-Cities, according to my Moline representative. Hessenauer Brothers, who staged the first legalized production at Moline will be "out" as impresarios in the Illinois town due to moving, therefore becoming non-residents. The prominent business man was to make application for a promoter's license shortly thereafter.

Tommy Cello, Pacific slope lightweight boxer, was here while his wife in San Francisco gave birth to a baby girl. The baby is three months old and Tommy hasn't seen her yet. He will return home to his wife and baby as soon as his fight business allows. In one of the most recent efforts Tommy defeated Spug Myers at Indianapolis.

Al Rivers and Billy Knowles, Chicago 122-pounders, staged what happens only once in 20 years. A double knockdown. Both boys connected with right crosses to the jaw simultaneously and each collided with the deck. Both got out of the resin subsequent to a short count by the referee. Rivers scored two more knockdowns to seize the six-round verdict.

The following is a complete list of licensed Chicago promoters this year and their matchmakers:

Joe Coffey, 100 N. LaSalle st.; Chicago Stadium Corp., 1800 W. Madison st., Nate Lewis, matchmaker; Dick Curley, 941 Taylor st.; Congress-Arcade, 2036 Milwaukee Av., Frank Spengler, matchmaker; Coliseum Bldg., Corp., 1513 S. Wabash av., Walter George, matchmaker; Jack Dempsey, 160 N. LaSalle, Leonard Sacks, matchmaker; Garfield Park Eagles, 52-47 W. Madison, Chas. Schultz, matchmaker; Arthur Harrison, 5908 N. Mason av.; John Krone (wrestling), Blakstone Hotel; Lawndale Gym, 3950 W. 26th st., William Cepak, matchmaker.

More than $300 was raised for the unfortunate Walcott Langford, ex-middleweight ringster from the south side who is now blind, in a benefit fistic bill held at Barry's gym. Many fighters donated their services for sparring bouts to help the worthy cause and contributions were received from individual boxers and sportsmen, including Alderman Joe McDonough, who is running for County Treasurer this fall. Proceeds from the event were used to secure medical aid for the stricken ringman. Fred Gardner, member of the Illinois athletic commission, Earl Mastor and Larry Johnson were some of the ring celebrities who were present.

Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D., is the uncrowned lightweight champion, according to Manager Jack Hurley. The latter says Petrolle has defeated nine champions. They are:

Sammy Mandell (before losing his world's lightweight title to Singer), Stanislaus Loayza, Chili; Hilerio Martinez, Spain; Armand Shaekels, Belgium; Les Murray, Australia; Jack (Kid) Berg, England; Bruce Flowers, Africa; Jimmy Borde, France and Jimmy Goodrich (who won the lightweight crown through an elimination tourney).

Eddie Walker of New York is eyeing Chicago with a view toward getting work for his ring proteges. They are Pinky Kaufman, Joey Kaufman, Maurice Holtzer, Gaston Charles and Charley Ernst as well as Joey Ross, Henri Meillin, Mickey Cohen and Eddie Benson.

Frankie Wine, Butte, Montana, blacksmith, has a great record. Although only 24 years old, he has licked or held even such boxers as Young Stribling, "K. O." Christner, Joe Sekyra, George Courtney, Yale Okun and others. He is being piloted by J. R. Basco of Barberton, Ohio.

Harry Mueller, Illinois state athletic commission referee, is usually the third man in the ring at Southwest Side shows.

George Neron, Greek heavyweight and former sparring partner of Max Schmeling, is in the loop and placed himself under the management of Nick Scott. Scott hopes to break in Neron on the heavyweight doings in this section.

Some of This and a Little of That—W. L. (Young) Stribling's home is not Macon or Atlanta, but Ochlocknee, Ga. . . . Don Curley and Duke Curley have formed a partnership, combining their stables of over 20 ringsters. . . . Gene Fowler, the sportswriter who wrote a classic, a poem of the Tunney-Dempsey fight at Soldiers' field, Chicago, is still collecting royalties from his clever book, "Trumpet In The Dust." . . . Charles Stanley introduces his colored middleweight fighter as "Pierre." The Jungle Prince. . . . Nat Fleischer's book of Jack Dempsey, "The Idol of Fistiana," should be read by every ringworm. . . . Young Jack Thompson, colored 147-pound crown bearer, dresses more loudly than anyone in this locality. Red ties are his passion. . . . Dick Mastro, Earl's young brother, will turn professional next year following 18 months in the amateur ranks. . . . "Poor Nigger" is the story of the life of Battling Siki, the Senegalese ex-light heavyweight champion who got killed in New York. . . . Frankie Foster is a model of hoodlum manners at their best. He is well dressed, polite and reticent. . . . Jack McGurn, the well-known Chicagoan, was a good boxer with plenty of promise not so long ago. Sig Hart managed him. . . . Mark Fisher, Al Kvale, Paul Ash, Lu Kosloff and Frankie Masters are all married. . . . Mephisto Orioles Athletic club members have been perusing the telephone directory. They announce it's a great thing for a celebration. Gin, Booze, Champagne, Scotch, Rye, Brandy, Beer, Wine and Cognac are all there, beginning with John Gin and ending with Gus Cognac. . . . "Soldier Mickey" Farr helped put over the Mastro-LaBarba meeting for Wolff at the Chicago Stadium.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE boxing bee is buzzing merrily here these fine summer days. All in all, we have enjoyed a very good month. Startling up-sets one after another have taken place, leaving the "sure shot dopesters" in a wild state of mind.

The most sensational up-set during the month took place at Riverview Park when over 4,000 fans packed the outdoor arena and saw Sammy Martin, local colored lightweight, put down for the 10-count by Urban Liberty, of Lake City, Ia., lightweight champion of Iowa. In the six-round semi-windup, Wyman "Kid" Sweezey, of Storm Lake, Ia., and Buster Madigan, of Lake City, Iowa, bantams, fought a draw. Young Tuffy Griffiths, of Kingsley, Ia., and Kid Howard, of South Sioux City, Neb., went four rounds to a draw. Both are bantams. George Kenard, local colored welterweight, just shaded Wildcat Smith, another local boy, in four rounds. Young Indian Tebo, Sioux City's fighting Indian bantamweight, gave the Yukon Kid, another local boy, a licking in four rounds.

The second big up-set of the month took place on Walt Pritchard's show at the ball park, when Sammy Sacco lost on a technical knockout to Carl Well, Omaha, Neb., junior lightweight, in the second round. In the semi-windup, Mickey Greb, a former Pennsylvania lightweight, gave Frank Ahern of Estherville a six-round beating. Jimmy Thompson, a stablemate of Greb's, whaled out a good four-round victory over Heinie "Slats" Frederic, Estherville feather.

Riverview Park—Sammy Martin put the K.O. sock on "Pokey" Flynn, Des Moines, Iowa, lightweight, in the second round. Tommy Corbett, of Omaha, Neb., defeated Bobby LaSalle, Des Moines, Ia., bantam, in six. Reddy Adair, local lightweight, out-smarted Kid Ferguson but got a draw. The Iowa Bull Dog, Sheldon, Ia., middleweight, won all the way from Dave Parker of Des Moines.

Bloomfield, Neb.—The first fight program ever held at Bloomfield went over in great shape. Johnny Lambert, Sioux City middleweight, beat Archie Jackson, also of Sioux City, in eight rounds. Kid Sparky, of Yankton, So. Dakota, drew with Leo Kimberly, Sioux City feather. Mickey Greb of Sioux City made a great hit with the fans by knocking out the tough K.O. Brown, Yankton, So. Dakota lightweight, in the third round. Baby Sacco, Sioux City bantam, outboxed Kid Howard, of South Sioux City, Neb., in the four-round opener.

Riverview Park.—Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha colored bantam, won over Babe Barnes, local puncher, in a six-rounder. Jimmy Thompson drew with the so-called tough Francis Gatewood, Decatur, Neb., feather, in a fast sixer. Thompson looked very good. Chuck Slotkin, Omaha lightweight, beat Bat Slater in a slam-bang four-rounder. Tommy Corbett, of Omaha, won over Jimmy Welsh, local bantam, in four, while Young Tuffy Griffiths, of Kingsley, went four rounds to a draw with Baby Sacco, of Sioux City.

Riverview Park.—The dope was up-set again when Johnny Burds, clever local feather, went down to defeat at the hands of Ernie North, of Waterloo. Babe Barnes, local bantam, scored a technical knockout over Whitey Dale, of Waterloo, in the second round.

Jimmy Thompson, fighting another great fight, won from Lew Moore, of Waterloo, in a four-round featherweight bout. Eddie Graham, local colored lightweight, won over Kid Ferguson, another local boy, in four rounds, while Dick Hagerman, Waterloo middleweight, lost to the Iowa Bull Dog in four rounds.

Stock Yards Ball Park.—Carl Wells, Omaha feather, took off six pounds and handed Babe Barnes, a heavy bantam from the City of the Sioux, a six-round licking. In the six-round semi-windup, George Kenard, dusky Sioux City welterweight, won over Carl Hugo, also of Sioux City. Eddie Ghahm, colored, weighing 139 pounds, defeated Indian Jimmy Ray in four. Two local welterweights, Archie Jackson and Johnny Lindsey, fought four rounds to a draw. Jimmy Johnson, local lightweight, defeated Indian George Ray, of Winnebago, Neb., in four rounds. Baby Sacco, local bantamweight, won easily over Indian Tebo, also of Sioux City, in four rounds.

Riverview Park.—Sammy Martin outpunched Billy Norton, of Fargo, N. D., in six heats. Kid Sweezey lost to Freddie Penn, Omaha bantam. The Iowa Bull Dog lost to George Kenard (colored) in four rounds. Kid Corbett, of Omaha, fighting a great fight, won over Kid Miller, local bantam, in four rounds. Eddie Graham halted the long winning streak of Kid Ferguson in another four.

Peter J. Ferrari, fight manager and trainer who hails from Wilkes-Barre, is making a great hit with his two fighters, Mickey Greb, lightweight, and Jimmy Thompson, featherweight. Ferrari is flooded with offers for his two stars.

Stock Yards Ball Park.—In one of the best fights of the month, Carl Wells, the featherweight from Omaha, Neb., lost a six-rounder to Johnny Burds. Mickey Greb, local lightweight, lost to Sammy Martin, local colored puncher, by a T.K.O. in the fifth round. In the other bouts, George Kenard, local colored welter, defeated Wildcat Smith in four. Johnny Lindsay put the K.O. sock on Charley Rogue in the last round of their four. Jimmy Johnson and Kid Rippato went four rounds to a draw. Young Barnes and Kid Cass went to a four-round draw.

Last minute sparks.—Harry Jones, promoter at Riverview Park, is doing his own matchmaking now, Joe Kelly gave up the job . . . Ross Abramo, better known as Phantom Rossco, is matchmaker for Walt Pritchard at the ball park and doing a fine job . . . Tuffy Griffiths, Sioux City's tuff one, was home to see the folks . . . At last we are seeing a few good fighters in action . . . Sammy Sacco wants a return bout with Carl Wells . . . Jack McCann is booked for a busy season . . . Walt Pritchard will try 10-round fights soon . . . Tom Brislane will start promoting again this fall . . . Sioux City should have a good fall and winter season with all the incoming talent on hand . . . The writer can be reached at 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa . . . .Joey Rich is going good on the coast . . . Ray Carter and Ted Zantes are Sioux City's third men in the ring . . . The writer had a nice letter from London, England, with lots of nice things said about THE RING . . . The best prospect for the month looks like Jimmy Thompson, local featherweight . . . Next month the writer will fill a number of requests for the rating of Sioux City boys . . . So long. See you next month.

MID-WEST BOXING NOTES
By PINKIE GEORGE

WITH the Summer slump on, news is rather scarce around the Mid-West as most of the clubs are putting on only occasional shows. Omaha went over the ordinary billing when Primo Carnera and his troupe stopped off at the Western League ball park long enough to knock over Bearcat Wright in four heats.

Paul Harris, Iowa welterweight, is the best new prospect of the month. The little country lad who was a finalist in the last Golden Glove tournament in Chicago, just recently turned professional and is the busiest fighter in this neck of the woods. Six wins in four weeks is the record of this fast coming little Iowan.

Lake City, a little village has a great prospect in Urban Liberty who has the backing of the whole town. Liberty recently whipped Tony Ligouri and the fans haven't gotten over it yet.

George Wintery, Des Moines fight manager, has uncorked a new heavyweight prospect in Farmer Jack Robinson.

Sammy Martin, colored lad of Sioux City was coming along fast until Urban Liberty tagged the Sioux City lad, knocking him cold in two heats. That was Martin's first reverse.

Omaha has a coming lightweight prospect in Billy Vaughn. Jack Lewis, his manager, is paging Tommy Grogan for one of the winter attractions for Omaha.

Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul heavyweight, who is managed by Mike Gibbons, is one of the greatest heavyweight prospects coming out of the Twin Cities. Gibbons has not lost a fight since turning pro. Mike thinks his new find is the middlewest's only heavyweight hope. "That don't bar Mr. Gerald Tuffy Griffiths either," says Mike.

LAST MINUTE NOTES—Sioux City's Riverview park continues to pack them in their weekly shows—Des Moines Riverview is doing the opposite—Leo Burke, former Mason City, Ia., promoter, is making his home in Des Moines directing boxers—He can be reached at 609 Locust st.—Bobby La Salle, cousin to the Bobby La Salle of California, is a good flyweight prospect—Another Joe Rivers has come to light—This makes the fiftieth Joe Rivers around Iowa but he comes closer to looking like the old Rivers than the rest. He is a sweet prospect—Heard from Johnny Salvatore—He has Billy Light in the Canadian woods getting him ready for this winter's campaign—The writer's new address is 609-611 Locust St., Des Moines—'Nuf and till next month.

IN DAVENPORT, IOWA

DAVENPORT has featured two outdoor shows. In the first, Billy Hoon, veteran welter of Rock Island, outsmarted Kid Leonard, promising comer of East Moline, Ill.

Primo Carnera, the Venetian Gondola, was the star attraction in three two round exhibitions in the second show. He boxed with Paul Panteleo, Chicago heavy, and Jimmy Moffitt and Jack McAuliffe II, of his entourage. Three scheduled eight rounders backed up the card. Kid Leonard drew with Frank Burns of Milwaukee. Billy Hoon and Battling Nelson drew, while Young Camp was awarded a kayo in the second, when Battling Ratus folded up.

In the first show which featured "home talent," the gross was approximately $2,000, while but 1,247 tickets were purchased to see the Carnera exhibition, and 700 of these were of the dollar price. It can be readily seen that the fans will turn out in fair numbers to see the home boys battle at popular prices.

At Waterloo, Ia., in two feature attractions of two shows, Harvey Carothers of Moline, Ill., and Kid Ray of Waterloo, fought eight slashing rounds with honors even. In the other show, Bert Viscioni of East Moline, Ill., defeated Ernie North of Waterloo in another star eight.

Hescedro Montello, Duke Barry's sensational Chicago Cuban flyweight, was featured in three consecutive shows at Cedar Rapids. Montello has proven to be a constant repeater throughout this section.

NEW ORLEANS AND VICINITY
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

ERVIN BERLIER gave Phil McGraw one of the worst beatings the Detroit Greek ever received in his career here last month. The local lightweight had McGraw down for nine counts twice and would have scored a kayo but for an injured hand sustained in the first round.

Berlier is just nineteen years of age and has been boxing for the past two years. Don't be surprised if Berlier is in the first flight of lightweights in another six months. Chick Burns, an ex-fighter, is doing Berlier's business. A high-class fellow, too.

Ernes Sagues, Chilean middleweight, won over Chester Bush last month. The Chilean looked real good.

Al Nagele looks like the best bantamweight prospect New Orleans has had since the days of Pete Herman. Nagele has kayoed three of his last four opponents since he turned "pro" less than a month ago. Another nineteen year-old prospect

Ralph Chone bids fair to become a good fighter under the management of Johnny Fisse. Chone has won his two starts as a "pro." The Chinese lad is clever.

The Louisiana boxing commission has ruled that any fighter committing a foul will be disqualified and lose his entire purse. Unintentional or deliberate—the above still holds good.

Joe King was disqualified for hitting Tony Marullo low and after fighting seven tough rounds did not get a penny. King was also meted out a suspension of one year. King has taken his case into court.

Johnny Cook, Southern lightweight king, is unbeatable in these parts. Cook trounced Phil McGraw twice last month. Cook, in the writer's opinion, is about ready for Singer, Canzoneri, Miller, Grogan and the other leaders in his division.

Sam T. Brittle, president of the Courthouse A. C., will make a trip East this month to look over the talent. He will be accompanied by his matchmaker, Phil Gaffney.

Mickey Walker, Young Jack Thompson and Al Singer for no-decision contests are the matches being sought by Brittle and Gaffney.

Al Donnelly and Claude Wilson boxed a draw last month. This was one of the best fights ever witnessed here between featherweights.

Nutzi Liauzza is back home from the Pacific Coast where he had thirty fights. The local bantam was immediately signed for a main-event by promoter Burke. Nutzi is a real clever youngster and fair puncher.

B. C. Miller, Memphis boxing manager, is now doing business for Eddie "Kid" Wolfe. Miller knows the fight game from A to Z. They should make a good combination.

Pete Kelly, contender for the bantam title in the days of Kid Williams, has a promising youngster in his nephew, Roy Calamari. Calamari has won his last twenty-two fights and is a featherweight.

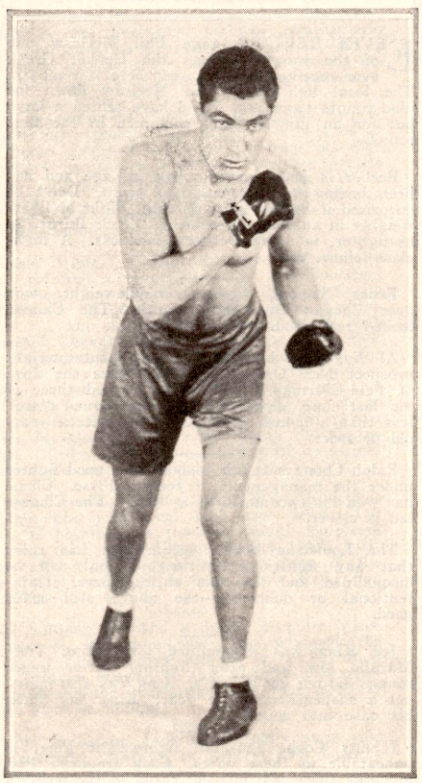
Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE International Boxing Federation came came out very strongly against the recent ruling made by the New York Athletic Commission regarding fouls. The European Federation considers that countenancing foul blows as being fair, reduces the noble art to the level of street or bar fighting. The European Federation has broken its affiliation with the New York Commission and will henceforth paddle its own canoe. New York legislation will have no standing with the European board.

The British Boxing Board of Control, which is not affiliated with the International Boxing Federation, has also come out very strongly against letting everything go. It considers the ruling of the New York Commission the poorest legislation on boxing ever put across.

Thus comes the first big break in international boxing relations in many years. For the sake of international harmony, many of the New York ruling in the past have been recognized in Europe, but those who have control of the sport both in the Federation and in England, view the foul rule promulgated by Messrs. Muldoon, Farley and Phelan as a detriment rather than constructive legislation.



Salvatore Ruggirello, Italian heavy, whose contract was recently purchased from Joe Woodman by a group of Brooklyn sportsmen

European light-heavyweight Michele Bonaglia, of Italy, lost a decision on points to the German Domgoergen in a ten-round bout held at Cologne.

Len Harvey, the English crack, knocked out the Belgian light-heavyweight, Henri Vandeviver, in 90 seconds of the first round. It was the British champion's first fight in the light-heavyweight ranks. It was thought that the Belgian who gave Sandwina a hard fight for four rounds would make a good opponent for the British battler.

Vandeviver displayed a little pluck but that was all. He was outclassed by Harvey from the start until the finish came after one and a half minutes. Vandeviver was down for two "nines" before the finish came off.

Jeff Dickson's opening feature early in the fall will not be a twelve-round contest between Eugene Huat, the former flyweight champion and Kid Francis. The match was made for last June but was put over until the fall. In the meantime Kid Francis received a good offer from the United States and sailed on July 30. While in America I understand Owney Madden will look after his interests.

Benny Valger, the speedy lightweight, and Vuillamy went ten rounds to a draw at the Cirque d'Hiver. The decision was not a popular one, the majority of whom were under the impressions that Valger was entitled to the verdict.

Bob Martin of Nice and Frank Martin of Paris, not related, had a ten-round contest at the Central Sporting Club of Paris which ended in a draw.

In Barcelone, boxing is going along very well. At a recent entertainment held there Logan defeated Thomas on points; Mico defeated Jack Contray on points. Cureneau defeated Arranz on points, and Jean Joup defeated Torres in the eighth of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Our old friend Francois Descamps was recently elected president of the boxing managers association of France. Descamps, who still has a stable of fighters, is doing very well with them during the summer season. He takes his battlers to seaside resorts for bouts and while the money returns are small compared to fall and winter terms, he keeps his men in shape and makes more than expenses on the side.

French championships at about all the weights will be contested for shortly, after the opening up of the fall season. The French Federation and not a club or managers, rule the boxing game in France and fighters must defend if a satisfactory challenger turns up. If the challenge is not accepted after having been approved by the Federation, the title is defaulted and the championship is declared open.

In the last few years the French boxers have done fairly well regarding the holding of world's titles. There was Georges Carpentier, light-heavyweight champion; Eugene Crique, feather-weight champion; Battling Siki, light-heavy-weight champion; Spider Pladner, flyweight champion, and Andre Routis, featherweight champion.

Boxing has been very quiet in Belgium, Italy, Germany and other European countries during the past three months. A rest, however, will do the game good, and from all indications the coming fall and winter seasons will be record ones for boxing competitions in Europe.

Jimmy Bronson, the American manager of Rene De Vos, made a trip to Paris with the intention of getting a match for his battler with the European middleweight champion, Marcel Thil of France, but the latter is troubled with a bad right hand and he will not be able to engage in a bout for at least a couple of months.

Jimmy, who came over to France after the war and handled the army championships so well, met many of his old friends during his short stay in Paris. He came to Europe at a bad time expecting a match, it being practically the close of the season. I learn that the National Sporting Club of London has given Bronson a promise that De Vos and Len Harvey will be used at the opening entertainment of the club next fall.

The National Sporting Club of London did not have a very prosperous boxing season in 1929-1930. Early in the season, for the first time in the history of the club, tickets of admission for the bouts promoted by the famous organization were put on public sale. Even then seating capacity of the old club house in Covent Garden was never overtaxed.

According to a Brussells publication, Rene DeVos has decided to quit the ring. The Belgium battler has saved up enough money to retire. He has had built a fine residence at Biarritz, near the Spanish border, where he expects to spend the reminder of his days. DeVos has always been a fine fellow outside of the ring and a good fighter inside of the ropes, and he deserves the good fortune that has come his way.

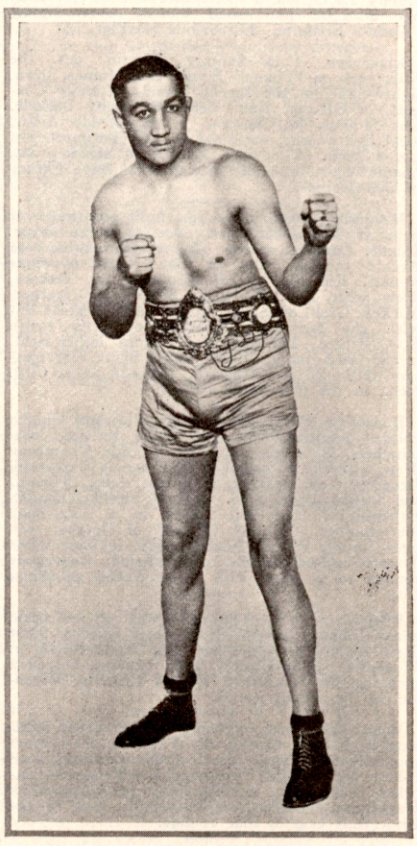
Andre Dethes of L'Auto, who is a well known boxing writer, informed me recently that he has found a real French boxing heavyweight, a second Carnera. The name of the young man is Bardos, and he comes from the Basque country. Bardos, who is training at the present time at a little village near Paris, is 22 years of age, weighs in condition 235 pounds and stands 6 feet 3½ inches. He is being schooled by one former French champion boxer. The giant will probably get his first spin at one of Jeff Dickson's fall or winter entertainments.

Boxing has been kept alive in Paris during the dog days by the Central Sporting Club, which notwithstanding the exceedingly warm weather experienced this summer, continued to play to capacity houses.

Although Max Schmeling has won the world's heavyweight title, his victory has done nothing to instill a new interest in the sport in Germany. Money is scarce, fight fans like to read about the sport but not to pay to see a match and the fighters' purses are so small, that German boxers prefer to ply their trade outside of their own country. Holland, Belgium and France and even Italy is where the German prefers to work. Therefore the only way Schmeling can make any money out of his title, is to go back to America, the only place in the world where big purses are granted. Boxing in Germany is almost at a standstill because of the unrest, the lack of employment and the lack of finances.

"Spider" Pladner, the former champion flyweight boxer of France who is now boxing in the bantamweight class, had for his last opponent the English bantam, Hollingsworth, in a ten-round bout held at the Buffalo Stadium, Paris, under the auspices of Leo Beynat. The bout was won on points by the French boxer.

In the bantamweight class, Pladner does not appear to have the snappy punch to his blows that he had when fighting in the flyweight poundage.



Gypsy Daniels, British veteran light heavyweight recently whipped by Helmut Hartkopf of Germany

Jeff Dickson will open up his sporting rendezvous in Paris about September 1. It will be situated at 3 rue Volney, Paris, close by the Ritz and the Chatham hotels. It will be named the "Silver Slipper." It will be a convenient situation for the distribution of tickets for his promotions.

The fall and winter season for boxing in Paris will be opened up the first week in September. Some excellent attractions have been arranged by Jeff Dickson for the coming seasons. As usual he will run weekly at his Salle Wagram Arena and the big stuff he will stage at the Velodrome d'Hiver.

The Rumanian flyweight champion, Popesco, defeated the French and European champion, Kid Olive, in the tenth of a fifteen scheduled round bout, which was held at Bucarest. The former champion quit in the tenth, when he was apparently all in.

Popesco is now the flyweight champion of Europe. Popesco is a very clever little boxer.

Ring Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

THE much advertised bout between Young Stribling and Shuffling Phil Scott at the Wembly Greyhound track ended disastrously for "FAILING PHIL". Much to the amazement of 35,000 fight fans, the biggest crowd that has seen a fight in London, Scott was knocked out in two minutes 35 seconds of the second round after going down four times in the opening session, twice for the count of nine and once for a count of eight. The victory brought about the rise of the young American to a place in the front rank of heavyweight championship contenders and the elimination of Scott from further consideration as a championship hope.

With a series of smashing rights to the stomach, Stribling floored Scott for the count of nine a few minutes after the fight started. The Britisher immediately started a retreating fight after he rose, but was unable to get out of the way of the Georgian's fists, and went down again for the count of eight. He was on his knees as the bell rang.

Stribling peppered Scott at will with terrific lefts to the stomach and rights to the jaw. He dodged Scott's timid left jabs without the slightest effort. Disregarding all the unsavory publicity surrounding body blows, owing to the plethora of victories on fouls which have characterized heavyweight boxing in the United States of late, Stribling sailed right into Scott's mid-section, taking care to keep his blows out of dangerous territory.

The knockout blow came in the middle of the second round, when the fighters were battling close in. Stribling took time to size up the situation and let loose a terrific left to the stomach. Scott sank to his knees and curled up on the canvas. The refcree rushed over and began the fateful count. An indescribable look of sheepish chagrin flooded over the Britisher's countenance as the count of nine was reached, and although the referee hesitated visibly before sounding the final count, Scott made no apparent effort to rise.

Referee Russell then finished the count and waved Scott to his corner, declaring Stribling the winner by a knockout. Phil was roundly booed while cheers rent the air for the American.

A few more "tradesmen" like Johnny Peters and Old England would soon be on the pugilistic map again. Johnny, who only celebrated his 19th birthday a week or two ago, has, during his short visit to Australia, created sensation after sensation by his wonderful wizardry. He has beaten everybody they could find for him and has been the recipient of presentations galore from legions of admirers "Down-Under." He cancelled his passage home in order to meet the request of a body of prominent sportsmen "to just let them see him fight again", and this fight went the way of all others, a glorious win for Johnny. Peters is now on his way home, and after a short stay in England he will depart for the "New World". Sol Goldie is already preparing a "stall" in his stable for this wonder-boy's occupation.

A new syndicate has taken possession of the historic Ring building and during the first month of its activities the following were the principal results:—Maurice Griselle, France, won over Frank Fowler on a foul. Harry Lane beat Bert Cannons on points over 12 rounds and Harry Connoly outpointed Teddy Lewis over a similar distance.

Ernie Izzard created a bit of a sensation when he K. O'ed Francois de Keyser, Belgium, in 23 seconds. Jules Bodson, Belgium, stopped Young Clancy in the 13th round and Andre Beghin, Belgium, defeated Alf Simmons on points in 15 rounds.

Kid Socks got a points decision over Lew Pinkus in a 15-round bout. Eddie Pinn and Jimmy Thornton boxed a very hard 15-round draw and George Peck defeated Tom Hall on two occasions in the one ring and upon the same evening. The first win was on a foul committed and the second victory was a points decision in 12 rounds.

Archie Sexton got a points decision over Jack Hyams in a 15-round bout. Both these men have challenged Jack Hood.

George Rose outpointed Tom Cartwright over 15 rounds. Young Siki stopped Jack Connell in round 7. Jack Haynes, the Birmingham middleweight, stopped George Brown in the 9th round. Dick Stubbings outpointed Jack Negal over a dozen rounds. Jim Pearson beat Billy Adair on points over 15 rounds and Eddie Pinn, for the second time in a fortnight, boxed a sultry 15-round draw with Jimmy Thornton.

Premierland—Len Harvey was expected to "pull" the fans into this establishment when he was billed to meet Charlie McDonald but whether the hot weather or the inferiority of his opponent was the cause, the building was all but empty and Harvey K. O'ed his opponent in the second. George Ross stopped Harry Jennings in round 3. Kid Berry put up a notable performance when he boxed Selwyn Davies to a draw over 15 rounds. Kid Rich was disqualified in the second round of his bout with Alf Patten. Sonny Doke very narrowly defeated George Boker on points. Charlie Mack outpointed Evan Lane over 15 rounds.

At Edmonton—Johnny Summers beat Fred Green on points over 15 rounds and Bill Webster also gained a points decision over Harry Jennings at the end of a like distance. Haydn Williams gained a narrow points win over Francois Le Page, France, in 15 rounds. This contest was about the finest ever seen at this establishment, and a "repeat" would draw like a mustard plaster. Sam Walters outpointed Bugler Jones over 15 rounds. Bill Webster won over Dick Burt in 15 rounds. Jim Brooks stopped Chris Fortmann, Germany, in the 5th.

At Kilburn—Jack Fifeford stopped Joe Rogers in the 10th round. A very stylish performer is this victor and he will yet cut much "ice". Bert Stanley and Les Burns boxed a very good 15-round draw.

At Chelsea—Albert Ryall and Bill Riches participated in a bit of a mix-up, they were scheduled to box the best of 12 rounds, but when the last round came up for decision the referee declared there was yet one other to go and in consequence thirteen rounds were contested and resulted in a draw.

At Liverpool—Len Johnson easily outpointed Bob Carvill over 15 rounds. The feature of the bout was Carvill's gameness. Roy Beresford K. O'ed Charlie Smith in the 4th. Bob Rimmer stopped Billy Tingle (a good-class Australian bantam) in the ninth round. This was a real good scrap and the winner enhanced his reputation by his clever win.

Al Miller K. O'ed Tommy Rose in the 3rd round. Ginger Jones unexpectedly stopped Jim Crawford in the 9th round.

At Manchester—A tournament was held at The Belle Vue Circus in aid of the Cheetham Hill Jewish Hospital and the attendance, like the boxing, was great. Jacky Brown, ex-flyweight champion, clearly outpointed Rene Chalange, France, over 15 rounds. As the Frenchman recently K. O'ed Bert Kirby, our flyweight champion, the time is ripe for another meeting between Brown and Kirby. Tommy Brown beat Johnny King on points over 15 rounds. Harry Robison stopped Kid Moose in the 9th.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Tommy James stopped Boy Gorman in the second round. Billy Graham got a points decision over Bert Swaddle. Len Johnson stopped Leone Jacovacci, Italy, in 7 rounds. Clarence Barton got a close points decision over the local George Willis.

At Sheffield—Billy Yates won a points decision over Martin Gallagher. George Adams stopped Charlie Morrison in the 8th round. George White comfortably outpointed Harry Leach over 12 rounds. "Tiger" Fred Dunn received a doubtful verdict over Sam McVea, Jamaica. Walter Marshall stopped George Lovell in the 5th round. Joe Mullings beat Tom Tucker.

At Leeds—Eddie Strewer gained a points victory over Sid Conn in 12 rounds. Chuck Parker scored a like win over Jack Turner. Charlie McDonald outpointed Joe Lowther over 15 rounds.

At West Hartlepool—Joe Rostron, the rapidly rising welter, outpointed Dick Burt over 15 rounds in a real classy scrap. Martin Gallagher and Ted Perry contested a very entertaining 15-round draw.

At Plymouth—Harry Crossley, the cruiserweight champion, stopped Petty Officer Stubbs in the 5th round. After Frank Harvey had K. O'ed George Peck, the pair agreed to have another "go" over 10 rounds and this also resulted in favour of Harvey whose margin of points was the greater. Bill Hood outpointed Tommy O'Neill in 15 rounds. An interesting item of news from here, is that the Plymouth Idol, Bugler Lake, is shortly to attempt a "come-back".

At Preston—Joe Rostron still keeps up his "winning ways" for he K. O'ed Albert Johnson, brother of the famous Len, in the second. Tommy Rose K. O'ed Walt Dickinson in the first. Jack Casey and Joe Woodruff met in a 12-round contest here and Casey received the referee's decision in what proved to be one of the finest contests ever staged in the town. Tommy Marren stopped Fred Crossley in round 8 and Jack Davies outpointed Tommy Maloney over 10 rounds.

At Premierland, London—Archie Sexton K. O'ed Bill Webster in the seventh round. In a farcical bout between Len Harvey and a Belgian answering to the name of Henri Vandevyver, the referee, Jack Hart stopped the nonsense in the first and awarded the "fight" to Harvey.

At the Ring—Mick Hill and Kid Socks boxed a good 15-round draw. Teddy Welsh stopped Jack Alder in the 7th round.

Archie Sexton turned in a good win over Jack Hyams recently, and further enhanced his claim to "cross swords" with Jack Hood. Well, if the pair do meet, Jack will be wondering whether it is his late sparring-partner who has come on some, or whether it is he, himself that has slipped back some. Hood had great hopes at one time of being able to show what he could do to America's best, but nowadays he seems much more in love with golf than boxing so his next contest may be one with Bobby Jones, who knows?

George Wallins (Birmingham) who meets Kid Francis, the conqueror of Fidel La Barba and Archie Bell, is another specimen of the good type British boxer. He may surprise quite a lot of people and Francis most of all, when the disturbance takes place.

Lionel Bettinson of the National Sporting Club, looks like coming to the assistance of British boxing next season. He has his binoculars upón a magnificent indoor arena where it will be possible to stage bouts on a popular price admission basis but some of the so-called top-notchers will have to "take a smaller sized hat" if they decide that they would like to show their wares at Mt. Bettinson's "shop".

Johnny Curley, in his contest with Ernie Izzard, proved beyond doubt that he still possesses the greatest asset that any boxer could have. Izzard, a much younger and stronger boxer, was hard put to it, before he was able to subdue the lion-hearted Curley.

The most sensational incident in Welsh boxing circles of recent years is the action of the Welsh Boxing Association and Control Board in dispossessing Ben Marshall of the welterweight title because he refused to accept the purse offer for a title bout with Billy Fry. The offer was the most liberal one that has been made since the Welsh Association came into being. An elimination contest is to take place and the winner will oppose Fry for the title. The eliminating pair selected by the Board are: Dan Evans and Billy Nicholas, both ex-amateur champions.

A match that is "years" overdue has just been fixed up between Frank Moody and Gipsy Daniels. It will be staged on August Bank-holiday at the dog-racing track, Cardiff. This will be for the Welsh Cruiser-weight title and should the Clerk of the Weather be on his best behaviour, then all gate records will go. The Gipsy has a K. O. decision over the new world's heavyweight champion but it must be remembered that Schmeling was in the "kindergarten" class at that time.

A possible Welsh heavy looks like coming along when Young Jack Peterson "ripens". He is only 19 years old and weighs 13 stone. He stands 6 feet, 1½ inches and is very "hot" in the amateur class. His father, Professor Jack Peterson of Cardiff, was one of the cleverest exponents of the noble art in Wales. Bob Downey, who sponsored peerless Jim Driscoll, is taking a lot of interest in Young Peterson's progress.

Selwyn Davies, a featherweight hailing from the Maesteg district, has been "doing things" in English rings lately. He has defeated such good "goods" as Kid Socks and Kid Pattenden. He was narrowly defeated by the Welsh feather champion, Ginger Jones, recently. Davies comes from real fighting stock and will go to the top in the scrapping profession.

Bert Kirby, the flyweight champion of Great Britain, gave a moderate display when he met Terence Morgan at Pontypridd recently. Morgan was disqualified for a low punch in the fifth. Morgan is a member of a famous Tirphill fighting family, one of whom was Danny, whose best performance was his Lonsdale Belt contest with Tancy Lee at the N. S. C. when the Scot received a questionable decision.

The boxing game is much in evidence in Scotland at present, and like the national "beverage", the quality of the sport has been exceptionally good.

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

THE unsatisfactory ending of the Schmeling-Sharkey and Carnera-Godfrey affairs, coupled with the extremely hot weather and general slowing down of business, have combined to place old General Apathy in the saddle as pertains to boxing in Boston. But two "pro" tourneys in a month in a city centered in a circle of 2,000,000, and both of these far from being financial successes, clearly points that Old Man Boxing in this neck of the woods is feeling very pale about the gills. However, the fall season may see a revival of interest—we both hope and expect that it will.

The first attempt to put over a "pro" show in July, fell to the Arena A. C., the club controlled by "Col." Bob McKirdy—an attraction at Braves Field. It was a good show and well handled—had Jimmy Braddock of Jersey and Joe Monte of Brockton in the top bout of 10 rounds. Braddock won the award, incidentally making a very fine impression. His initial appearance here conveyed that he is a cool, heady performer—a pretty good boxer with a slam in either hand—a chap still dangerous.

Contrary to the record books, as the case now stands, Braddock and Monte are about even up. Each has a decision over the other, and have fought one draw. Following the bout several promoters made a grab for Braddock's services here again but because of other dates, he was unable to close with them. Boston is open to the Jerseyman any time he wishes to come here.

In one of the other bouts on the same card, Larry Doyle, the former California amateur heavyweight star, now being handled here by Al Lacy, the well known trainer, drew a tough one in Steve Gorman of South Boston. Doyle could not seem to get going—freighted plenty of moxie in his fists but failed to land effectively. He was outpointed and lost the decision, the distance being six rounds.

Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A., had planned a show for the month with Riccardo Berttazzolo, the Italian heavy of this city, in there with Tom Heeney, the New Zealander, who needs no introduction. Riccardo, however, broke his right hand while training—a mitt which has troubled him since he first smashed it on the head of Jim Maloney in Boston months ago. Mack sought to secure Ernie Schaaf, but, he being otherwise tied up, the promoter scratched the show.

The "Battle Field of Action", the title Promoter Mack has hitched to his club, has folded up for the balance of the so-called "silly season", and will remain off the map until early September. Mack has Schaaf and Jim Maloney signed for that night—an open-air show at Fenway Park, and the chances favor that it will go over the top. Mack plans to come again with the winner of the foregoing and either Carnera, Risko or Paulino.

The fall, perhaps the coming winter and for all future time, we are going to have something more or less brand new in Boston in the fistic show ushering department. Promoter Mack has completed arrangements for "canning" the male members of the fraternity and will employ from 50 to 100 girls, the same dolled up in uniform, to act as ushers at his carnivals. They will be under the supervision of a chief male usher, with a police officer at each aisle to contribute any rough stuff that might be required. Boston fight fans, as a whole, however, are very docile. "The chaps who grab box seats for 50 cents, won't be able to work that racket any longer," is Mack's explanation.

It looked for a while as though we might have a Jack Sharkey-Victorio Campolo fight in The Hub—for a few days the prospect generated quite a lot of warmth. However, Sharkey's exaggerated opinion as to the size of Boston pocketbooks, knocked the big idea on the head.

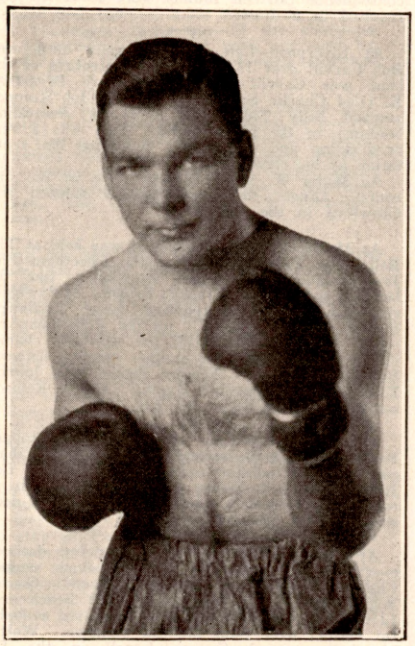
It was Sharkey's contention that he could get $100,000 for fighting Campolo in either New York or Chicago, hence why fight him for less in Boston. If his contention is correct, or so proves, he could hardly be blamed for holding out.

The special legislative committee investigating boxing and wrestling in this state continues to deliberate—public hearings in the same connection will be held during the latter part of the summer or early fall. Just what will result from it all, no one really knows. Better and more satisfactory boxing and conditions governing the same is the general hope.

There is a chance that a new commission may be recommended, also that such changes may be made in the laws governing the sport that small clubs may have a chance to operate in Boston. At the present time the state license fee of $800, five percent tax on receipts, various fees to various officials and general overhead, absolutely bars a club having limited seating capacity from functioning.

When commission rule first went into effect Boston had 10 boxing clubs, the same staging tourneys with more or less success. The smaller organizations acted as feeders to the larger and plenty of talent was developed. Now the three clubs which are barely staggering along have to depend on the various amateur organizations, the result being that the near-green material from the ranks of the "pures" seldom clicks to the point of being a real gate attraction.

Those who would regulate wrestling in this state—place it under commission rule—are meeting with considerable opposition, the sport itself offering one of the greatest obstacles. The public seems to like it as is and does not want it regulated. While boxing has been barely getting by here in Boston, also in many spots elsewhere about the state, wrestling, unhampered by commissional interference, has flourished like a green bay tree. The last mat tourney in The Hub, Sonnenberg vs. Bob "Bibber" McCoy, drew a gate of about $32,000, an almost 6 to 1 proposition as compared to boxing receipts. Worcester, Springfield and other cities and towns have had the same experience.



Bobby O'Hara, classy Chicago welterweight

Harry Allen of Brockton, Mass., former New England amateur light heavy champion, continuse to shine as a "pro" thanks to his own efforts and those of Walter G Shuttleworth, his manager. Harry cannot seem to get past Joe Monte, his fellow townie, but he is beating other opponents, his last win being over Gus Brown of Canton, at Avon, Mass., on July 17.

Since the Schmeling-Sharkey affair, the suggesting of remedies in the matter of fouling has become one of the leading occupations of the fraternity. Among the numerous suggestions offered has been that of Eddie Mack, promoter of the Argonne A. A., that a fouled man, the foul being accidental, shall be allowed a rest of 20 minutes, the contest to then be resumed. He will request the Boxing Commission to allow him to conduct his next tourney under such an arrangement.

The trouble with Mack's suggestion, also many submitted to us, is that a foul is given too much recognition beyond the provisions of the Queensberry code, which, in our opinion, fully and satisfactorily deals with the situation as regards an actual foul in itself. Under Queensberry a foul fighter loses—it is up to the commissions to see that he is not paid. That should settle it. If novices and amateurs, who as a whole receive nothing for their ring services, can get along without fouling each other, so can the "pros". While accidental fouls occur now and then—cannot be entirely prevented, fouls between "pros", taken as a whole, are not above suspicion.

Lou Scozza, the Buffalo middleweight, winner here over Arthur Flynn and Tony Shucco, has sought to pay Boston another visit. "Might as well beat up your entire crop of middles," is the way he put it. However, Boston now lacking a suitable opponent for the Bison, Lou has had to forego his fun in this section.

Another who desired to show here, and who, like Scozza, would have been welcomed, was Mickey Walker, the title-holder. Naturally, the promoters would have been glad to have used him—but an opponent from the local middleweight ranks who could give the champion a fight could not be dug up. A light heavy could have been secured, but the rules of the Commission concerning the difference in weights barred such a combination. Hence, no Mickey Walker visit to Boston.

Here's one for the "experts" to argue over—it came to us a few days ago through our office channels—the contribution of a fan:—"I frequently note in the stories written by the sports writers the term 'saved by the bell.' I am asking, why should a boxer, sent to the floor by a clean, scoring hit, be 'saved by the bell?' If he is down, cannot get up and is being counted, why should not the count be continued as set forth in the rules.

"The rules state that a man down and unable to come to the scratch in 10 seconds, loses. This being so, if the referee has got to nine, the man is still down and the bell rings, why should the count be stopped? If a boxer can win a fight by a kayo in the first two minutes and 50 seconds of a round, why not in the last 10 seconds of the same round? A round comprises three minutes of contest—if a man is down he is not contesting but is subject to counting. I can see no real reason why the counting should be stopped until it has been determined whether or not the fallen ringster is able to resume, or why the boxer landing the knockdown blow should not be entitled to the full benefit of such."

Sammy Fuller, one of the small boy mainstays of the sport in Boston, came through on July 14, against Billy Lynch of Providence, R. I., a good performer, at Marks Stadium, Tiverton, R. I., which town is about two jumps across the state line from Fall River, Mass. Fuller won all the way in a ten rounder, the feature event. He did so well that he will go back into a top bout at the next tourney.

This Marks Stadium, and its matchmaker, Sam Price, a Bostonian, are worthy more than mere passing notice. The Stadium, within easy reach of Boston, Brockton, Fall River, New Bedford, Providence and other middle New England cities and towns, has a seating capacity of about 30,000. There is a chance that it may yet figure in the big league. Price, the matchmaker, a shrewd, live wire chap, who is giving the public more than a run for its money, is ambitious to stage a championship—and his chances are not bad. He has both the press and public with him.

The recent Fuller-Lynch contest at the Stadium drew a net gate of $6400, which, while not large as big money goes, is more than any Boston club has been able to show for weeks. Considering all the circumstances, Price and his club are going some. Incidentally, Rhode Island, within whose borders the Stadium is located, has gone back to the old one-man referee system with no judges. To date it has proven a success.

Votes of boxing judges and referees in connection with ring contests in Boston and Massachusetts are likely to be made public if a bill now before our Legislature goes through. For more than 10 years the whole business has been shrouded by secrecy with the referees the goats when an award was made that did not suit the fans. Under the provisions of the bill the votes of the ring officials will be made known to the sports writers about the ropes at the conclusion of each bout.

Across our borders in New Hampshire, "Tiger" Tom Dixon of Dover, whom we have given favorable mention from time to time, seemingly has got back into his stride. Recently he defeated Dan Martin and Bob Mills and has regained his old crown of heavyweight champion of the Granite State.

These bouts, like all championship affairs in New Hampshire, were conducted on the old time winner-loser split purse basis, the victor receiving 60 percent and the loser 40. The system has worked out very satisfactorily for the public. Fouls, fakes and punk fights have become a rarity since the New Hampshire State Commission put this rule through.

The Ring in Philadelphia

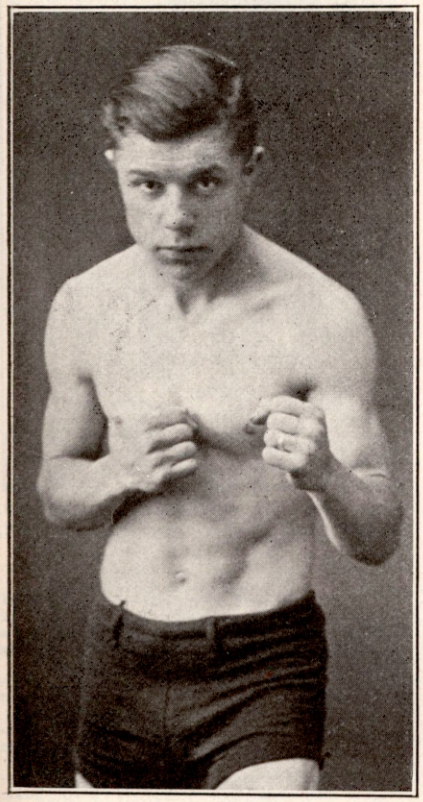
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

LOOKING back on the Carnera-Ross Godfrey bout still puts the Phillie fight fans in a bad humor. The bout that ended in a foul left a bad taste all around. It drew a big gate but hurt boxing quite a little. The clash might have been a history-making affair had Godfrey continued to fight as he did in the first two rounds but the "Old Boy" couldn't keep up the pace and apparently took the easiest way out.

Frankie Rapp, Camden lightweight, was awarded a technical knockout in the fourth round over Jackie Herman of West Philadelphia, at the Broadway A. C. The show was scheduled for the open air but owing to a shower had to be switched to the indoor stadium.

In the semi-windup, Sherman Brown outpointed Frankie Polo. Brown and Polo were both former amateur stars, the latter scoring a knockout over his opponent when they were still "simon pures".

Other bouts on the Broadway card resulted in Danny Fitzgerald gaining a four-round verdict over Jimmy Walker, Larry Wagner losing to Earl Dunlop and Billy Passemento beating Harry Little.



Al Little, former amateur flyweight of Philadelphia

Jimmy Toppi, South Philadelphia fight promotor, started staging outdoor shows at the Corley Ball Park, July 8. Pat Haley and Frankie Hayes, two rugged Philadelphia rivals, clashed in the windup.

It was recently rumored the Arena Corporation wanted to stage a return bout between Godfrey and Carnera at the Municipal Stadium but Chairman Wiener would not sanction such an encore. It would have been a whole lot better if the chairman had refused to sanction the original bout. Such action would have saved a lot of headaches.

Mickey Doyle, a Pittston featherweight, has been taken in tow by Joe Smith. This is the same Doyle who fought Benny Bass for the state championship three years ago and was counted out. The coal region lad made the claim the finishing blow was low but Referee Chick Janetti ruled it legal. Doyle tangled with Matty White in one of the preliminaries to the Bass-Canzoneri wind-up at the Phillies Ball Park late in July.

Chairman Frank Wiener of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission believes Referee Tommy Reilly used a "naughty" word when he declared George Godfrey "deliberately" fouled Primo Carnera. "Intentional instead of deliberate would have been a better way to express it," said Wiener.

Lew Massey, South Philadelphia featherweight, made a fruitless trip to Detroit. He was supposed to fight Eddie Shea of Chicago but when the slim crowd turned out the western lad decided there was not enough money in it for him and he would not go through with the bout. Massey came back from Detroit just in time to leave with Company G., 111th Infantry, N. G. P. for Mt. Gretna where he spent several weeks.

For failing to appear at Leiperville where he was scheduled to meet Jack Gross, of Salem, Herman Weiner of Baltimore, has been suspended by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

Pat Haley, the Kensington mauler and Roxie Allen made such a hit in their recent match, efforts are being made to rematch them at Fairview.

It took Jim Londos, recognized in Pennsylvania as the world's heavyweight wrestling champion, just one hour 34 minutes and a few odd seconds to gain a fall in his match with Ray Steele of California in the Phillies ball park, July 16. Londos took considerable punishment before he finally applied his "Japanese toe hold" and Steele was obliged to call it halts. Londos did not look as impressive as when he was a challenger and finally dethroned Dick Shikat. A crowd of about 6500 saw the match.

Johnny Roberts, Chester welterweight, suffered a ten-round trouncing at the hands of Tiger Thomas, of Leiperville, in the Leiperville open air arena. Roberts dropped Thomas for a count of two in the fourth but in the other sessions the Tiger was over Johnny like a pack of flies.

Billy Ritchie, also of Chester, showed plenty of snap and dash by beating Hugh Civatte, Philadelphia featherweight in the six-round semi-windup.

Other bouts on the Leiperville card resulted in Billy Purnell, of Chester, scoring a technical knockout over Charley Purri of Philadelphia in the third round; Joe Barr put over a five round K. O. on Joe Boris, and Ray Arcus defeated Walter Mazelong in a four-round opener.

The feud goes on between Billy Passamento and Harry Little, two South Philadelphia rivals. They have met eight times and each is credited with four decisions.

Dick Shikat, former heavyweight wrestling champion, is making his summer home in Hammonton, N. J., where he will do considerable resting in the hope of getting Jim Londos in a return bout for the title some time in the fall. Shikat recently wrestled Tony Rocco at Atlantic City in connection with a boxing show at Convention Hall.

Georgie Giacchino, heavyweight, who recently won on a foul from Michael Taylor in a New York armory bout, is a former Philadelphian. Giacchino, a hard hitter with a "tin" jaw, holds the unique distinction of either scoring a knockout or getting knocked out himself.

Al Conway, Phillie fighter, invaded Atlantic City recently, only to lose an eight-round decision to Jimmy Rhodes, colored welterweight boxer. In the semi-windup Eddie Cool of Atlantic City won from Tiger Taylor of Philadelphia.

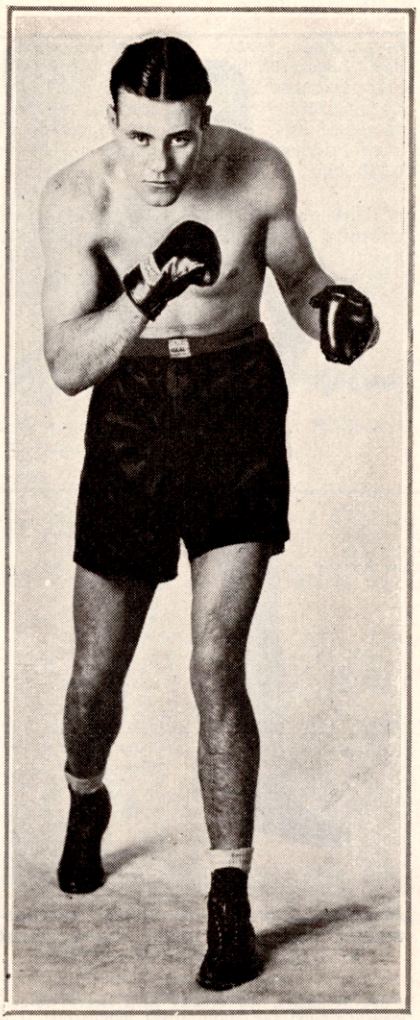
Peggy Sullivan, and Douglas McKinnon, two South Philadelphia battlers, put on an exciting semi-windup to the Peppe-Dempsey affair, with the former winning in the six-round limit.

In the other bouts on the Leiperville card, Tom Latch won from John Bell, Al Ettore stopped Billy Cook and Sailor Fitzpatrick gained the six-round decision over Dan Kingsley.

Al Trainer of South Phillie, pounded out an eight-round victory over Tommy (Kid) Murphy of Trenton in the windup at the Jimmy Toppi open air show at the Corley C. C. ball park. Trainer started slowly but got his jabs and hooks working properly in the closing rounds and was entitled to the decision.

Joe Brown and Wild Bill Kent threw haymakers at each other through six rounds of red hot boxing at the Corley ring with a popular draw decision being handed out at the finish.

Harry Little, who has been stepping along at a fast clip lately, defeated Kid Cuba on the Toppi open air card; Frankie Rapp outpointed Danny Fitzgerald and Jerry Ray flattened Jimmy Montana in the third round.



Leo Mitchell, former Coast light heavyweight, now making his home in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Jimmy Toppi then took over the 69th St open-air arena starting bouts August 1. He will continue during the months of August and September. The place won't hold more than 3000 but is located in a fast growing community.

In an effort to bring Primo Carnera and Young Stribling together in Atlantic City on August 30 or Labor Day, the Taylor and Gunnis promoters spent a good many smackers when they called Stribling on the long distance 'phone in London and talked business with "Pa" Stribling.

Nothing would please Benny Bass better than to get a crack at Al Singer. "If he's such a great puncher, why don't he try some of his dynamite on me?" said Bass.

In California

By THERON FISKE

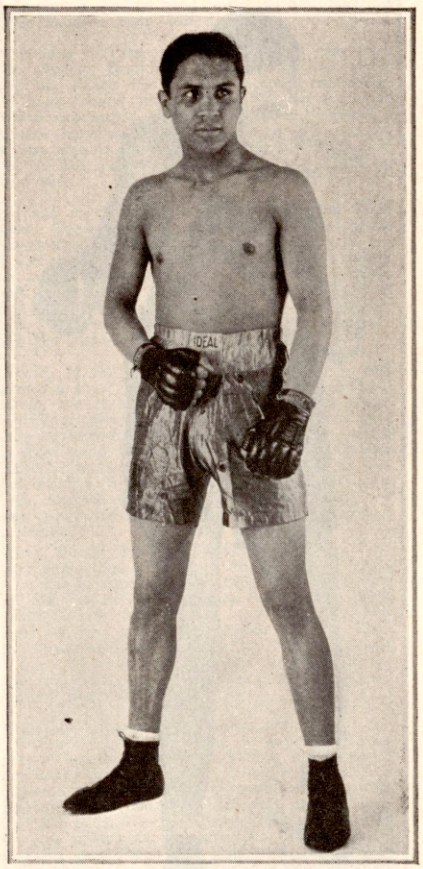
THE last meeting of the Boxing Commission produced one important step if nothing else. The Commissioners voted to permit the Boxing Clubs the right to select their own referees.

In the old four-round days each club had its own referee. Bad decisions then were as scarce as hen's teeth and the fans had complete confidence in George Blake at Hollywood and Harry Lee at Vernon.

Morrie Cohen, Pasadena's enterprising boy promoter was first to select his house referee and he went about it in a real showman's way.

Morrie tossed three arbitrators into the ring and let his patrons select the man they had most confidence in. One got a round of boos, another a very cool reception while number three got the cheers.

Needless to say number three got the job and Morrie's customers seemed happy.



Marcial Zavala, Mexican featherweight champion, under management of Billy Grupp of New York

Joe Willmore, the squatty little negro trainer, known around the Main Street gymnasium, Los Angeles, as just "Old Folks" is dead. He died at Portland, Oregon, from a fractured skull.

"Old Folks" came from the south—when or what part—nobody seems to know.

Around a gymnasium it doesn't matter much where you came from or what your name is as long as you can deliver. "Old Folks" was a trainer and a mighty good one and he could cook too and how.

"Old Folks" has rubbed and broiled steaks for some of the best in the business. His favorites were Jack Dempsey, the late Tiger Flowers, Joe Benjamin and Young Nationalista.

The old Negro trainer's one hobbie was to make all his fighters drink beef tea like water. He had a way all his own of making it and thought it better than anyone else's.

Spike Kelly from Florida lasted seven rounds with the hard hitting Charlie Cobb, Texas welter, at San Diego.

Well, well, Tommy O'Brien back again and weighing 144 pounds. Tommy knocked out Mission Bolo, Filipino welter in round one at Fresno.

Charlie Feraci won over Young Harry Wills, welterweight, in ten at San Diego.

Willie "Gig" Rooney is back in the harness again with an office in Los Angeles going full blast. Rooney has acquired quite a stable of promising young fighters including Augie Curtis and Abie Miller.

Rooney hid out from the gang for some time after Jackie Fields was relieved of his title.

Fields, too has come out of hiding. He made his first appearance before the mob at Hollywood and then just to watch his pal Benny Miller give Babe Anderson a ten-round boxing lesson.

Wirt Ross is the world's most original fight manager. He says there isn't a good heavyweight in the world today and that his colored heavy, Dynamite Jackson, can lick 'em all because they are worse than he is.

Carrying on with aggressivness and sheer determination, rather than a great amount of boxing ability little Goldie Hess took a well earned decision from Johnny Lamar at the Olympic, Los Angeles.

Both fighters weighed in under 135 pounds so Hess now is lightweight champion of the West Coast. Lamar was but recently presented with a belt emblematic of the title by the Hollywood Legion Club.

The heavyweight situation in the East may be as deplorable as it is pictured but out here on the Coast we can't even make up a joke out of the group of stubble bums parading as heavyweights.

We have two alleged sensations, Max Baer of Oakland and Frankie Campbell of San Francisco. Both have a terrific punch against a stationary target but can't get out of the way of their own shadow. Campbell has a fragile chin and Baer a weak tummy.

Less Kennedy has no class, punch or color.

Vigo Doman, the ponderous, knock-kneed wonder, wobbles at the vibration of the gong.

Leo Lomski has shot his wad.

Mack House, a good fighter with an inferior complex.

Ray Spiker, needs crutches.

Hans Birkie, right hand crazy.

Tom Hawkins, clown fighter.

Ernie Owens, a great left jab artist, now passe.

Neil Clisby, complete wash-up.

Al Morro, Jim Jeffries' hope, exhibited once and put back in cold storage.

Armand Emanuel, punchless, colorless and a safety first artist.

Dynamite Jackson, a cautious counter-puncher. There are others but why prolong the agony.

Joey Medill crossed up the old dope box at the Olympic, Los Angeles. Medill was brought all the way from Chicago to be flattened by Billy Townsend the Vancouver knock-out artist, Instead of succumbing before Townsend's punches, he gave the Canadian the thumping of his career. In a rematch, Joey forgot to duck and was counted out in the first round, thus keeping Townsend's record of never losing a rematch clean.

Andy Divodi, New York welter, is still around and keping fairly busy. At the Dreamland, San Francisco, Divodi stopped Joe Cordoza in round eight.

Willard Dix, promising young light heavyweight from Washington, stopped Paul Drake in the third round of a scheduled ten-rounder at Oakland.

Ray Alvis, manager of welterweight champion Young Jack Thompson, returned East with three Pacific Coast boys. The Chicago fistic handler signed Abie Israel, bantamweight; Young Firpo, light heavyweight and Fred Lenhart, heavyweight. Israel is undefeated. He has a world of promise. Firpo is a club fighter and Lenhart a fair prospect.

Gorilla Jones, from Akron, Ohio, stopped Bucky Lawless from Syracuse, New York, in round nine at the Dreamland, San Francisco.

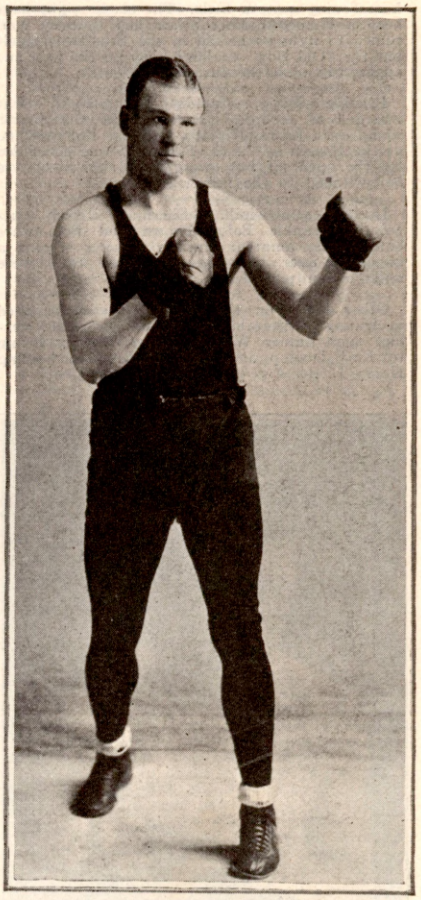
Here's a bit of Mushy Callahan's blarney—'When you going to fight again, Mushy?' 'On the first.' 'On the first of what?' 'On the first opportunity.'

Speedy Dado, flyweight champion of the Orient and California is now sporting another title. He is champion of Mexico.

Speedy won his newest honors at the Olympic, Los Angeles, when he handed Chato Laredo a ten-round beating in a bout that was geared in high from start to finish.

Sinister rumors and heavy last minute betting and hedging on Laredo brought the Commission into action.

In a re-match at Hollywood, Dado and Laredo put on another speedy display of fisticuffs with the same result only to have a blind referee raise the Mexican's hand.



Duke Barry's welterweight protege, Pat Corbett, now living in Davenport, Iowa

A KING without a throne—a conqueror of two champions and general disturber of the peace among the welterweights—that's Young Corbett III, sawed-off, portsided, smiling Italian lad of Fresno.

Corbett, climaxed a brilliant but none too colorful career by soundly thrashing the present champion, Young Jack Thompson, in an over weight thing before a wildly cheering San Francisco July 4th crowd that accounted for a gate of about $35,000.

About six months ago Corbett won in an overweight match at San Francisco from Jackie Fields, then ruler of the 147 pounders.

An odd happening at the fight was the fact that three conquerors of the champion were in the ring with him just before the first bell.

Those three were Corbett, his opponent, who had two previous victories over Black Jack and Jimmy McLarnin and Buckey Lawless.

McLarnin had nothing to say about Corbett and his victories but Charlie "Pop" Foster, his manager, confided to a friend that Corbett is entirely too awkward and unorthodox for Jimmy to play with.

McLarnin, was also a Los Angeles visitor and was given a rousing cheer when introduced at the Olympic fights. He was dressed in the height of fashion and looked mighty neat.

McLarnin is more sophisticated now but Los Angeles will always remember him as Baby Face Jimmy.

This correspondent has been literally flooded with inquiries from fighters the last couple months. It has been impossible to acknowledge but a very small percentage of them so I take this means of inviting boys who are really sincere to write again. Heavyweights are in great demand but good boys of all weights can find plenty of work. Address me at the same old stand, 5007¼ S. San Pedro street, Los Angeles.

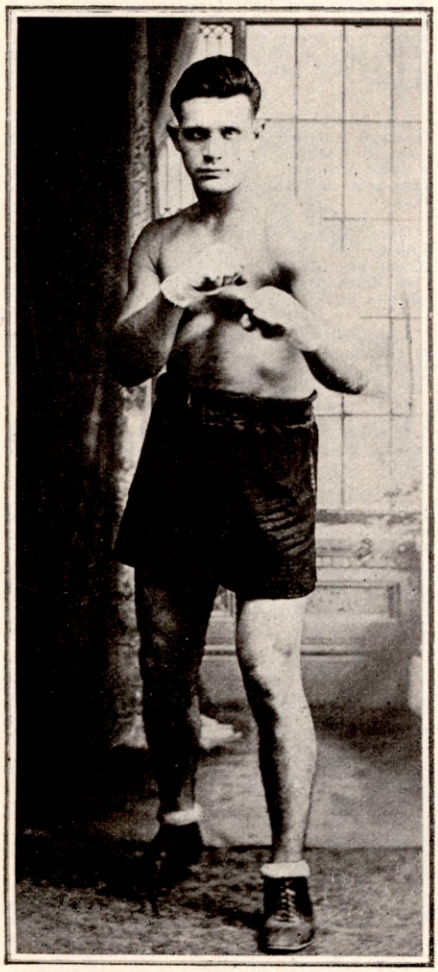
CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

WRESTLING has gone a long ways to prove that Worcester will support any sport that merits its backing. The Gus Sonnenberg-Count Zarynoff tilt staged at the New England Fairgrounds for the World's title by Jack McGrath, local bonecrushing magnate, drew approximately 15,000 customers.

This is the first time in local history that any sport has boasted a crowd that even slightly resembled the multitude that jammed the grand stand on the race track, the many bleachers and the numerous sections of ringside seats.

Sonnenberg successfully defended his crown after dropping the first fall in 15 minutes 35 seconds by a head scissors and wrist lock. Sonny missed eleven tackles during this period. He gained the succeeding two falls in 1 hour 2 minutes and 43 seconds and 6 minutes 16 seconds. The final fall came with a hip lock. This was their third meeting for the title and the second held in Worcester. The first bout drawing 6,000 indoors.



Johnny Bowers, of Delevan, N. Y., who holds the amateur crown of Western New York district in the middleweight class

In Lotti's appearance in the second show he was given a boxing lesson by the veteran lightweight, Lou Petrone. Petrone hauled himself out of the resin in the second to handle the situation rather calmly and gain a popular decision.

Johnny Yagjian, smart boxing North High student, proved that he is the greatest featherweight find in New England. Stopping the rugged Boston southpaw, Billy Baker, in four rounds was rather an achievement. Following this he proved to be Napoleon Bonaparte's Waterloo in six rounds.

At Worcester—Vernon Cormier scored his second victory over Johnny Vacca of Boston in ten rounds. Harry Devine overcame Hy Diamond's early lead to win the judges' decision in ten. Ollie Koski won from Mike Berlandi in six. Tony Caprio was favored over Harvey Peete by a decision that could have gone either way.

Worcester boxing is again coming back after a long layoff. The two shows during the month were "corkers".

An uproar of unusual nature was caused at the end of the second round of the Vic Lotti-Ero Peterson bout which was a semi-final to the Cormier-Vacca setto. Lotti, who was participating in his first pro bout boasted a rather lethal left hook and for lack of opportunity to prove its merits, he hung a sample on Peterson's chin after the bell. Pandemonium broke loose. Managers and seconds clambered into the ring. Officials, judges and referee made an effort to stop the fracas. After several minutes that seethed with action, the police halted the hectic proceedings and Peterson was awarded the decision on a foul.

For the benefit of the fans who witnessed the Clyde Hull-Lou Brouillard fiasco at the Fair Grounds a while back and cast aspersions as to the ability of the contestants, let it be said that the westerner just defeated Jock Malone in ten fast rounds at Aberdeen, South Dakota. When he fought Lou he took off 10 pounds in three days and suffered the consequences as well as meeting an unusually unorthodox southpaw. He weighed 149¾ for Brouillard. He now weighs about 160. Watch Hull!

As for Brouillard he pounded out two decisions in two consecutive nights, defeating Rudy Marshall of Stamford and Bobby Suber of Keene.

At West Springfield—Maurice Holtzer, junior lightweight of France, one of the few boys to defeat Harry Devine, conceded 5½ pounds and a ten-round decision to Louis "Kid" Kaplan of Meriden. Holtzer elected to battle Kaplan at close quarters and put up a whale of a scrap.

Al Tripoli, New York featherweight, defeated Charlie Ernst of France in eight rounds. Oscar Goldman, 122, of New York, won in eight from Billy McCann of Scotland. Al Gauthier, Ludlow lightweight, bested Homer Thibault of Easthampton in five. Chris DeLevo, Springfield feather, punished Don Duquette of Pittsfield rather severely in five.

Art Chapdelaine scored over Oscar Goldman in eight. Billy McCann over Roland Lecuyer in eight. Flash Fisher, Springfield middleweight, over Art O'Day in five. Al Gauthier from Red Riner in five.

Pete Lucci dropped a referee's decision to Vernon Cormier at Westerly. A hectic affair that found both boys slugging it out willingly had the crowd hoarse before the tilt had warmed up. Both boys made a decided hit and may mix it up again.

At North Adams—Henry Janco, Lawrence lightweight, won on a technical knockout in the fourth round of their scheduled 10-round bout when Holmes injured his ankle and could not continue.

George Labate of Boston won on a foul over Art Chapdelaine in the fourth round of an eight-round semi-final. Billy Champany flattened Johnny Knappe of Pittsfield in the second. Young Bard of Adams bested Don Duquette in six. Young Toomey won on a technical knockout over Harry Bard in the four-round curtain raiser.

At North Adams—Danny Regan, Gardner heavyweight, flattened Olaf Herset in two heats. This was scheduled as a ten-round feature.

Joe Mangold of Pittsfield dropped Billy Bruinsma of Worcester in the second round of a scheduled eight-round semi-final.

Pittsfield—The seating capacity of the Winter Garden for boxing bouts is to be increased to 2500. Work has begun and it is expected to be completed for the fall when the Berkshire A. C. will stage shows. The present accommodations are for 1300.

The Worcester Sporting Club has acquired exclusive managerial rights to Tige Armen, undefeated heavyweight champion of Florida. Armen, who weighs 184, has participated in ten bouts, winning six by knockouts, three by decision and he has one draw with the veteran Mike McTigue. Jack Dillon, Lou Carpenter and Bull Smith each lasted four rounds. Tony Mata, of Spain, who kayoed Mateo Osa, is another victim of Armen. Armen is a terrific hitter and a good boxer. He is paired with Joe Barlow of New York to meet at West Springfield in a main bout.

The Worcester Sporting Club, "New England's Outstanding Training Quarters," located at 20 Madison Street, has a large stable of boxers of high caliber as well as a fine collection of preliminary talent. It's membership now totals 186.

Any one desiring further information may receive same by addressing the writer at 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

TRAIN *with* . . . .

SPALDING

Boxing Gloves

No. C12

No. 100

No. 110. Best grade wine glove leather with finger tip grip (patented); leather welted seams; reinforced thumb. Double cuff model, heavily padded, assuring perfect protection for training and instruction. Weight, 16 ounces.....Set of four, $20.00

No. C12. Same as No 110, but 12 ounces, medium size .....Set of four, $15.00

No. 100. Best grade light brown leather; 14 ounces; extra heavy padding over knuckles. Special large padded thumb, double stitched, with thumb pocket to prevent injury to instructor or pupil. Palm lacing; leather binding with finger tip grip (patented); padded wrist. Special model, wide cuff.....Set of four, $15.00

No. 90. Brown chrome tan glove leather, Instructors' style; Corbett pattern; double wrist affording protection to the wrist and lower arm with finger tip grip (patented); reinforced palm well stuffed with good quality hair.....Set of four, $12.00

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

New York Stores: 105 Nassau St.—518 Fifth Ave.
In Newark, 589 Broad Street

Eastern Canada and Montreal Topics

By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, Canada's sensational Lightweight Champion, demonstrated some of his brilliant form to Toronto fans when he knocked out Sammy Hackett, clever local featherweight, in two rounds. The youthful Toronto star, who had proven his mastery over the veteran Montrealer, Leo Kid Roy, Canadian featherweight king, had no chance with the deadly punching and timely ringcraft of the British and Canadian title holder, and after being floored three times in the first heat, Hackett was walloped in the first minute of the second stanza with a knockout blow that sent him to oblivion for more than five minutes. It was the first knockout ever suffered by the up-and-coming Toronto boxer.

Foreman clashed with Pete Zivic, of Pittsburgh, at Toronto less than two weeks after the Hackett battle and was the victor by a technical K. O. in the third round. Zivic was scared stiff by the potency of Foreman's clouts and the referee halted the bout.

The game around Montreal suffered a slump which is being felt in all parts of the continent just now. Not a single show was put on during the month of July. Alec Moore, matchmaker of the Canadian Hockey Club who monopolize the racket in the Canadian Metropolis, suffered a severe setback when his card scheduled for July 23 was cancelled due to a very unusual development. Primo Carnera, the Italian heavyweight barnstormer, was heading the program with one of his exhibition "acts" against three sparring mates with Maurice Holtzer, highly-touted French junior lightie, matched with the Philadelphia southpaw, Al Gordon, in the regular ten round top spot, and Bobby Leitham, king of Canadian bantams, meeting Emil Paluso, Salt Lake City bantam, in the semi-final.

However, the whole show had to be called off as Carnera was held up at the border by the United State Immigration authorities. Moore lost out heavily as a $20,000 gate promised to be considerably exceeded and besides having to refund the large advance sale, expenses of several of the out-of-town fighters who had already arrived had to be paid.

The Canadian Lightweight crown will be reposing alongside the British title on Foreman's head by the time this is read as Billy Townsend, of Vancouver, has to relinquish it due to inability to make the weight limit of 135 pounds —which has been the case for the last nine months or so. So now there will be no opposition to the English award of the British Empire Lightweight Championship to Foreman on the occasion he won his British title by knocking out Fred Webster in one round last May. Townsend could never be coaxed into the ring with Foreman again so something had to be done.

Coaticook, Que., had another fine card and is getting quite a little fight town. Leo Salvas, former Berlin boy but now of Sherbrooke, repeated with another kayo over Gaston Menard, local welter, in the final heat of a scheduled ten spot. This Salvas baby is a rugged puncher and deserves a shot in a Montreal or Toronto ring. George Harrington, slugging Montreal welter, thumped Kid Cote, tough Rock Islander, to sleep in the third of their "semi-eight".

After being pasted freely for five rounds, Rene Taillefer, Montreal lightie, turned the tables in sensational fashion when he caught Freddie Appleton, Sherbrooke, a solid left hook to the chin in the sixth round, and kept flooring the game Appleton until the towel came in. Appleton started well but couldn't keep up his own pace against the better trained Montrealer. Billy James, promising Sherbrooke flyweight, made a hit with his smart K. O. of Jack Perry in four rounds.

Young Lebrun, Sherbrooke's Featherweight ace, seems to have hit one of those temporary slumps so peculiar to athletes. During the month of July Lebrun lost two bouts just when it was figured that he was ready for better company. At Quebec City he lost to Ralph MacNaughton, one time featherweight challenger for the Canadian title. Another licking from an experienced man came when the Sherbrooke boy battled in his home town against Joe Marciente, the Brooklyn boy now stopping at Montreal.

Jimmie McKimmie's battlers are keeping busy as can be expected of anyone working under the McKimmie regime. Johnny Rousseau, his classy lightheavy ace, has been battling around the border cities in great fashion, winning his last five bouts by the K. O. route. Rousseau is a budding topnotcher among the 175-pounders and should be used on practically every show in Montreal as he is pleasing and reliable to watch.

Bobby Leitham, the brilliant Montreal bantam pride, was awarded a draw in his ten-round Canadian title battle with Joe Villeneuve, of Quebec City, as stated in last month's "RING". But, an error was made when it was printed that Joe deserved the edge as Bobby pasted Villeneuve from pillar to post in the majority of the rounds and had him helpless on the ropes during the greater part of the final stanza. Leitham's next engagement was on the Foreman-Hackett card in Toronto where he made a big impression by his snappy punching with both mitts to win an easy six-round decision from Tommy McBeigh, clever Vancouver bantam star. Watch Bobby's smoke from now on!

Harry Leibovitz, Montreal's young flyweight star, is certainly proving a find for Manager Raoul Godbout. Harry added another knockout victim to his consistent winning streak when he journeyed down to Ottawa to dispose of Young Corneau, a tough lad from Hull, Que., in the third of a scheduled six-rounder. Leibovitz is a shifty, flashy boxer with a good left jab and a stiff right hand shot somewhat resembling the famous Al Foreman short right which made the latter the knockout king of the lightweights. Harry is a sterling prospect and should make the grade with smart handling.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's flyweight who holds the New England title, is starring as a headliner in the Coast States. Giroux has run up a remarkable number of succesisve wins over formidable opposition during the current year and Brosseau is pointing him for a Canadian title bout with Frenchy Belanger or a world's championship match with Frankie Genaro, whom he has previously beaten in an overweight affair. Giroux is the best flyweight ever turned out of Montreal and would make his mark against Genaro and Belanger who have been turning a deaf ear to his challenges. Rene Taillefer, ex-amateur lightweight star, is also a Brosseau fighter and may progress under his shrewd guidance.

Johnny Nemis, the New Waterford, N. S., star who holds the Eastern Canada welter and middleweight titles, is gaining ground in his campaign for the Canadian Middleweight crown. After beating "Bluenose" Parent, Lewiston, Maine, middleweight, in a ten-rounder at St. John, N. B., his next hard battle was with Joe Hartnett, Halifax 160-pounder, against whom he defended his Maritime middleweight laurels by drawing in ten rounds. Nemis later stopped the Utah Kid of Berlin, N. H., in three rounds and three days after that he did the same to Frankie Hurd of Sandeford, Maine. Three days later, Nemis won a torrid ten-rounder from Ted Kid Drew, the "buzz-saw" fighter from Biddeford, Me., with whom he had drawn some weeks previous. Nemis looks to be the best prospect to wear the vacant Canadian Middleweight crown as he has not lost a bout for a long time.

Wrestling is a big time sport in Montreal. Big crowds turn up regularly at the Mount Royal Arena every Monday night to witness the "yank, shove and grunt" artists. Lucien Riopel is officially the matchmaker but it is not too much to suppose that the old mat warrior, Stanislaus Zbysco, is also playing Montreal just as his other spots with his dozen or more of dramatic, muscle control actors. Anyway, as a fan remarked to the writer, "So long as everybody gets a kick out of their apparently hard and earnest labor, why spoil the racket."

Amateur boxing comes in for plenty of attention around the time this is in print as the Dominion Championships and the British Empire Games will be staged at Hamilton, Ontario, during the second and third weeks of August, respectively. Denis White, Provincial Supervisor, has arranged a high class program of bouts for his show offered on July 30, the proceeds from which will be used to defray the expenses of sending a full team of the best local boxers to Hamilton.

Timmy Butts, McKimmie's game little flyweight, has improved at an astounding rate and is winning his bouts consistently. "Irish Timmy" has not been encouraged before as he is now and his aggressive, two-fisted style is earning him plenty of respect of late. Barney O'Connell, Verdun's featherweight pride, is going right on adding victories to his consecutive collection of more than a dozen and the shifty and tricky little Irishman will extend any of the stars in his division. McKimmie was arranging to run some shows at the Velodrome, the north end bike racing emporium, but prospects are a little uncertain just now.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By BOB RILEY

MOUND CITY fans have gone heavyweight crazy. The past three shows here have featured the big boys and the gate receipts attest their popularity. Fortunately the promoters here have two star heavies to top the fistic offerings, John Schwake and Dave Knost. Tom Pivac and Frankie Powers, both 180-pounders, are going strong and challenging the right of Schwake and Knost to head the fight bills.

While Judge Seneca Taylor, Missouri's boxing and wrestling czar, is vacationing in Michigan, Newell Ferry lays down the law to members of the fraternity of sock. Newell is on the job all the time and everything is running smoothly.

Rumor has it that a big fight card will be offered St. Louis fans shortly with one of the World's Champions defending his laurels. The show will be promoted by the man who gave us the Bass vs Shea title contest.

Lou Terry, Missouri's lightweight champion and the hardest punching 135-pounder in the West, will start light training at once. Terry has repeatedly refused attractive offers this summer in order to take a much needed rest. Many fans in this locality regard Larruping Lou as the next Worlds Lightweight Title Holder.

Ray Alfano, East Side lightweight and former National Amateur Champion, boxed a draw with Joey Rivers, Kansas City Mexican, according to a sport writer's opinion in a recent show. Alfano is a colorful puncher and popular with the fans.

Dave Knost, local 200-pounder, meets Joe Lohman of Toledo on the next fight card. Knost has been going at a good clip, stopping Joe Brian, Jack Carney, Pat Fay and Tim Charles in his last four starts.

John Schwake, Webster Grove's heavyweight, is running neck and neck with Knost for local honors. Schwake won from Frankie Wine and Tim Charles in recent ten round tilts.

Tom Pivac stopped Johnny Hartledge of Louisville and Frankie Powers kayoed Billy Myers, Indianapolis heavyweight, on the same card.

Joe Melinor, Miami middleweight, is making his home here now. Melinor has a great record as a crowd pleaser and will show locally in the near future.

Eddie O'Day, who formerly boxed as Rex King, is also a new addition to the local colony of battlers. O'Day, who weighs 180 pounds, gives promise of becoming a Mound City favorite.

George Daw, former Western A. A. U. welter champ, is training at the Business Men's Gym. Daw is one of the most promising young punchers in this neighborhood.

Ray Palmer, popular local featherweight, is resting after a strenuous spring campaign. Palmer will lay off until fall.

Johnny Kaiser's bad hands were broken again in his bout with Bud Taylor. The mishap will keep Johnny on the shelf for some time.

Bill Oelschlager, giant George Washington University football star, has started training for a ring career. He is very fast for a big man and will go far among the heavyweights.

Jay Gardner of Indianapolis is promoting boxing and wrestling shows at Terre Haute, Indiana. Gardner is well known to sportsmen of the middlewest as a straight shooter. Late reports show his attractions to be well patronized.

Joe Lohman, veteran Toledo heavyweight, will show here for the first time in his remarkable career. When Lohman was offered the match here by the writer, he accepted without quibbling. Fighters of the Lohman type, who are ready and willing to meet any opponent in their divisions without reservation, are rarities.

Local partisans of boxing would like to see Al Singer defend his newly won crown against our own Lou Terry. Singer would not knock Terry out in a round and as Terry punches harder than any featherweight, Missouri might wind up with a World's Champion.

Judge Robert Hall and Judge Seneca Taylor are ardent boosters of boxing.

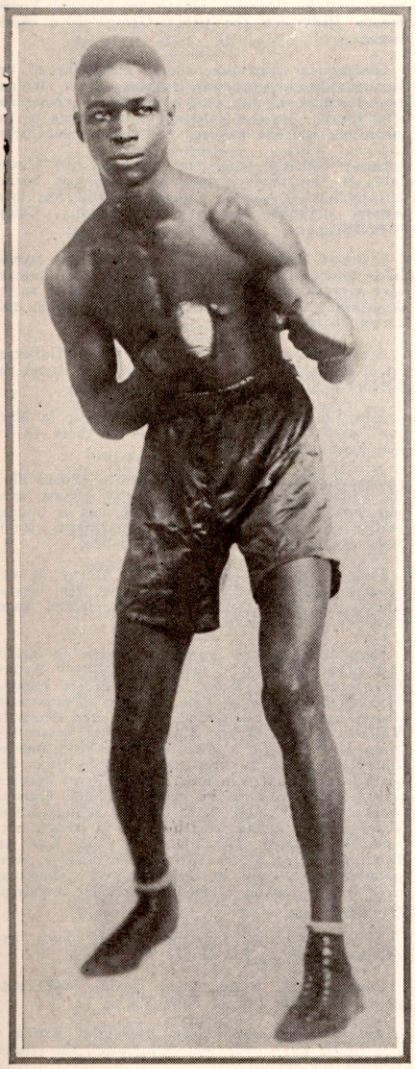
Fighters seeking work in this vicinity get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis.

"FRISCO LEFT HOOKS"

By J. J. MALDONADO

FRANKIE STETSON, once pride of the local fight fans, fought his last fight when he was soundly thrashed by Charlie Hernandez, a fast junior welterweight who just recently worked himself into the spotlight. Stetson, who has been one of the best drawing cards in this region, took beatings in his last three bouts but never before like the one he took at the hands of Hernandez. Fans who saw Stetson defeated will never forget him for the gameness and courage he displayed.

Louie O'Neil, fighting-brother of Frankie Stetson, continues to bowl over opponents. In a preliminary bout to the Stetson-Hernandez go, Louie knocked out Jack Shaw in the second round. In the other bouts Bobby Mars and Dick Wymore went four rounds to a draw and Sam Cassassa K. O'ed George Barbadianin the third.



Frisco McGale, Panamanian welterweight, now fighting around the North West

Young Corbett III celebrated the Fourth of July by exploding his gloves all over the face of Young Jack Thompson, welterweight champion of the world. The pride of the Raisin City proved that he is the uncrowned champion. He is willing to meet all who dispute his claim. Corbett won all of the ten rounds and to make it a perfect day, knocked Young Jack to the canvas with a terrific left to the stomach for a nine count.

In a show which was featured by the appearance of Jack Dempsey as the third man in the ring, Willard Dix knocked out Paul Drake in the third round. Jack Dempsey was a very busy man that evening owing to the fact that on seven different occasions he had to count over the prostrated form of Drake.

Dix seems to be in a hurry as in his last four bouts he has finished his men in jigtime. It will not be long before Dix will be a real threat to aspirants to the light heavyweight crown.

In the prelims, Steve Brodic went down to defeat at the hands of Pete Cerkam in six rounds. Steve Pitesci won from Bill Harold in six rounds. August Vargas kayoed Joe Cerelli in two and Joe Vierra won from Johnny Mello in four. After the show Dempsey made a short speech in which he said that he would like to bring back the championship to America where it belongs.

Al Marino won a ten-round decision from "Sonny Boy" Donati at the National Hall Swatorium. In the prelims, Artie Sullivan and Al Olsen waltzed around for six rounds with Sullivan winning. Charlie Risko decisioned Elmer Mason. Joey Roberts won from Eddie Fox in another six-round bout. Al Johnson K. O'ed Mickey Dugan in three rounds and Arnie Asp took the curtain raiser from Mike La Grande.

When two heavyweights meet in the ring at National Hall, something very unusual happens. When Tiny Abbott met Larry Serratti in what was to have been a ten-round contest the cash customers went home good and early. Abbott's hefty right connected on Serratt's chin and it was all over in thirty seconds. In the semi-wind-up, Charley Risko K. O'ed Bobby Mathews in the fourth, and Al Citrone took a decision over Dick Wymore in four. Jimmy Dougherty K. O'ed Johnny Huges in three rounds and Pete Francis won from Jimmy McBride in the curtain raiser.

Andy Divodi of New York, knocked-out Joe Cardoza of Los Angeles in the eighth round of a ten-round bout at the New Dreamland Auditorium. Andy proved himself to be a neat puncher but Joe Cardoza must be given some consideration for being able to stand up against Divodi's long shots. In the semi-windup, Louie O'Neil, brother of Frankie Stetson, scored his 25th K. O. in one year, Jimmy Keenan was the victim who succumbed from a right hand punch to the chin. In the other prelims, Paul Negri knocked out Mickey Koshell in the first round, Frankie Bray won from Al MeLean in the fourth and Sam Cassassa won from Ben Dillio in the opener.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO

By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

YOUNG Firpo, pride of the Coeur d' Alenis, disappeared in Portland just before a bout with Nate Brown, of Philadelphia. He was found in San Francisco.

Plans for the annual Miners' Picnic boxing card are already under way in Kellogg, Idaho. The committee in charge of the fight this year is trying to sign Young Firpo and Harry Dillon for the main event.

In the main event of the Dishman Athletic Club's last card, Ray McQuillan, Denver, knocked out Young Mike Hector, San Francisco, in the first round.

George Harlow, Nelson, B. C., 180 pounds, Kayoed Bill Shephard, Oakland, 182, in the first round of a scheduled six-rounder.

In the prelims, Carl Johnson, Spokane, scored a technical K.O. over Jack McKaye, Spokane, in two cantos, at 135 pounds. Rudy Vastano, Fort Wright, and Cyclone Joe Coffman, Portland, fought a six-round draw, at 147 pounds; and Elgin Taylor, Walla Walla, won on a knockout in the second round over Curley Smith, Pendleton, at 170 pounds.

Matchmaker Will Maylon of the American Athletic Club signed Tod Morgan, former king of the junior lightweights, and Don Fraser, of Spokane, for a main event bout with Jack Dempsey, the idol of fistiana, as the referee.

Fred Lenhart, Spokane, 181, outpointed Nate Brown, Philadelphia, 185, at the American Athletic Club at Natatorium Park.

Sailor Lenhart, Portland knocked out Hal Mullins, Detroit, 190 pounds, in the second round.

Johnny Walker, 160, Spokane, knocked out Speed Boyd, 168, Spokane, in the first inning.

Del King, Spokane, won decision over Young Carmen, Wallace, 147 pounds, four rounds. Elgin Taylor, Walla Walla, won decision over Johnny Biff, Spokane, 165 pounds, four rounds. Walt King, Clayton, knocked out Billie Hart, Tacoma, 147 pounds, first round.

George Cheney, 196, Spokane, won decision over Harry De Witz, 180, Spokane, four rounds.

Matchmaker Will Maylon, of the American Athletic Club, announced that Jack Dempsey would referee the next card here.

Oscar Levitch is matchmaker for the Dishman Athletic Club. He is well up in the sport.

The Eagles Lodge at Kellogg (Idaho) has quit boxing.

Smashing Bargain
SEND NO MONEY
LIMITED LOW PRICE OFFER

SAVE OVER HALF ON THIS OFFER

But you save still more if you buy now. **Everything's included** in this special low price offer. Big rugged **10 Cable Exerciser** adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Complete **Wall Exerciser Parts** for Back and Shoulder development. **Hand Grip** that builds husky Wrists and Forearms. **Head Gear** to bring out those dormant Neck Muscles. **Foot Stirrup** and **Harness** that develops sinewy Calf and Thigh Muscles. Regulation **Heavy Skip Rope** for Speed, Endurance, and Wind. And a completely illustrated **Course of Instruction. All This—For only $4.48!** Take advantage of this temporary low price offer NOW. **Just send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $4.48 plus postal charges. Outside United States, Cash with Order.**

INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
13 East 22nd St. Dept. J-12 New York, N. Y.

HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of Its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42d St., New York City

WILL BUY
Old Police Gazettes prior to 1905.
Police Gazette Annual Record books—
Any year from start to 1906.
Address–Nat Fleischer, THE RING,
11 West 42nd Street New York City

LEARN HOW TO BOX

Art of Boxing, Swimming and Gymnastics made easy, giving complete and specific directions for acquiring the art of self-defence. A 100-page book with 50 illustrations shows every possible attitude for blow, feint, stop, dodge or get-away and is explained by pictures as well as words. No C.O.D. orders. Sent by mail post-paid for 50c.

V. C. NEWMAN, 2649½ N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE MONEY SELLING SHIRTS

Show Shirts, Ties, Underwear. Guaranteed full year. Most complete selection. Guaranteed no substitutions. Rosecliff—old established manufacturer gives free monogram, free postage and real value. You get big commissions in advance, your own shirts and cash bonuses. Write now for FREE outfit. Dept. 09

Rosecliff Shirt Co., 1237 Broadway, N. Y.

GUS WILSON

For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER
and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp

Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY

Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan.
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
OTTO BEER, Mgr.
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING

FLORIDA WEST COAST
By "TINY" JOHN GASTOFF, JR.

ALTHOUGH boxing is still in the doldrums throughout the State, the game is gradually regaining its strength as the bouts become better and the gates grow bigger.

The Cuban Club is now by far the best Club on the West Coast. It packs in the fans every Monday night with rattling good cards.

Prospects for the coming season have been brightened considerably by the announcement that George Kennedy has again taken over Benjamin Field and will begin putting on shows the latter part of August. Benjamin Field is the largest boxing arena in Florida.

Birmingham, Ala.—Tony Leto, Tampa's great feather, stopped long enough in Birmingham to win a ten-round decision over Babe Ruth of Louisville, Ky.

Lakeland—Willie Norwood, Titusville junior welter, boxed his way to a ten-round decision over George Brown of Tampa.

Bob Wilson, Junior welter from Orlando, scored a technical K. O. over Eddie Bond, Lakeland, in the seventh.

Jacksonville—In the main go, Armando Vidal, Cuban feather, again K. O'ed Oscar Howell, Tampa, this time in the third round.

In the semi-final, Baby Miller, Tampa feather, battered out a technical knock-out over Mutt Griffin of Macon, Ga., in the third round.

Cuban Club—Another capacity crowd saw Mike Firpo, veteran Tampa heavy, win on a technical knockout in the fourth round over Antonio Mata, Spain.

In the semi-finals, Ed Flyn, popular Tampa welter, again used his rapier lift to flatten Sailor McMullen, Tampa, after two minutes of fighting in the first round.

Chino Alvarez, clever Tampa feather, brought back a bad left hand from Havana but it is healing rapidly and he will soon be back in harness.

Cuban Club—Two thousand fans saw Tommy White, veteran Mexican welter, decisively outpoint Tony Dominguez, Cuba, to win the ten-round decision.

Felix Ignacio, 111 pound Filipino, sent the fans wild and made himself a drawing card here when he smashed the heavy-hitting Gilbert Rajos, full-fledged bantam from Cuba, to the floor once in the second round, three times in the third and down and out early in the fourth. Ignacio is a sensation.

Jacksonville—Bob Godwin, Florida middleweight champ, scored a clean K. O. in the ninth round over Raul Rojas of Cuba.

In the semi-final, Albert Leon, Tampa junior lightweight, knocked out Pinky Phillips, Jacksonville, in the fifth round.

Joe Leto and Louis Gonzalez returned from Havana where Gonzalez won a ten-round decision over Martin Oroz. Leto, Florida's busiest and best known fight manager, runs a gym in Tampa besides keeping his boxers busy all over the State. Joe is known for his square-shooting and all-around ability as a manager.

Denver, Colo.—Young Manuel Quintero, Tampa southpaw junior welter, won an easy decision over Romero Lamon of California. Quintero is now on the Pacific Coast.

Five Tampa boxers left that city and are now in the East. They are: Armando Vidal, lightweight; Patent Leather Kid, bantam; Young Granado, feather; Raul Rojas, middle; and Albert Leon, junior lightweight.

Cuban Club—In the main go, Felix Ignacio, Filipino flyweight sensation, won a close ten-round decision over Baby Joe Guzman, Tampa. In the semi-final, Ed Flynn, Tampa welter, scored a technical K. O. over Eddie Bond, Lakeland, in the fifth.

Louis Kid Aguiar, Cuban feather, knocked out Jimmy Crowder, Tampa, in the third.

Jacksonville—Baby Miller, Tampa feather, gave Tony Monin, Tampa, a lacing for ten rounds to take the decision.

In the semi-final, French Rousselle, Jacksonville veteran feather, made his comeback by knocking out Young Diamond, Tampa, in the first.

Lakeland—Wilbur Stokes, Lakeland welter, won from Willie Norwood of Titusville.

Bob Wilson, Orland welter, knocked out George Brown, Tampa, in the second.

Gainesville—Alex "Rip" Reeves, former Florida University football ace, won an easy ten-round decision over Socker Sloan, Ocala. It was Reeves' first professional fight. They are light-heavyweights.

Cuban Club—Roy Rewiss, Sarasota lightheavy, won a slow ten-round decision over Mike Firpo, Tampa heavy, in the main go.

Tony Diaz, Cuban middle, scored a technical K. O. over Larry Levetts, Orlando, in the ninth round.

Jacksonville—Billy Shell, Columbus, Ga., middle, scored an easy K. O. in the second round over Chico Perez of Tampa.

Gene Westgard, Jacksonville lightweight, knocked out Joe Rodriguez, Tampa, in the fourth round.

Cuban Club—Billy Roque, Tampa feather, thought he could take on two of the best featherweights in town in one night but after being held to a draw by Jimmy Flynn, Cuban feather, in ten rounds he decided that he hurt his hand and refused to go on with his second opponent, Louis Kid Aguiar. Aguiar took on a substitute in Young Peters and knocked him out in the second round.

Tony "Half Pint" Lopez, Tampa feather, floored Jimmy Crowder, Tampa, four times in the first round but could not keep him there. The bout was a slugging match throughout with Lopez getting the decision at the end of the six rounds.

Jacksonville—Bob Godwin, Florida middle champ, punched his way to a ten-round decision over Ernie Sagues, Chile, in the main go.

Promoters, matchmakers, and managers—send in your fight dope by the 15th of the month so that it may be prepared for publication. Address the writer, "Tiny" John Gasthoff, P. O. Box 3104, Tampa, Florida.

Paul Rojas, Cuban middleweight contender

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

BOXING in Havana is going full blast. According to statistics this year even surpasses 1925, one of the best on record in the Cuban history of sports. With three shows weekly, and capacity houses, 1930 promises to be a banner year.

Luis Parga, matchmaker for the Compania Cubana de Espectaculos is doing such great work that he has earned the sobriquet "Cuban Tex Rickard."

Amador Urquia, matchmaker at Miramar Gardens, earns second place. He is to be commended on his splendid cards.

Aramis del Pino, new in the game, also furnishes some excellent cards at the Arena Polar, and is improving right along.

Martin Oroz, snappy Spanish welter, scored a four-round kayo over Raul Lescano of Cuba. Lescano is a good boxer, but the Spaniard's punch was too much for him.

Antonio Santana, local flyweight and a member of Luis Gutierrez' stable, put over a fine victory by stowing away Kid Charolito in the second canto.

Benito Garcia, alias Malpica, lost a furious ten-rounder to Jose Valdes.

Pedro Proenza, one of Cuba's best middleweights, scored a two-round kayo over Domingo Caballero.

Alciby Ortega, welterweight, has been doing very well in Panama, where he defeated Young Harry Wills for the title. Ortega is a clever boxer.

Commander Enrique Recio, President of the Boxing Commission, has authorized an elimination tournament for semi-professional championship bouts. Amador Urquia is in charge of the situation, and the winners will receive gold belts.

Luis "Pincho" Gutierrez, pilot of Kid Chocolate, is the most popular manager in boxing circles here. A new Cuban cocktail has been named "Pincho"—after the famous Cuban manager.

Conrade Conde continues his winning streak. This undefeated flyweight turned in an impressive victory over Jose Hermandez, known as the Pinareno. Cuba has a great prospect in this clever little ringster.

Adolfo Gonzalez, who represents Luis Gutierrez here, is on his way to New York to attend the Keed's next fight with Berg.

Jess Losada, representing "Diario de la Marina" and "Carteles," will also be there to see the Keed do his stuff.

Goyito Rico, heavyweight champ, chilled Elpidio Pizarro in the first round after almost being out himself. The Cuban Champ has a mighty wallop and can take plenty punishment. He is very aggressive, and always satisfies.

Jose Fernandez kayoed Kid Mario in two rounds, and Conrado Conde stopped Kid Charolito in six, while Soldier Iglesias defeated Angel Sanchez in ten steaming rounds.

Miramar Gardens supplied plenty of action last month, with the following results: Arturo Granja won over Felix Sanchez in six rounds; Rodolfo Diaz, idol of "El Encanto" Department Store, scored a two-round K. O. over Benjamin Vallina; Cuban Primo Carnera was beaten by Juan Morales; Julio Martinez technically kayoed Daniel Vazquez in first round; Baby Juan defeats Carlos Castro in four. Jesus Perez knocked out Ulpiano Suarez in the first; Joe Canseco stopped Robert Vigo in the fourth round; Rafael Valdes beat Felix Martinez in a rough six-rounder; Castor Fernadez put the K.O. on Domingo Perez in the first. Jose Gandon, most popular lightweight in Cuba, scored a knockout over Mario Sorujo in two sensational rounds of milling.

Amador Urquia, matchmaker, is doing impressive work at his club.

Ignacio Ara, welter from Spain, easily outpointed Canada Lee of New York.

Antonio Santana, Cuban flyweight, scored a two-round kayo over Kid Armandito, the referee halting the bout.

Bill Scott knocked out Mongo Rodriguez in two rounds. The bout was great while it lasted. Scott is handled by Mario Cotilla.

Kid Petrolanda won by a K.O. in four terrific rounds of slugging, over Manuel Alonso of Havana. Joaquin Torregrosa and Ignacio Garcia drew in four rounds.

Aramis Del Pino drew capacity houses to his fights during the month. The results follow: Jose Castro beat Santos Rodriguez in four; Kid Maule kayoed Domingo Sotolingo in four; Oscar Mendez and Valentin Pedrodo drew in four; Angel Macia of the Navy knocked out Jeronimo Pruna in three; Kid Santiago stopped Mario Oviedo in one, and Johnny Govantes outpointed Vicente Leon in the main go of six.

Cuco Sanchez, Cuba's popular referee, is hard to beat. He knows how to handle the boys, and gets plenty of action out of them.

Oscar Hernandez, popular local sportsman, will travel via the Air Route to New York to see the Kid Chocolate-Jack Berg battle.

HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

JOEY COSTA, Jersey City junior lightweight, chalked up another sensational victory when he knocked out Pat Gillen of New York in the eighth round of their scheduled ten-round fuss at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. The referee wisely intervened after a minute and a half of the fatal round had been fought to save the New York gamester from an imminent knockout.

Bud Gorman, of Newark, scored a technical knockout over Herman Heller of Union City in the seventh round at the Velodrome in Newark. Heller was easily outclassed and on the verge of being belted out when the referee called a halt.

I wish to devote a few lines to Al Rossi, of Silver Lake, one of the cleverest, cleanest little fighters in this section. This youngster has made wonderful progress in the few months he has been fighting and stands out head and shoulders above all other 130-pounders in this section.

In one of the greatest fights witnessed here in years, at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City before a capacity crowd, Harry Carlton, of Jersey City, battered out a ten-round decision over Harry Blitman, socking southpaw lightweight from Philadelphia. In winning, Carlton proved that can take a punch and come back fighting harder. Although shaken up by Blitman's best left hooks, Carlton poured enough leather into Blitman's stomach to force his antagonist to give ground.

Sal Affinito of New York, who was taught his hooks and jabs by Doc Bagley, made short work of Charley Casper, of Bayonne, in the six-round semi-final, stopping him in the second round.

In other six-rounders, Tommy Dell of Union City, shaded Jimmy Nolan of Jersey City, while Ray Meyers of New York, fought a slashing six-round draw with Young Farley of Jersey City.

Benny Levine of Newark outpointed Tony Petronzio, also of Newark, in the main ten-rounder at Dreamland Park, in Newark, while in the ten-round semi-windup, Phil Griffen and Lou Halper, both of Newark, fought a ten-round draw.

Irish Bobby Brady of Jersey City gained the decision over Al (Rube) Goldberg of New York after ten rounds, at the West New York Playgrounds. Brady had Goldberg down twice in the first round.

Johnny Pompey of Jersey City outslugged Johnny De Rosa, also of Jersey City, in the eight rounds of the semi-final, while Nick Natley had the better of Johnny Cifferelli in a five-round bout, and Bucky Keys of Jersey City was belted out in one heat by Allie Troy.

Tony Melore of Jersey City hooked and right crossed himself to a ten-round decision over the veteran, Chick Suggs of New Bedford, in the main bout at the Bayonne Stadium. Tony put up a wonderful fight and at times had Suggs hanging on from body punches.

Missing one or two of the five thousand punches he threw at Routier Parra, of Chile, Midget Wolgast, flyweight champion of the world, astounded the fans at Jack Jennings' Arena in Jersey City with his brilliant performance. Routier never had a chance.

In the eight-round semi-final, Al Linzi, of Italy, made a punching bag out of Frank DiGiovanni, of Hoboken. Buck Oliver of New York scored a technical kayo over Danny Allen in the sixth round.

In the ten-round semi-final Charley Rosen of New York made a great rally in the last round to get the decision over Joe Moresco of Orange. In a third ten-rounder Nick Abate scored a kayo over Abie Rosenberg of New York in the third round.

James J. Lawless of Harrison scored a one-round kayo over Manus Hartman of Trenton at Madonna Park in Englewood.

Sunny Mays of Englewood was awarded the decision over Martzel Reylong in the six-round semi-final, while Charley Krikorian of Union City made short work of Black Cat Johnson of Rahway, stowing him away in the second stanza.

Mel Aragon, a two-fisted terror, of Spain, scored a surprising win over Buck Oliver of New York in the main event at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Both boys went at it hammer and tongs.

In another ten-rounder, Danny Levine of New York was held to a draw by Henry Meillan, while in a special eight-rounder Sal Affinito, Doc Bagley's pride, scored a knockout over Al Palladino of New York in the fourth round.

Frank Montagna of Newark fought a slashing ten-round draw with Gunboat Williams of Nutley in the star bout at the Velodrome in Newark. Tony Galento of Orange knocked out Pietro Corri of New York in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder, while Mario Campi of Italy defeated Joe Christoff of Pennsylvania in another "ten".

Frankie Bauman of Paterson was awarded the decision over Ruby Bradley of Holyoke after ten fast rounds of milling, at Madonna Park in Englewood.

In the semi-final, Howard Artt scored a three-round kayo over Jimmy Murphy of Newark, while Johnny Green scored a kayo over Eric Stohel in one heat.

Fred Polo of Belleville floored Mike Dempsey of Boston seven times and finally stopped him in the second round at Veldrome in Newark.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

IRINEO FLORES, member of the fighting Flores family, who was believed to have hit the toboggan, recovered his old fighting stride by scoring a string of knockouts. He first kayoed Harry Telesco, inter-service champion, in the eighth round; stopped Kid Vicente, the Cebu speed merchant; then handed the sleep potion to George Walkers in four rounds, and scored a knockout over Kid Martello, his last opponent, in nine rounds.

Luis Logan, former welterweight champion of the Orient, is going like a house afire, having won all his European contests. He plans to invade South America and then the U. S.

Little Pancho, brother of the late world champion, Pancho Villa, developed a punch when he knocked out Joe Alexander in the ninth round of a scheduled twelve round contest.

In the preliminaries, Steve Arce beat Mauler Dencio; Fighting Nelson kayoed Billy Darby, first round, and Sammy Webb beat Little Abayan.

Al Cunan, Filipino boxer who invaded Australia, returned after a semi-successful tourney. Young Gildo, his stablemate, remained for a few more fights in the Antipodes.

Kid Vicente won an easy victory over M. Adriano, the Baclaran Bearcat.

Eddie Law, Pacific Coast featherweight, made an impressive debut in Manila when he tangled with Max Tarley, outstanding local featherweight, to a draw in twelve rounds.

Joe Mendiola handed Kid Gabo a trimming in eight rounds.

Little Pancho again scored when he gave Young Firpo a decisive drubbing in twelve rounds. Pancho is about ready to meet the champion.

The following represented the Philippine Islands in the Far Eastern boxing championships held in Tokyo, Japan: Flyweight, Villanueva; bantamweight, John Gray and Guillermo Lazaro; featherweight, Oscar de la Rosa; lightweight, Alejandro Florentino; and welterweight, Carlos Padilla.

These lads reached up to the finals of the tourney but later withdrew from the tournament for alleged arbitrary rulings and unfair decisions of the officials.

FIGHTS AT THE AUDITORIUM, SHANGHAI, CHINA
By 'KAYO' KING

BILLY PHIPPS, U. S. Marines, drew with Jock Campbell of the British Navy.

Jules Lamblain, French Navy, drew with Jack Cummings of the British Navy.

Louis Lee, Shanghai, got the nod over Kid Segundo of Cebu.

Jimmy Dugan, U. S. Navy, secured a T. K. O. over Young Gonzalo.

Ben Chaves, U. S. Marines, defeated Baba Russ of the Volga River.

Sailor Ewin, British Navy, scored a T. K. O. over Herb Perstein of the Marines.

Pvt. Blackwood, U. S. Marines, drew with Kid Segundo.

Red Walsh, Marines, defeated Frank Godden, British Navy.

Bill Berry, Marines, drew with Jules Lamblain, French Navy.

Young Walker, Hong Kong, scored a win over Louis Lee, Shanghai.

Ben Chaves, Marines, drew with Kid Andre of Siberia.

Babe Russ, Russia, kayo'd Eddie Calloway, U. S. Navy.

Joe Sacramento, Manila, knocked out Kid Dugan, U. S. Navy, in the first round.

THE THREE GREATEST BOOKS ON BOXING EVER PUBLISHED

There are many books on the market on boxing, and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published by THE RING and written by THE RING publisher, Nat Fleischer

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

(The American Way) With a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

* * *

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A Book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing."—All for only $1.00.

* * *

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

No matter how good a boxer you are, you shouldn't be without this book. Buy it—Read it—Study its contents thoroughly if you want to be up near the top.

A book adopted in many colleges, high schools and even in the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army.

It is a book without an equal. Jack Dempsey, most popular of all boxers, has endorsed this book. He writes that it contains many fine points that he never knew about.

In this third edition, you'll find six full pages of training stunts which Dempsey, The Man Killer, The Greatest of All Modern Fighters employed in getting in trim for his big battles.

Would you miss such a treat? You can't go wrong by sending in $1.00 for the latest training book, or $3.00 for the three books.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

THE RING BOOK SHOP,
No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

{ "How to Second" / "How to Box" / "Training for Boxers" } Please mark books desired

Name_____

Street Number_____

City_____

State_____

SAMMY EVANS

THE NEW WELTERWEIGHT SENSATION

CLEVER—FAST—AGGRESSIVE

Most Popular Fighter in the Northwest. Will Fight Anyone—Any Place.

EDDIE DOHERTY, Manager

8 Sixth St., South, Great Falls, Mont.

CHARLIE COBB

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST DRAWING CARD PAST OR PRESENT

A Hard Puncher and a Crowd Pleaser. Will meet any Welterweight in the World.

Write for matches to

2035 Broadway, San Diego, California

Grupp's Gym

116th St. & 8th Avenue,

In The Heart of New York

Pioneer trainers of professional boxers. Now in 16th year. Scientific reducing and body building. Boxing taught scientifically by men who have produced some of the World's best boxers. Most efficient. Most sanitary. Real sunlight and fresh air. A first-class gym for the particular athlete. Matinée Exhibition Daily 1:00 P. M. to 4:00 P. M.

WRITE OR PHONE FOR RESERVATIONS

Hours: 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.

Billy Grupp, President

Chas. Grupp, Secretary and Director

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LICHTIG

HENRY TUTTLE, better known as King Tut, is certainly climbing the lightweight ladder rapidly. The idol of Milwaukee boxing enthusiasts has displayed his fistic prowess better than ever in his last three engagements. He disposed of Bruce Flowers, My Sullivan and George Balduc without much exertion.

Tut defeated the Bruce in a bout which made the spectators sit up and take notice in ten torrid heats. Throughout the melee Tut had the better of the going. He floored the negro battler for a nine count in the seventh round and trounced him the rest of the way.

Against Sullivan Tut treated the fans with some neat punching. There was no need for the boys to wait until the referee had lifted Tut's arm in token of victory, for they knew there wasn't any doubt as to the victor.

Balduc went to sleep after Tut had socked him with the only punch of the combat, a swishing left hook which caught Balduc squarely on the chin. He went down and was still out on his back after the arbiter had reached the fatal count.

Dave Maier, who aspired to develop into one of the greatest battlers that was ever turned out by Milwaukee until King Livinsky put him down for the count some months ago, came back in a bout with Jack Barry of Chicago and pummeled his foe all over the ring for eight sessions. He floored Barry five times, but the tough Chicagoan proved to be game and then some.

Jimmy Evans, who displayed a lot of caliber in three previous starts in Milwaukee, turned a trick which the majority of the fans thought he wasn't capable of accomplishing, and that to defeat Ed Ran, a flashy Frenchman, after a great battle. The bout was one of the best witnessed hereabouts in some time, both gladiators slugging away at each other for eight frames with hardly a clinch.

Frankie Burns, Milwaukee's ever aggressive welterweight lost an unpopular decision to Johnny Bush in six rounds. Burns forced the fighting throughout and landed enough telling blows to be entitled to the verdict. That, of course, was according to the viewpoint of the customers.

Julius Fidler, Milwaukee referee, didn't win the hearts of local enthusiasts after a few starts as the third man in the ring. But now it's different. His work in the Flowers-Tut combat was a pleasure to watch, and now the fans have alternated their cries of "hit the referee on the chin" to "Great work, Fidler". He seems to improve with age.

Fidler comes from a family all of whom are connected some way with the boxing game. Alex Fidler is doing the refereeing in the majority of the big bouts in Iowa, while Dave Fidler is the leading promoter in Des Moines, Iowa. Great bunch of boys, these Fidlers.

Frankie Burns is sure keeping himself busy. In fact he is one of the busiest fighters in town, having three fights in the last two weeks. Can't seem to stop this fellow. He's tough and there's no two ways about it.

Tait Littman, Cudahy's blond idol, made his Chicago debut in a blaze of glory. In putting the timbers under Ted Ross, the pride of Chicago's south side, the Cudahy marvel won the applause of all spectators. He administered one of the neatest lacings to Ross that Windy City fans have ever seen. Hereafter he will find plenty of work in Chicago.

Jack Laiken, a hustling manager, is bringing a new star to Milwaukee in the name of Fred Cullen. Cullen is slated to box Dick Daniels in Minneapolis this month.

Roy McFaul, major domo, just came through with a K. O. victory over a certain Milwaukee manager who endeavored to steal Mitz Minikel, ace of the Ace club fighters. Minikel, a light-heavyweight, was learned to have signed a thirty-day contract with this certain manager, but denied he had done such a thing after a talk with the writer.

Managers in the state of Wisconsin who would like to get any dope concerning their fighters or pictures in the RING Magazine can do so by writing to the writer at 716 Lloyd street, Milwaukee, Wis. Fighters or managers who would like to subscribe to this great magazine are requested to send $2.50 to the above address.

Len Bernstein, who treated amateur bugs with action aplenty, is going to try the money end of it. After a great session in the amateurs the fighting newsboy figures he is ready for the pros. Bernstein's many admirers wish him lot of luck.

Walter Beasy, flashy Italian boxer, has placed himself under the management of Sal Serio. Beasy recently put the skids under Roy Peters of Chicago in a bout at Madison. This boy, Beasy, looks as though he is going places.

Milwaukee has a great little scrapper in Mickey O'Neill. Mickey is the best fighter in this vicinity. In his last three starts, since returning to the ring after a long layoff due to a broken hand, he has not been defeated. He has won over Jimmy Murphy of Chicago in four rounds by the k. o. route; drew with Kid Kober in ten rounds and beat George Kerwin, Spug Meyers and Joey Medill, each in ten rounds. He is a club pleaser and a fine battler.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, Kans.—The gigantic three-day Diamond Golden Glove Intersectional A. A. U. Amateur Boxing Tournament was a great success at the Forum. S. W. Cooper, Sutro Pearl and Jack Slattery sponsored the tournament under the auspices of the Cudahy A. C. and directed by the premier amateur promoter of the middlewest, Mr. Leslie Showers of Denver. The fact that not a single championship was won by a knockout attests the high class fighting talent.

Boxers from ten states were entered and some great fights were witnessed. Ken Schaeffer of Wichita defeated Hoxie Freeman for the Heavyweight Championship. Alex Nigro of Manhattan won from Lowell Landrum of Oklahoma City, Okla., lightheavy. Lefty Schaeffer of Wichita, won from Walter Hall of Wichita, middleweight. Buddy Morgan of Wichita, won from Walter Davis of Wichita, welterweight. Earl Bartholomew of Chanute, won from Eddie Zonkers of Wichita, lightweight. Benny Pierce of Erie, won from Jack Lankford of Wichita, featherweight. The bantam and flyweight championships were won by Joplin, Mo., boxers by toss of a coin as the Joplin boys had eliminated all other in these two classes and decided to toss the silver rather than battle it out.

Bartlesville, Okla.—Warnie Smith won a 6-round decision over Kansas Kid Easter. Earl Mason shaded Red Foster in 6. Young Jack Dillon and Johnny Estes drew in 6 rounds. The show was highly pleasing as all bouts were hard fought contests.

Nowata, Okla.—Kansas (Kid) Easter and Earl Mason fought a hard and fast 8-round draw on the big Rodeo program. Red Foster and Johnny Estes drew in a fast 6-round battle. Billy Jarvis knocked out Jackie Kyler in two rounds.

Concordia, Kans.—Russ Sanders won a popular 10-round decision over Red Palmquist. Charley Scott of Calgary and Kid Fronczek fought 6 rounds to a draw. Tony Saballas easily outpointed Honky Lewis in 4 rounds. J. G. Harwood of London, England, refereed all bouts.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Harold Mathes and Jimmy Sayers drew in 10 rounds. Pete LaCrosse defeated Mike Rozgall in 8. Red Vanderveert knocked out Earl Conner in 4 rounds.

Earl Chancey, a rugged, two-fisted, hard punching lad of Neodesha, Kansas, who is a junior welter, Earl Bartholomew, a cagey, snappy punching light weight of Chanute, Kans., and Benny Pierce, a fast, hard-punching featherweight, of Erie, Kansas, are three promising youngsters in amateur ranks. Pierce has won championships in the last two tournaments. These boys will be in demand at any time they turn professionals.

Tulsa, Okla.—Clausine Vincent knocked out Baby Stribling in 2 rounds. Jimmy Merriott knocked out Red Matlock in 5. Madero Villareal won from Wildcat Lacy in 6. Joey Clark won from Rip Blake on a foul in 3. Jimmy Hyde won a close 4-round decision from Bunny Moore. Mickey McMullin and Cluck Pratt drew in 4 rounds. Sid Young refereed all bouts.

St. Louis, Mo.—John Schwake defeated Tim Charles in 10 rounds. Dave Knost knocked out Joe Brian in 2. Joey Reinhardt knocked out Harry McBride in 1. Edgar Terry defeated Wop Figuero in 6 rounds.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook won a 10-round decision over Steve Salina. Salina was on the canvas six times and McCook paid it a visit four times.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger, promoter, and the American Legion are sponsoring the next A. A. U. Amateur Boxing Tournament in this city, and have secured the services of Les Showers, the middlewest's most successful amateur boxing promoter, to direct the tournament. Showers will go direct from Wichita to fill the Neodesha engagement.

Bristow, Okla.—Wilson (Indian) Dunn defeated Carson Williams in 10 wild swinging rounds. Hotshot Hismith beat Sailor (Don) Kirke in 8. Chief Harjo knocked out Jack Stevens in 4. Chink Piatt beat Frankie Stinson in the opening 4 rounder.

Tulsa, Okla.—Speck Friend defeated Wildcat Monte in 10 rounds. Wilson Dunn won from Chuck Heffner in 10. Chief Harjo knocked out Jack Hudson in 3. Speedy Snow won from Hotshot Hismith in 6. Al Young knocked out Stub Blackman in 4 rounds.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Babe Hunt won a close decision over Al Friedman in 10 rounds. Walter Dunham knocked out Hugh Gray in 7. Joe Trabon knocked out Luther Ashford in 4. Pat Hayward knocked out Ettore Maraina in one round.

Okla City, Okla.—Everett Strong and Clyde Chastain fought 10 rounds to a draw. Young Jack Dillon of Louisville beat Norman Brown in the 10-round semi-final.

Tulsa, Okla.—Battling Bozo won from Tony Cancela in 10 rounds at the Mid-Continent A. C. Wilson Dunn beat Paul Tunney in 10. Red Foster beat Carson Williams in 6. Glen Nute knocked out Billy Slovin in 3. Goldie Stewart knocked out Whitey Smith in the opening preliminary.

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP

By FRANKIE BREARO

CON O'KELLEY, heavyweight champion of Ireland, began his second invasion of America by kayoing Jack Dudley, Worcester, Mass., youngster, at Portland.

Paul Junior of Lewiston won a hair-line decision over Timmy Burns of Bangor at Waterville, and Cecil Grant, Winslow, and Young Villa, Waterville, drew.

Jersey Jones brought his Syracuse German light-heavy, Joe Gainor, to Portland, where he was knocked out by Joe Zelinsky of Binghampton, N. Y. Terry Mitchell, Boston, won over Dan Lucas, Portland, in a heavyweight battle that stole the show. Johnny Naples, 116, beat Morio De Bois, Boston, and Tommy Lawn, 135, sank Farmer Brown, Bath, in 1.

Joe Emmons, Houlton 147-pounder, won over Tony Travers in a hard-fought battle in Waterbury, Conn., where Emmons is a big favorite.

Scoops White, Worcester, Mass., veteran gave Eddie Desautel of Dover, N. H., a boxing lesson in their go at Bar Harbor. Jerry Dupree, one of the best middleweight prospects in the state, beat Terry Martin, Portland. Young Villa, Waterville, went to a draw with K. O. Labbe, Lewiston, in the top bout of Farmington's first outdoor show.

Bobby Jones, Portland, is one of the most popular boys in Maine today. His recent victories over Johnny Murphy and Joey Conley show improvement.

Louie Nemis of Halifax, Can., scored a technical K. O. over Tony Travers of Waterbury, Conn., in the ninth chapter of their go at Bar Harbor. Iney Riley, Boston, went to a draw with Kayo Lessard, Bucksport.

Wee Wee Woods, Jimmy Woods and Johnny Ryan are making names for themselves in Central Maine.

Al McCoy of Waterville, held K. O. Stanley Ketchell of Bangor to a draw on Ellsworth's boxing program. In the semi-final, Sailor Utah, ancient middleweight, pulled a surprise by kayoing Kid Spear, Northeast Harbor giant, in two. Young Villa, Waterville, drew with Mike Fourtier, Bangor, and Wildman Querion, Waterville, outclassed K. O. Stevens, Dexter.

Blacksmith Laverdiere of Winslow, who created a furore in local fistic ranks last year by kayoing 26 of his 31 opponents, has returned to Maine after a successful season in Southern New England rings. His first appearance was against K. O. Stevens at Waterville.

Art Giroux, Maine's flyweight king, battered Georgie Holmes of Lynn, Mass., into helplessness in the seventh round at Portland. Johnny Walker, Boston, shaded Tommy Quigley, Cambridge; Tommy Lawn, 135, kayoed Harry Price, Lynn, Mass., in 1 and Jack Perry, Boston, kayoed Tony Carnera of Lewiston in one.

Jumbo Currier, Howland heavyweight, knocked out Sailor Crooker in the second in the main bout of Weatherbee and Stevens' show at Lincoln. Earle "Hellcat" Fleming of Maine, was the third man.

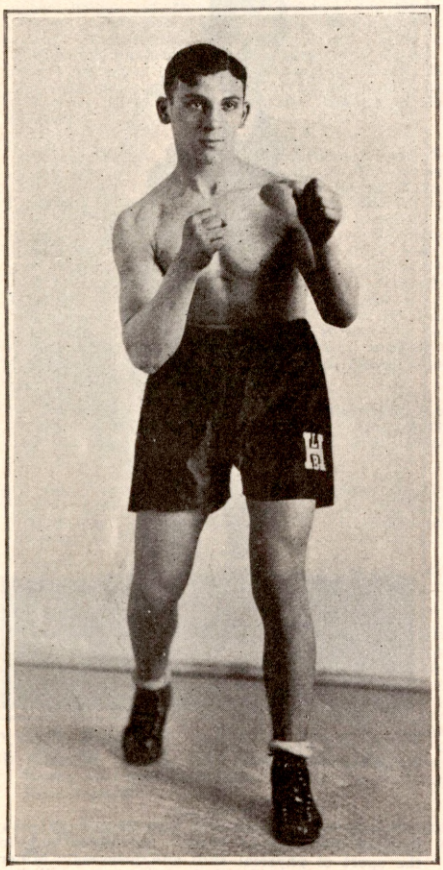
Ted Kid Drew of Bidderford, invaded St. John, Canada, to take a beating from Johnny Nemis of Halifax.

DETROIT, MICH., NEWS
By RAY BOUSLOG

BOXING in Michigan is confined to the provinces. In Detroit, recognized in the past as one of the best ring centers of the country, Jack Dempsey and Primo Carnera could fight and starve on their end of the gate.

Two things are responsible for this situation in the automotive capital. The first and most important is the general business depression. The second is the lack of local attractions. Detroit has not had a home drawing card since Phil McGraw was in his prime and as a result, the game has been on a general decline that was not noticed until the bottom fell out of everything.

On July 14, Harry Harris, former Fairview promoter, started summer operations at the new Hamtramack Stadium. He had as his main event two of the best featherweights in the land, Eddie Shea and Lew Massey. Fight night there was less than $750 in the house. As Shea was guaranteed $2,500 and Massey was to receive 25 per cent, Harris had a $4,000 nut on a $6,000 house. He called off the main event and that killed boxing for the summer.



Max Koshover, Cincinnati featherweight, coming along at a fast pace

Both the Olympia and Floyd Fitzsimmons shut up house early in July. Rumors now in effect are that Olympia will resume promotional efforts around August 14 with Tony Canzoneri and Ray Miller. This bout was originally scheduled for August 7, but after Miller lost a decision to Eddie Lord at Flint in the Olympia's first show in that city, the bout was shelved.

At Mt. Clemens—Billy Brophy, Youngstown, whipped Adam Helzer, Mt. Clemens, eight. Al Massari, Detroit, decisioned Bill Bolka, Brown City. Kid Hans, former state heavyweight champion, knocked out in three by Jack O'Dowd, Detroit. Johnnie Nardoni, Detroit, won over Lew Ferris, Cleveland, six.

At Brown City—Benny Touchstone won Michigan heavyweight championship on a technical knockout over Whitey Gorsline. The former champ was far ahead on points when his eye was cut in the ninth round and the fight was stopped to save him from being blinded. They will fight again. In their first meeting they battled to a draw.

At North Lake—Whitey Gorsline lost on a foul to Baltimore Eddie Anderson in three.

At Port Huron—Whitey Gorsline knocked out Joe Burke in two.

At Mt. Clemens—Leon Nichols won eight-round decision over Bob Davey.

Jerry Utley, owner of the Fitzsimmons arena, has a "For Sale" or "For Rent" sign on his bowl, another rumor says. Utley is more than $115,000 in the hole on the two year's operation of the arena under the promotion of Floyd Fitzsimmons. Jack Dempsey may take it over next summer or even this fall for one show. Earl Maestro and Kid Chocolate are one of the attractions Dempsey may show there in case he accepts offers that I know have been made to him.

In the state, the high spot of the summer was the accusation by Al Costello and Johnny Rosen, Chicago boxers, to inspectors of the Michigan Boxing Commission, that referee Perry Schad had taken pay for giving a decision at Benton Harbor on June 27 in favor of Billy Hall, state middleweight champion, in his bout with Joe Kucera of Chicago. The hearing on July 10 before the boxing commission was a muddled affair but Schad and Hall came out with clean bills of health and warrants were recommended for Costello and Rosen for criminal libel.

Ring results during the past month in the state have been as follows:

At Flint—Ray Miller lost to Eddie Lord; Jack Gillispie decisioned Dick Landig, Flint, eight; Ray Van Hook defeated Benny McArthur, Saginaw, six; Mart Stone, Detroit, beat French Belanger, Toronto, six.

At Grand Rapids—James J. Russell flattened Emmett Curtice in one round. Wesley Ramey beat Benny Duke, 10; and Earl Wirth knocked out Jack Collins, Flint, two. Chet Roberts, Grand Rapids and Mel Tipton, Flint, battled to a draw in eight stanzas.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

THE fight game is holding its own here at The Southern A. C., which stages shows regularly. Austan Applewhite, of Oxford, Miss., turned in his seventh straight victory by stopping Ace Higgins, of Seattle, in one round; Monk Fowler fought a fast draw with Eddie Stewart, of Memphis, and Johnnie Loomer stopped Malcone Ray in two. The Campbell brothers, Snooks and Gus, headlined another card, Gus winning over Eddie Stewart in six, and Snooks winning all the way from Joe Lucas, of Detroit. Joe Groves drew with Bob Chambers. Billy Maclin made his professional debut by stopping Wild Bill Wilder in three.

Billy Brown won from Bobby Green at Nashville on a foul in three rounds. Billy is under the management of Lucian Morrow.

Lewis Andrews, after losing to David Valesco, announced his retirement.

Dick Clark, junior welter, turned in a K.O. win over Johnnie Jackson, of Bolxie, Miss., in 6 heats. This makes Clark's fifteenth straight win. He is handled by the writer.

Herbert Anderton is back after an operation and is ready for any of the bantams.

At Jackson, Tenn.—Chester Kid Covington is the drawing card here. In his last start he stopped the veteran, Paul Sharp, of Hattiesburg, Miss., in two rounds. On the same card Scare Face Watkins won from Honey Boy Brown.

Ben Spivey, of Miami, Fla., drew with Dwight Fryer in ten rounds of fast milling. Herman Wolf drew with Piggie Williams and Joe Sharrod drew with Benny Sanderson in six.

Eddie "Kid" Wolf stopped the veteran Peat Cole, of Rome, Ga., in less than 2 minutes of actual fighting. Wolf is a real fighter, and should go far under the capable management of B. C. Miller. Jack Kearney won easily from Piggie Williams in six rounds. Billy Maclin, the Memphis Flash, won from Joe Sharrod in six.

Information on boxing in and around the Tri-States can be had by writing the writer at The Catholic Club, at Memphis.

The writer manages Billy Maclin, the Memphis Flash, Dick Clarke, Wally Greggs and Luther Orr.

Billy Haack, Sr., matchmaker for Greenwood, Miss., holds weekly cards here.

Sailor Campell handed Westley Senn a neat lacing in ten. Tom Hambright won over Soldier Coleman and Duke Tramble beat Eddie Frisco in ten.

Matchmakers and promoters get your notes to the writer by the 20th.

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical books on the above sports for sale.

BIOGRAPHY

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00
Young Griffo, The Will-'o-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....75 cents
The Life of John L. Sullivan. By R. F. Dibble. Price.....$2.50
"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price....$1.00
William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport. By Ed Van Every. Price.....$3.00
The Life of Gene Tunney. By Ed Van Every. Price.....35 cents
The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....75 cents
In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Price.....$2.00

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Knockouts I Have Seen. By Ed Smith. Price.....50 cents
Everlast Record Book. Price 45 cents, by mail.
Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927—Price each.....$10.00
1928—Price....$8.00 1929—Price....$7.00
Andrew's 1929 Record Book.....35 cents
Police Gazette 1929 Record Book..35 cents

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50
Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price.....75 cents
Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents
The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00
How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ring Strategy and Tactics. By Freddy Welsh. Price .....85 cents
Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
My Methods, or Boxing As a Fine Art. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....50 cents
Scientific Boxing. By James J. Corbett. Price .....50 cents
The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price....85 cents
Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00
Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price .....85 cents
Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price .....85 cents
The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price .....85 cents
Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25
Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

PRIZE FIGHT FICTION

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price.....85 cents
Sir Toby and The Regent. By Paul Herring. Price.....$2.50

HISTORY

Ten and Out. By Alexander Johnston. Price.....$3.50

All book orders must be sent to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

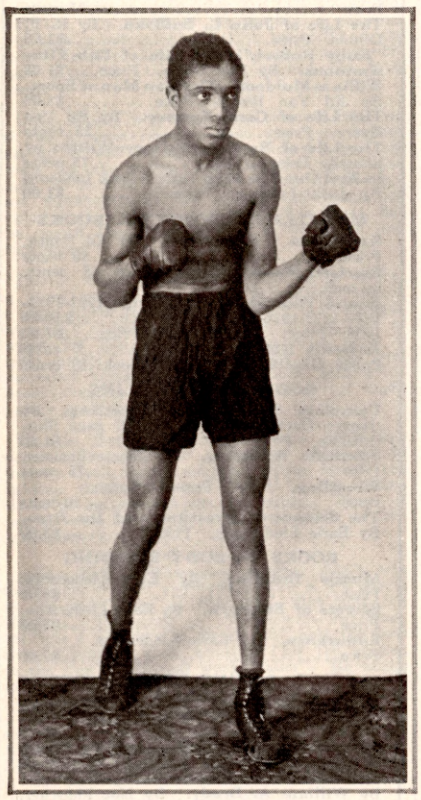
CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

EDDIE MEADE finally got his new Bowl going. He opened to a pretty fair crowd considering the threatening weather. Mead featured Tommy Freeman of Cleveland and Billy Algers, of Philadelphia and Gorrilla Jones and Billy Forgoine, of Philadelphia, in the two tens—with a well balanced show around it.

Jones and Forgoine put up a pretty good fight, while the other tener between Algers and Freeman was an old time slug-fest from bell to bell.

Freeman had the Philadelphia boy in a bad way several times and almost out at the finish.

The following week at the Bowl big George Godfrey, with Jimmy Daugherty in his corner, made short work of Frankie Simms. George knocked him down and out in the second heat.



Sammy O'Dell, great looking prospect from Akron

Simms, who had previously stepped into the limelight by his knockout over Ted Sandwina, was no match for the big black panther and Charley O'Connell tossed in the towel in the second round.

Godfrey looked great. He drew a banner crowd for Meade and got Eddie off to a very good break.

Meads' third show brought out Sammy Baker, of Mitchell Field, L. I., with Baby Joe Gans. This was a real fight all the way. Both boys hit the deck, but in the last round, Baker was knocked goofy. He went down five times, and finally was flattened for the full count. He was carried from the ring and rushed to St. Alexis hospital, where it was feared he was fatally injured, but the game soldier recovered—and was discharged the next afternoon. This took a big load off of everybody's mind.

Gans showed a big improvement. He now looks like one of the real welterweights. He is ready for Fields, Freeman or Thompson.

Gene Stanton, who is handled by Barney Koffron, flattened K. O. Kitts, the Akron Thunderbolt in the 7th round at Ritman. This made his sixth straight knockout. He is ready now for a shot at Risko, Simms or any of the other heavies.

Stanton is a fine boxer. He has a left hand like Jim Corbett and is improving every day. This youngster looks like he is headed for the top.

Ray Alvis now wants to box Freeman with his champion Jack Thompson over the weight but Tommy McGinty has refused to consider it. McGinty gave Alvis his price for a title shot, Ray naming his own terms and Tommy accepted and now Ray seeks to change the terms but Tommy refuses to give in.

Freeman will probably do better with Corbett than either Fields or Thompson for he is right at home fighting southpaws. He proved that when he stopped Shuffle Callahan. Freeman will be accompanied by Uncle Bob Sangster and Phil Zwick, featherweight champion of Ohio. Freeman would like to meet Thompson but not in an overweight bout.

Eddie Meade is trying to sign up Al Brown the colored wonder with Zwick. This would be a pip. Both boys are about the same height and weight and both are good hitters.

What has come over the featherweight battlers? Most of the good boys want hand picked opponents. Zwick, after his knockout over Calvin Reed, has chased them all in their nest.

Pete Mazzeao, who won the national amateur championships and then went right on into the pro ranks and was a consistent winner until he ran against the southpaw of Benny Gershe. He now has changed managers. He left Jimmy Avon for Tommy McGinty.

Johnny Risko and the Hard Rock, Tom Heeney, were another pair of jinxes to Eddie Meade. After two postponements Danny Dunn called the fight off as Jawn's shoulder is still out of kelter and Heeney has gone back with Harvey to New York.

Too bad they didn't get together for they would have drawn a nice house as everybody was anxious to see Tom and John tangle. There was so much talk over their recent fight at New York that it became a real natural.

Bill Duffy pulled a new one when he had the Italians give a picnic in Carnera's honor. He sure put it over like a house on fire. The Italians drove to the Hollenden Hotel to greet the foreigner—when Duffy opened the door to receive the reception committee, he had the big Italian boy dressed in a grey uniform with high top boots—and large wooly hat all dressed like a real band leader—and it was a treat to see the big fellow swing that pole and toss it up in the air. He was the whole show at the picnic and Bill got enough publicity out of it to fill all the daily sheets.

Carnera was wined and dined all day.

Mose Donley is wining and dining the boys since his Filipino flash knocked out Benny Gershey in a slam-bang tilt that ended in the first. This was an inside show at the Public auditorium, but owing to the hot wave didn't draw so well although the promoters made some money.

Rosy Rosales gave Art Weygandt a good sound pasting at Binghamton, N. Y., at Chick Miller's open air arena.

The Indian never looked better in his life.

Mister Suey Welch came back after his Gorilla losing a decision to Bucky Lawless at Worcester, Mass., a few weeks ago.

The Gorilla boy was hot under the collar. He said, "Mistah Suey, I have done beat that boy Lawless three times now and every time the referee lifts the other boy's hand. Why is it? Get him for me again and believe me if there is a decison and the bout goes the limit I will hang up the gloves—there ain't going to be no decision the next time me and the Syracuse boy fights. He insulted me in the East."

Well Gorilla knew what he was talking about for he knocked Bucky down and out in 7 rounds at Frisco the other night.

Now Gorilla is after Shade or Walker.

The Jolly Bowl will run weekly the balance of the summer season according to Tom McMahon who just came home for the races at Bainbridge.

NEVADA NUDGES
By L. H. TITTLE

AFTER having been closed for more than a year, the Las Vegas Arena was opened to a capacity crowd recently. Matchmaker Harry Eagels pitted Jack "Kid" Allen, a Spanish American campaigner from El Paso, against "Wild Man" Macias, a western veteran. The best the Wild Man could get was a draw.

Dick Swartz, popular lightheavy, drew with Leon Waters in six stanzas of rough going and Joe Ruiz, rugged western welter, took a hard earned win over "Deacon" Brooks, colored, of San Bernardino.

George Ball, local young welter showed plenty of potential posibilities in his bout with Merwin Hunter. The go was a good draw.

Jackie Spencer showed too much class for Jimmy Warren of Chicago in their go at Reno. Jackie had a sleep producer in his hip pocket and uncovered it in the third.

Kim Albertson did not wait so long to hand the kayo to the other Chicagoan, Jimmy Hopkins. It ended in the second. Pat Locke and Tiny Monillas kept the fans on their feet for four rounds. Both boys were out to win but Locke took the nod. Young Griffo beat Dixie Walker in the curtain raiser.

Good attendance is reported at all Reno shows which are held every Wednesday night.

Charlie Miller of Reno extended Kim Albertson for the full ten rounds but lost the decision. Miller's rushes gained him nothing but the admiration of the fans.

Manuel Victoria of Sacramento took an unpopular decision over Eddie Landon in six. Ernie Peters, Nevada Indian, won handily from Dixie Walker in six and Young Griffo made Johnny Gammick quit in the third.

Esten Hunter and Manuel Victoria fought a slashing ten-round draw at Reno. Abie Abrams kayoed Johnny Morris. Billy Losey won from Jim Turner in six. Young Griffo outpointed Earl Johnson in four and Frank Mangbad kayoed Sam Bogle.

Tiny Powell, West Virginia heavyweight, managed by Suey Welch of Akron

During boxing shows at Las Vegas the many Casinos are empty. Every one turns out for the sport of physical skill and prowess. Miners with yellow dust in their pokes are still here just as they were in the days of Tex Rickard. And enthusiasm runs riot.

The Arena could not hold the crowd at Las Vegas when Joe Ruiz, west coast welter, and Indian Johnny Smith met. The bout was so close that no mistake could have been made by the referee. Any way it was called was right.

Dick Swartz quieted Billy Gale of Los Angeles down to a dead calm in the third. Joe Shirk of Los Angeles had to work hard and fast to beat Bill Martin of Miami, Florida, in four. This Martin is a rugged, hard hitting human tornado and goes out for blood every round. A little bit of training and proper handling will develop him into a top notch lightheavy if the writer knows his fighters.

Young Dempsey took the referee's nod over Kim Albertson at Reno in ten rounds. Ernie Peters beat Young Griffo in six. Tommy Kramer defeated Eddie Flynn in the special. Ray Sourte won over Eddie Newbert and Earl Johnson outpointed Dixie Walker.

The writer earnestly seeks the co-operation of managers, promoters and fighters in making this column a worthy one. Address me at Las Vegas and remember THE RING can use good pictures of promising boys. Send them along.

MARYLAND AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

HENRI LAMAR and Marty Gallagher, Washington heavyweights, fought a return ten-rounder at Carlin's Park in Baltimore with LaMar again winning by a good margin. Gallagher, with a fifteen pound weight advantage, did not seem to know how to use the same and LaMar, with a fast left, took the aggressive stand practically all the way. Many Washington fans turned out for the bout.

Boxing in Baltimore is just about on the rocks, partly due to the inroads made by heavyweight wrestling there but mainly due to considerable publicity given the unsatisfactory bouts held in nearby towns. The Olympia Club, with many years of successful promotion behind it, is just about ready to throw up the sponge while all other promoters have ceased to operate.

The open-air arena at Ocean City, Md., is running full blast, however. Joe Chaney knocked out Phil Roselli and Danny Russell knocked out Lew Myrs in recent bouts there.

Norfolk and vicinity seems to be the hot bed for boxing at this time. Shows are running weekly at New Port News, Virginia Beach and Portsmouth, Va. Many New York and Philadelphia boxers are showing their wares in this vicinity, the most outstanding being Dick Welsh, Danny Taub, Jack Gallagher and Midget Fox of Philadelphia and Eric Lawson of New York.

Reds Barry, Washington lightheavy, looks like the best prospect to come out in this vicinity in years. During the past five weeks Barry's record is as follows: knocked out Kid Martin in six rounds at Hagerstown, Md., knocked out Mickey Shea in five rounds at Baltimore, knocked out K. O. Mathews in three rounds at Hagerstown, won a ten-round decision over Walter Kirckwood at Roanoke, Va., knocked out Al Massey at Virginia Beach, and won a six-round decision over Billy Strickler at Hagerstown, Md. Barry has just turned his sixteenth birthday and from present indications should develop into a full fledged heavy before reaching his majority age.

Sailor McKenna, Washington lightweight, continues to win. He scored a victory over Bobby Burns at Ocean City, Md., and over Young Alver at Roanoke, Va.

Eric Lawson, New York middleweight, is going great guns around Norfolk, Va. In his latest fights he has scored over K. O. Riley and Jimmy Fredericks.

K. O. Riley, Washington middleweight, won a technical over Ralph Hood of Charlotte, N. C., at Virginia Beach, Va.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore's best lightweight, will shortly get started in New York in conjunction with connections his manager Frankie Rice has recently made.

Benny Goldstein of Baltimore looks like the best 126-pounder in this vicinity. He recently repeated his win over Frankie DeAngelo at Virginia Beach in a very interesting bout. Benny also scored a knockout victory over Toney Ross recently.

Joy Raymond of Baltimore and Jack Gallagher of Philadelphia fought an interesting draw at Portsmouth, Va.

Vic Ricker, promoter at Cumberland, Md., reopened his club at the Ball Park there. His last show featured Billy Strickler of Washington and Socko Tremaine of Cumberland, Md. The bout was an interesting one that played to a capacity crowd.

A new open air club will get under way at Eastern, Md., during the month. While the club is being backed by Baltimore men the main endeavor will be to develop talent on the Eastern Shore. Young Laspino and Kid Cosden box the opening show, with considerable Shore talent in the prelims.

Gus Ludwig, promoter of Hagerstown, Md., is sticking to his guns thru the hot months. To date he has not failed to run his bi-monthly show, altho he is running indoors at the Fair Grounds. While the attendance can not be compared with the winter crowds, he is nevertheless keeping out the red. Herman Weiner, Jewish heavyweight of Baltimore, will show there shortly with some good opponent and it is certain a large attendance will be out for this one, as Weiner is a great drawing card in that neck of the woods.

Joe Hanna, promoting at Roanoke, Va., is another promoter sticking to his guns; running indoors thru the summer months. Hanna has been in the courts and won a decision permitting boxing at Roanoke under the club member plan. While not doing so good these hot months Joe will make up for it when the leaves fall. Boxing in Roanoke owes Hanna plenty. He is primarily in the sport for the love of it.

Much speculation is going the rounds as to the possibility of a boxing club opening at Alexandria, Va., just a short distance out of Washington. Although boxing is going in full blast all over the State of Virginia, to date a bonafide club has failed to open in the Washington vicinity. It's a certainty a club will get in operation this fall and as Washington is one of the best boxing towns in the country, top-notch fights can be afforded, provided the professional reformers are not successful in stopping the clubs as they have done in Washington itself.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

JACK (BUCK) McTIERNAN, popular local middleweight, scored heavily with his clean-cut victory over Farmer Joe Cooper at the Meyers Bowl at North Braddock. McTiernan won every round.

Andy Andrucci and Ray Collins, lightweights, fought ten rounds through a drizzling rain in the Hickey-Park arena in Millvale with Collins getting the decision.

Johnny Smackey bowed to Tug Phillips in the ten-round semi-final.

On the same card Georgie Bretsch technically kayoed Johnny Skorin while Al Becker, of Sheraden, flattened Jerry Kucera in five cantos.

Buck McTiernan was offered a clash with Tommy Freeman here but turned it down.

Mickey Solomen and Young Saylor battled ten rounds to a slow draw at New Brighton in what was expected to be a corker. Nick Polis scored a two-round knockout over Ed Jacobs in the semi-final.

Eddie Brannon, Pittsburgh Negro lightweight, won over Art Feeser of Lebanon, Pa., by a technical knockout in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-rounder at Johnstown.

The local Negro also turned in a knockout in the semi-final to the McTiernan-Cooper go, his opponent being Barney Davis of Cleveland, who passed out in round two.

Frank Shepard plans to invade this territory with his sensational lightweight, Tommy Liberto.

Jimmy Conrad, local Italian manager, chatted with Primo Carnera when the Ambling Alp stopped off for a brief stay in the Smoky City.

Bunny Buntach has added Angelo Vergione to his stable which includes George Panka, promising young heavyweight, and Buck McTiernan.

Jackie Rodgers administered defeat to the veteran Johnny McCoy of Buffalo in the Braddock Bowl. The local Negro floored McCoy for a count of nine with the first blow of the contest. The bout went the limit of ten rounds.

Battling Gizzy, Donora's great lightweight, defeated Dud Eades in a ten-round bout at East Liverpool, O.

Harry Harris, hard-hitting Bellaire, O., lightheavyweight, who returned to the ring after a layoff due to hand injuries, punched his way to victory over Harry Williams in the eight-round semi-final to the Rodgers-McCoy bout.

Eddie Speaks beat Jack DeNeri in a six-rounder; while Tony Marino, making his pro debut, scored over Young Ketchel in the opener. Marino is the brother of Tommy Ryan, former McKeesport bantam.

Midget Mike O'Dowd registered a popular victory over Johnny Willis, Erie Negro featherweight, in a ten-round affair at Millvale. Willis got the O'Dowd match through his great triumph over Johnny Chiodo of Johnstown.

Al Becker, fighting in his third bout as a pro, scored an impressive win over Jimmy Belmont in the semi-final.

Jack Townsend, veteran Negro heavyweight, is now under the management of Monte Sirko, former amateur star.

Willie Davies, of Charleroi, strengthened his claim to the flyweight throne by scoring a repeat victory over Black Bill at the Meyers Bowl. Davies won seven rounds.

Al Becker, Sheraden middleweight, is handled by Jack Metz and Jack London, sponsors of the Willow amateur club of which Becker was a member.

Mickey Solomen was deprived of certain victory over Jackie Wilson in a ten-round bout at Millvale. Solomen won nine rounds but both judges awarded the bout to Wilson on the strength of a last-round rally.

Making his first appearance in the ring for some time, Ike McFowler, Johnstown Negro, scored a technical kayo over Jack Townsend in the fifth round.

Maxi Strub stopped Jimmy Reed in six rounds at Washington, Pa. Ray Collins beat Dud Eades in the semi-windup. All are lightweights.

Jack Townsend, who met defeat at the hands of Ike McFowler recently, holds a knockout victory over George Godfrey and Luis Firpo; and has boxed an exhibition with Harry Wills.

Jackie Rodgers, local Negro featherweight, romped off with another victory over his clever rival Johnny Dunn at the Bowl. The pair have met four times with the Negro copping the last two meetings.

Willie Davies will challenge the winner of the Frankie Genaro-Midget Wolgast title bout for the championship. Davies has already beaten both Genaro and Wolgast.

Ike McFowler lost a slow ten-round bout to Frankie Wine, former Montana blacksmith, at Millvale.

BOXING IN PORTO RICO

By ROSSY OLLER

THE Athletic Commission has declared vacant the bantamweight championship. Koli-Kolo, the bantam and featherweight king, can't make the 118 pounds. He is a feather now.

Jose E. Engulo (145 pounds), the Carolina cyclone, won on a foul from Ruben Brooke (145), in the 10th round at the Victory Garden.

Jose E. Angulo (144), added another victim to his list when he beat Bertico Herrera (145), of Santo Domingo, R. D., in 10 rounds at the Victory Garden.

In the semi-final Jose Lago (112 pounds), new flyweight champion, stopped Luis E. Perez, Kid 2222 (108 pounds), the flyweight champion of the Dominican Republic.

Al Clemens (140 pounds), of Bayamon, knocked out George Mesina (152), Filipino, in the second round at the San Juan Stadium.

Koli-Kolo (124 pounds), featherweight champion, won decisively from Ramon Bordelies (123), San Lorenzo hard hitter, in a 10-round titular bout at the Victory Garden.

In the semi-windup, Jose Lago (110¾) won an unpopular decision from Rafael Morales (110¼), Mayagues speed marvel.

Vicente Abadio (118 pounds), won a close decision from Gus de Sagon (118).

Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

MEN—BOYS 18 to 45—NO LAYOFFS—PAID VACATIONS
RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS—MAIL CARRIERS—CLERKS
Common Education Sufficient

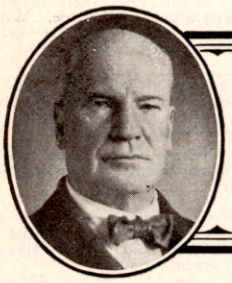
WANT A STEADY JOB?
$1900 Year to Commence
Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. N-218, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get Steady U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions now open to men—women 18 up, and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name.....

Address.....



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

A Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—When I box two or three rounds, I get out of breath. How can I overcome this?

A.—Road work. Get "Training for Boxers," issued by RING. Price $1. Contains valuable information for beginners.

Mike Orlovich, Rockdale, Ill.

Q.—Would "Training for Boxers" help a youngster?

A.—Of incalculable benefit to youngster or elder.

J. A. Riaux, Lorette, Man.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, weigh 120 pounds, and stand 5 ft. 4 in. Am I too old to start boxing? Shall I begin as amateur or professional?

A.—Not too old. Nothing to prevent you beginning as a professional, but think it advisable to start as amateur. Buy Nat Fleischer's great books, "How to Train" and "How to Box." They are invaluable to the beginner.

A RING Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Was there ever a flyweight by the name of Marshall?

A.—Jerry Marshall, a Negro bantam.

Q.—How can I get in touch with him?

A.—Whereabouts unknown.

Gladye Cain, Joplin, Mo.

Q.—What color are Tunney's eyes?

A.—Blue.

Charlie Brecker, Westchester, N. Y.

Q.—Did Sammy Chernoff defeat Al Singer?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How is Chernoff rated?

A.—Quite competent.

Sylvester Wilkewicz, N. Y. C.

Q.—If the referee's decision is final, why didn't Ace Hudkins deserve the middleweight title in his first bout with Walker?

A.—For the reason that the two judges voted for Walker, and majority rules.

Q.—Who was Dempsey's first opponent as a professional boxer?

A.—Kid Hancock.

Roy J. Boyer, Dunellen, N. J.

Q.—How can I get into the boxing game? Could I get some one to finance me so as to get a start? I have never boxed, but can hit, and in several rough and tumble fights have come out on top. My age is 20, weight 135, height 5 ft. 5 in.

A.—Join the nearest gym and learn rudiments of boxing. Get "How to Train" and "How to Box." Age not too great for a start. But learn to box first, as ring contests differ materially from rough and tumble style. No one will finance you until you show remarkable ability.

Fight Fan, Indianapolis

Q.—I live in the Y. M. C. A. and have no chance for open air road work. Would an indoor board track be a good substitute?

A.—Indoor track better than none. Open air best.

Q.—Where can I get Art De Kuh's complete record?

A.—De Kuh's 1925, 1926 and 1927 record in Andrew's or Everlast 1928 Book. Nothing as to De Kuh in later books.

C. A. Blake, U. S. S. New York, Bremerton, Wash.

Q.—Are the Perlick Twins still active in the ring? Which is the ablest boxer, Henry or Herman?

A.—Twins are quite active. Herman superior to Henry.

Q.—Why is Pee Wee Jerral, of Mishewaska, Ind., rated better than Henry Perlick who holds two decisions and a draw against him?

A.—Probably Pee Wee's complete record is better than that of Henry.

George Knight, St. Hilaire, Que.

Q.—How old is Kid McCoy?

A.—57.

A Reader, Chester, Pa.

Q.—My age is 18, height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in, weight 153 pounds. How can I gain weight?

A.—Get Nat Fleischer's "How to Train," price $1. Will give you all desired information.

Bill Allard, Putnam, Conn.

Q.—Who are the featherweights that have a chance to defeat "Bat Battalino?"

A.—Kid Chocolate or Earl Mastro.

Charles Pettograsso, Mechanicville, N. Y.

Q.—During the fight between Dempsey and Firpo when Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Firpo, did Firpo knock Dempsey over the ropes or through the ropes?

A.—Through the ropes. And despite the fact that the New York rules require a man who is knocked out or falls out of the ring to return unassisted within ten seconds, Dempsey was helped back into the ring by ringsiders and also by the referee who held up the middle ring rope to facilitate the champion's return.

Q.—Who was leading before Dempsey knocked out Firpo?

A.—Dempsey.

Q.—Did Latzo ever knock out Mickey Walker?

A.—No. Latzo won a ten-round decision bout from Walker in 1926, the welter title being at stake.

Fred C. Paine, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Which heavyweight champion would have come out on top with all at their best?

A.—Fitzsimmons.

Q.—Do you recommend bar bell exercises in moderation for the boxer? Bar bell work has increased my speed.

A.—Stick to anything that improves your condition. See Chapter on exercising in "How to Train."

Reader, Camp Sam Davis, Rockdale, Tex.

Q.—How do you ascertain the weight and height of a person at a certain age?

A.—Merely state the probable conditions in the advancing years.

Garrett Jeffer, Midland Park, N. J.

Q.—How do Godfrey's biceps compare with those of Campolo?

A.—Godfrey 17 1/2 inches, Campolo 14 1/2 inches.

Q.—Was Sharkey leading at time of K. O. by Dempsey in seventh round?

A.—Yes.

Lyle Brooks, Mt. Forest, Ont.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, 6 feet tall, weigh 144 pounds. Am I underweight?

A.—Not necessarily. As soon as you stop growing you will fill out.

Q.—Am I too old to start boxing? I would like to start as an amateur, and would like to get a good trainer.

A.—Not too old, but would need much instruction. Write to J. P. Fitzgerald, Sec'y, Ontario Athletic Commission, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont., and get a copy of "How to Train" and "How to Box."

RING Reader, Brooklyn

Q.—What year and in what round did Dempsey defeat Willard? Give date and place of birth. Is Jack Dempsey his real name?

A.—Dempsey stopped Willard in third round of bout at Toledo, O., July 4, 1919. Dempsey was born in Manassa, Col., June 24, 1895. His full name is William Harrison Dempsey.

Victor Beradinis, Dunbar, Pa.

Q.—What is the nationality of the following ring men: Jack Dempsey—(American), Al Singer—(Jewish American); John L. Sullivan—(Irish-American; Robert Fitzsimmons—(Welsh-American); Gene Tunney—(American); Corbett 3d—(born in Naples, Italy); Al Mello — (Portuguese-American); Young Stribling—(American).

Q.—What is the nationality of the greatest number of boxers in all of the divisions?

A.—Would take 6 months to compile the list. Get record books and compile the list from that.

A Reader, 1454 Needham Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—(1) I am sixteen years old, six feet tall and weigh 149 pounds. What will my height and weight be at maturity? (2) I am an amateur boxer. Do I need a licensed second in my corner? Does my manager need an amateur license? (3) Is the Y. M. C. A. good for training? (4) How do you rate these boxers: Tommy Lown, Harry Dublinsky, and Jimmy Mauro.

A.—(1) About 6 feet 3 inches and 160 pounds. (2) No seconds' or managers' licenses necessary for amateurs. (3) Yes. (4) Dublinsky one of the best prospects in the country. Lown very good boxer. Mauro has plenty to learn.

OREGON FLASHES
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

THE ten-round fight between Mickey Dolan and Benny Pelz, local lightweights, ended in a draw. Promoter Hansen staged the bout.

Pelz carried the fight to Dolan in the earlier rounds, knocking him down for a nine count in the third stanza and again in the eighth for a count of six.

After being beaten for five rounds McQuillan, Denver negro, sent over a vicious lefthander that floored Herman Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., middleweight, and Refere Louttit stopped the bout with Ratzlaff helpless. They fought for Promoter Gruman.

Charley Risko, 179, Tacoma, beat "Battling Slim" Ryan, Portland, in six.

Lou Sauer, Portland middleweight, kayoed Harold Westover, St. Helens, in one.

Billy Ryan, 123, Portland, made a successful comeback by finishing Johnny Snell, 120, Portland, in two.

With George P. Moore sponsoring Herman Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., in a rematch, Herman won a decision over Ray McQuillan, Denver Negro, in 10 rounds. Mickey Dolan, Portland's "Wild Irish Rose", kayoed Art McMillan, Chicago, in two. Both being lightweights. Lou Sauer, Portland, 150, drew with Al Trulmans, San Diego, in six. Dutch Easter, Los Angeles, kayoed Johnny Hall in one.

Joe Willmore veteran Negro trainer, commonly known by all fistic fans here as "Old Folks", died of heart failure. After giving Herman Ratzlaff a brisk "rub down" after his ten-round decision over Ray McQuillan. "Old Folks" was liked by all who know him. At one time he trained Jack Dempsey, Tiger Flowers, Joe Benjamin and Young Nationalista.

Dutch Schwember recently bought the contract of Jack Kentworth, middleweight, from Tex Salkeld.

Mysterious Billy Smith informed the writer that he believes the only way to stop the stalling and fouling of present day boxers is to give the purses on a winner-take-all basis. Your correspondent agrees with "Billy".

On the Pelz-Dolan card, Fred Gallas, Vancouver, Washington, decisioned Maxie Pelz, Portland middleweight, in six. Eddie Edleman, Portland ex-amateur, defeated Jimmy Anderson, Astoria, in six.

On Ralph Gruman's card, Guido Bardelli, Burke, Idaho, kayoed Roy Jacks, Kansas City light-heavyweight, in four.

Milio Millitti, 152, Omaha, and "Swede" Nelson, 156, Vernonia, drew in six.

Bobby Evans recently bought Young Firpo's contract and now Firpo is using his real name, Guido Bardelli, when he fights.

Promoter Harry Hansen was suspended 90 days by the Portland Boxing Commission for violating the rules.

Fred Lenhart, Elk, Wash., defeated Nate Brown, Philadelphia light-heavyweight, in a slow and uninteresting fight for Promoter Moore. "Battling Slim" Ryan, 164, Portland, outboxed Frankie Warnecke, 167, Portland, in six. Eddie Edleman, 134, Portland, beat Johnny Garvey, Los Angeles Mexican, in six.

Abe Matin, well known manager and personal friend of Jack Dempsey, is in Portland for his health.

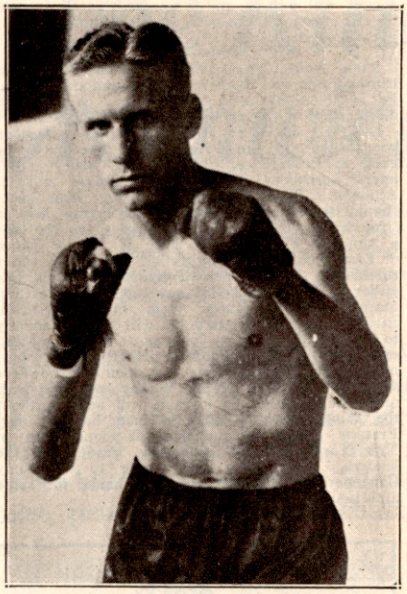
The Promoters are now using popular prices of 50c and $2.00 instead of $1 to $3, and are drawing much better crowds.

Valley Trambitas, who fought as Jimmy Darcy, is now managing an athletic club in Marshfield.

At Klamath Falls, Shrimp McDonald, Lakeview bantamweight, whipped Benny Dyson, Klamath Falls, in ten. Young Langford won on a foul from Al Trulmans, 146, San Diego, in four.

At Pendleton, Young Delaney, Walla Walla, technically kayoed Hickie O'Day, Butte, in five. Three Portland fighters were injured at Arlington in an auto accident, which prevented their boxing on this card.

At Klamath Falls, Al Trulmans, San Diego, decisioned Young Sam Langford, 149, Portland, in eight. Dick Reed, Klamath Falls, defeated Earle Beebe, Portland, heavyweight, in six.



Sgt. Alexander Chick, Hawaii welterweight

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

JACK RENAULT, of Canada, rallied in late rounds to win over Harold Mays, Bayonne, N. J., in a ten rounder at Allentown. A fair sized crowd saw plenty of action as the two heavyweights battered away.

Red Delp, Reading, defeated Donald Moy, New York, in the eight-round semi on the same card.

Jimmy Herman, Hazelton, rates as one of the best middleweights in the coal regions by virtue of his recent knockout over Jack Kid Wolfe and his defeat of Wally Sears.

Herman knew too much for Sears who up until this fight had been knocking them all cold. Sears is only a youngster and will be heard of, despite this set-back.

Sailor Matty, Shenandoah welterweight, trounced Tommy Donahue, Philadelphia, at Pottsville.

Art Feeser, Lebanon's brilliant lightweight, has been out of action for six weeks as the result of injuries suffered from foul blows in his fight with Eddie Brennon at Johnstown. He is recovering now and will get back in action soon.

Matt Rice, Gilbertson socker, outpointed Joe Mayrs, also known as Weiner Wilson, of Germany, in the main go at Mahanoy City.

Johnny Chiodo, Johnstown feather, who recently trounced Peaches Gallagher of Pittsburgh, looms as one of the best boys in this state. Keep your eyes on this youngster as he will be in the top flight before long.

Whitey Laubach, Williamsport, scored a technical knockout over Bobby Richardson, Johnstown, in the sixth round at Altoona. Richardson received a bad cut over his eye.

Gene Baldoni, Wilkes-Barre's clever lightweight, has settled down to hard training and promises to be right up in front before the indoor season is over.

Battling Gizzy, of Donora, trimmed Mickey Duris, of Johnstown, in ten. Gizzy was far too clever for Duris.

Kid Kandry, Minersville, looked good in winning over Kid Lewis, of St. Clair.

Barney Conway, Johnstown's genial manager, is one of the busiest pilots in the western section of the state. Barney handles Johnny Chiodo and Ike McFowler, up and coming heavyweight, as well as a host of promising youngsters.

Frankie Hauser, Johnny Ballent's rugged lightweight, easily defeated Joe Ferrara, of Palo Alto, at Mahanoy City.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

YOUR scribe is taking his vacation in the Canadian Rockies and our column, this month, will be rather brief. Three Minnesota correspondents have kept me in touch with the fight news in the Gopher state and only through their efforts am I able to bring you my write-up this month.

The summer months have offered little in the way of fistic entertainment in Minnesota. Mike Collins' "Arena of Anguish" has been dark since the latter part of May and Jerk Doran's shows have been few and far between. Duluth, also, has been idle as far as the fight game goes.

King Tut, Minnesota's "Sultan of Sock", clubbed out a ten-round win over Bruce Flowers at Milwaukee. This fight marked the fourth meeting of the pair.

Jack McCann, Minnesota heavy, is now under the able management of Bill Hawkins and Bobby Paul, Sioux City. McCann is open for bookings.

For reference I've been asked to list the unofficial champions of Minnesota. Heavyweight, Dick Daniels, Minneapolis; middleweight, My Sullivan, St. Paul; welter and lightweight, King Tut, Minneapolis; featherweight, Paul Wangley, Minneapolis; bantamweight, Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis; flyweight, Britt Gorman, Minneapolis. King Tut is the best fighter, pound for pound, Minnesota can boast of at present.

Any information about the fight game in Minnesota can be had by addressing the writer at 5328 York Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn. Kindly enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Pioneer Gymnasium
340 West 44th St. New York City
Eighth & Ninth Aves.
World's famous Boxers train here every afternoon between 1 and 4 P. M. Amateur and Business Men's Sessions evenings until nine o'clock
Jimmy De Forest and Young Otto Boxing Instructors
Tel. Long Acre 8398
CHAS DOESSERECK, Mgr.

TRY THESE PUNCHES
Sock! It's a KNOCKOUT when you know how to hit. Let Jimmy De Forest, trainer of Dempsey and other great champions, make YOU a scientific boxer. Famous Boxing Course by mail teaches you everything; every punch, defense and trick.
LAST CHANCE BEFORE PRICE GOES UP
Send $2.98 or pay C. O. D. plus actual postage. (Or if you want more information send 10c for famous book, "The Golden Age of Boxing.")
$2.98
JIMMY DE FOREST BOXING COURSE
347 Madison Avenue, Dept. 109 NEW YORK CITY

Mouth Bleeding Stopped For $5
Cut lips and bleeding mouths are past. NO MORE is it necessary to be annoyed by a LOOSE, ILL-FITTING MOUTHPIECE that is always FALLING OUT.
MOUTHPIECES MADE TO ORDER
Of soft, flexible, rubber, red in back, white in front, can hardly be noticed.
OUT-OF-TOWN BOXERS CAN ORDER BY MAIL
M. M. SALOMON, D.D.S.
144 Columbus Ave. at 66th St., New York City
Tel. Trafalgar 7096 Office Hours 10 to 5

IF YOU WANT A BIGGER INCOME SELL SHIRTS!
Earn big money from the start. Let Quaker help you. Wonderful sample Outfit gets orders. Finest Men's Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery. Unbeatable values, Unique sales features. Ironclad guarantee. Shirts, Ties, Cash Bonuses given to producers. Write for Free Outfit NOW! Dept. O-9.
QUAKER SHIRT CORP., 1107 Broadway, N.Y.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

WESTERLY, R. I., is dominating the fighting game in Eastern Connecticut and Western Rhode Island. Fights are sponsored by the local K. of C. every two weeks and are held in an open air arena, one of the finest in Southern New England.

At the K. of C. Arena, Vernon Cormier, flashy Worcester bantam, shaded Pete Lucci, of Clinton, Mass., in eight rounds.

Joe Russo, Westerly's slugging welterweight, won easily from Young Mangual, New London coast guardsman, in the semi-final. Julio Rossi, of Westerly, defeated Johnny Kop, of Norwich, in six frames. Kop is the boy who has been knocking them all cold hereabouts.

Big Boy Burlap, Westerly heavyweight who claims the championship of Rhode Island, is ready to resume his ring work.

Julio Rossi is the only one of the Rossi boys fighting at present. There are four boys in this family and each has had a fling in the boxing racket. Jimmy, the oldest, is a welter, Mickey and Julio are junior-welters and Jackie, who is now managing Julio, is a former featherweight.

Stan Linn and Joe Salimeno, two men who have been connected with the boxing game a long time, are managing a stable of boxers, the best known of whom are Joe Russo, welter; Billy Euelle, junior welter; Willie Lizzio, bantam, and Kid DeBartolo, featherweight.

Tony Salimeno is managing Big Boy Burlap, Phil Gingerella, Tony Moretti, and Larry McManus.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

TIVERTON, the little neighboring town to Newport and Fall River, is stealing the boxing spotlight during the current summer months in this state. Due to the able promotorial genius of Sam Price, this town, boasting only the small population of about 15,000, has been attracting record attendances at the boxing cards lately.

Baby Jack Renault, slugging lightweight from Cambridge, is going great guns in Woonsocket shows. In two attempts there the past month, Renault scored victories over Henry Janco of Lawrence and Battling Nadeau of Somersworth. Previously, he flattened Joe Barre of Fall River, an old rival of his.

Local fight patrons regret the move of Jim Kiely in handing in his resignation as matchmaker for the Woonsocket sock club. Kiely was very popular.

Humbert Sciarra of Providence is slated to return to ring wars at an early date. Sciarra, a product of the Providence A. C. amateur shows and 1930 Junior-New England 118-pound champion, has fought only one pro bout, winning over Al Williams of Chicopee Falls, Mass., at Boston. Sciarra is of the aggressive sort and therefore is very popular with the fans.

This writer with P. Gus Morelli, Joseph Mercurio, and Peter Newport, Providence fight enthusiasts, journeyed to New York to see Al Singer crowned lightweight champion in his sensational bout with Sammy Mandell.

Tony Catalano of Providence journeyed to North Adams, Mass., to take a six-round win over Young Bard of that municipality. Catalano, a former amateur star, is undefeated since his venture into the professional field. Tony battles in the junior-lightweight class. As a club-fighter he has no equal in New England.

This writer received a letter from Sammy Richman, New York manager, who is desirous of introducing his stable of fighters in this section. Prominent among the latter are, Tommy Lorenzo, Charlie Wepner, and Joe Curry.

Edward C. Foster, chairman of the R. I. Athletic board, and a keen student of the boxing game all his life, is not in support with the latest dictum of the august New York board, in its relation to curbing the foul wave that is threatening to bury the time-honored sport. Foster said, "It well only tend to accentuate illegal punching, so why try to put out fire with gasoline?"

There is a real natural in the making hereabouts. It is between Tony Catalano and Albion Holden, Attleboro rapier. When both boys were winning titles in the simon-pure ranks fate ruled that they shouldn't meet, but Rhode Island fans are demanding such a match to decide who is the best. It looks as though Woonsocket will get it, and a record "gate" for the up-state city is assured if both should finally get together.

Paris Apice, classy bantam from Prov. now campaigning in Gotham rings, announces that he is lined up with five bouts. Apice is a distinct hit with his clever mode of milling.

LITTLE SHOTS: Amateur shows will soon wend their way in Providence. The pures go good in Providence. Two of the busiest managers hereabouts are Frankie Travis and Al Almeida. Their boys are showing with great regularity. Pro boxing is still laying low in Providence. One boy who always gives the fans a run for their money here is Henry Janco of Lawrence. Henry fights 180 seconds of every round—his kid brother, Tony, is nobody's fool either. Cy Mitchell, our genial wrestling matchmaker announces from his home-town, Little Rock, Ark., that he will return shortly to give local mat fans some more good grunting exhibits . . . Gus Sonneberg defeated Jack Wagner for the 'steenth time last month somewhere out the midwest. When Sonny wins it isn't news, but "when" he loses it will be just about the same news as when a man bites a dog. Frankie Corcio, Providence 138-pounder, is in New York trying to make the grade with the leaders. Local fans are aching to see Tony Canzoneri in action. Here's a chance for some ambitious promoter.

Harry Forbes, veteran featherweight, who is still going strong

FALL RIVER, MASS., RUMBLINGS
By TOM BRINDLEY

SAMMY FULLER, sensational Boston Italian lightweight, made his third appearance within a year in a local ring when he punched his way to a decisive 10-round win over Billy Lynch, Providence battler who has been creating a sensational record hereabouts.

It was Lynch's first defeat in eleven local starts and stunned the Fall River fans who had placed much faith in his prowess as a mittster.

Sam Price promoted the show which drew a crowd of 6500, the largest gathering of fans to see a fight in this section in a score of years. The net gate was $6400 and each fighter received $1600, a 25 per cent cut.

Outdoor boxing has gone well in this vicinity, the Fuller-Lynch show being the third successful one promoted by Price with the aid of Sam Mark. The bout, like all outdoor shows was in Mark's Stadium, originally built for soccer but proving an ideal boxing arena.

Lynch is a big favorite hereabouts.

Young Lefty, Fall River lightweight and Henry Janco of Lawrence, battled through six bruising rounds with the duke going to the home town boy.

Lefty, incidentally, became the papa of a bouncing baby girl at three o'clock the afternoon of the fight.

Tommy King, Fall River, (139) knocked out Joe Machado, Fall River, (134) in two heats; Joe Venuti, Boston, (155) outpointed Johnny Semas, Bermuda, (155) in six rounds; and Chick Dias, Fall River, (129) knocked out Owen Redfeather, Tulsa (129½) in four rounds.

Redfeather, a true-blooded Cherokee Indian, has been somewhat of a sensation hereabouts of late. As a prelude to his bouts, he chews razors, eats fire and occasionally charms an alligator.

Over in New Bedford, 14 miles from this city, benefit boxing shows are the rage for the outdoor season. The first was under the auspices of the American Legion. Bobby Mays, Connecticut lightweight defeated Phil Richards, London, in a slow 10-round final.

In the Elks' show, Henry Jance of Lawrence whipped Jimmy Kearns of Omaha all the way in the 10-round main bout, handing the westerner a terrific lacing in the closing rounds. In supporting bouts, Joey Cayer of New Bedford outpointed Toughy Simms of Boston, in eight heats; Red Dupre of Dartmouth flattened Johnny Ferris of Fall River in two rounds, and Eddie Forrest of Marion stopped Matty Cordes of Lynn in four chapters.

In the Pythians' show, Darcy White fouled Pancho Villa in the second round. Both are New Bedford boys and White was fighting under special ruling of the State Boxing Commission which had suspended him for breaking a contract with the other New Bedford club to fight in the Elks' show. He was reinstated when Hy Diamond's hand was hurt after he had lost to Harry Devine in Worcester. The bout was good while it lasted.

The supporting card saw Joey O'Connell of Fall River stop Young Ennis of Lynn in three rounds and Marty Owens of New Bedford stop Muggsey Mandell of Fall River in three.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

A. B. POWELL, matchmaker for the American Legion Post No. 1, and J. Thomas, for Post No. 115, in Birmingham, have been putting on some great fight cards here. Each has cut down the habitual number of shows staged per month. The temporary shut-down of the Steel Plant has made its presence of duil-time felt here.

Fighters, attention! Here is your chance to let the world see what you look like. Get your picture in this foremost boxing magazine, now, free by just sending a good clear photo of yourself to the writer, Sam Carpri, 506—15th Street, Ensley, Ala.

Cecil (Kid) Como, a classy junior lightweight who made a good record up East several months ago, and has been going good ever since, challenges the best in the country at his weight. Promoters, I have letters from several top-notches who wants to show here, if it's worth a thought.

Athens, Ala.—Jack Ausborne, Bessemer Wildcat, trounced Kid Seagrous of Nashville, in an eight-round bout here. In another eight spot, Bill Pierson, a Birmingham youngster, drew with Tom Baker, of Huntsville.

Tom Tingle, the pride of Haleyville, gave Sailor Parker, of the U. S. Navy a hard fight at the Haleyville Legion Stadium.

Ralph Dilliard and Bushy Bolton headlined a card at Russellville while Joe Hall and Jack Taylor fought at Huntsville.

Joe Lucas, Birmingham featherweight was beaten at Memphis in an eight-round bout by Snooks Campbell.

Battling Bozo whipped Tony Cancela, of Detroit, at Tulsa, Okla., while Jack Tunney, another Birmingham light heavyweight, lost to Wilson Dunn. Bozo is a great card at Tulsa.

Mike Haurer, Teutonic heavyweight in Pa Stribling's stable, made his debut in Birmingham by stopping Jeff Carroll, Mississippi, in the first round. In the semi-final, the fans got their moneys worth in a rematch between Chief Wilbur and Spike Webb. The bout was a thriller from start to finish.

Billy Mobley, a scrapping featherweight, beat Billy Leedum. This was Mobley's first bout in several months. He has been laying off on account of illness.

Battling Bozo, 176 pounds, handed out a pasting to Jimmy Mahoney of Chicago at the Fair Park Arena. For Post No. 115.

Battling Kelley, veteran Birmingham middleweight, outpointed Luther Orr, of Memphis, in the semi-final bout of ten rounds.

Chief Wilbur, a strong Mississippi middleweight, outscored Spike Webb, of Savannah, in a great eight-round bout.

Ebon Lee kayoed Jack Ausborne in the fourth, after Lee being on the receiving end for the first three rounds.

Beautiful Wanda Stopa

The ambitious offspring of Chicago's Little Poland whose study of modern philosophy failed to teach her how to settle the tumult in her woman's heart.

The Killer from Greenwich Village

The Sensational Story of Beautiful, Auburn Wanda Stopa—Brilliant Lawyer, Assistant District Attorney, Author, Member of the Greenwich Village Intellectuals—Who Found Emotions Were Stronger Than Reasoned Logic.

The party in Wanda Stopa's Village apartment had been in progress for hours. It was to be her farewell, she said, the last of the parties for which she had footed the bills while they had discussed life, sex and philosophy in the smoke-blued atmosphere. Suddenly her own voice, hitherto quiet, penetrated over the chatter. It demanded attention.

"I have an announcement to make," they heard her say. "Are you listening?" Wanda went on. "Well, take note then. I'm leaving for Chicago tomorrow, and when I arrive I'm going to kill a woman—and maybe a man . . . But, anyhow, a woman. I'm going to kill her, do you hear? Shoot her because she refused to give up the man I love. You make me tired with your synthetic notions and words. God, you're naive! You think you're sophisticated, but you're just shallow children."

Swiftly but softly she stripped her body of its jewels, tearing them off one by one. To the starved looking girl in green she threw a bracelet. The girl in red caught another as it fell clinking to the floor. Finally her rings flew one into one lap another into another.

A man whose tie had become loosened, lunged grotesquely toward the girl where she stood like a figure wrapped in flame. "Atta girl," he chuckled, "thasa way to talk. But shoot straight 'caused dead ones don't talk." That broke the tension. The party went on again and no one paid Wanda's threat a second thought. But—

Forty-eight hours later, in Chicago, the papers flamed with one of the weirdest murder stories recorded in the annals of Chicago crime—a spectacular shooting in which an obscure gardener was a hero-victim—a shooting that affected even the hardened authorities—a crime that started a woman hunt that had an even stranger ending than beginning. It is recalled in every vivid detail in THE MASTER DETECTIVE, September issue.

Partial Contents September Issue

The Clue of the Torn Phone Book
The Greenwich Village Killer
The Laugh that Trapped Three Yegg
London's Famous Sack Mystery
The Real Truth About Al Capone
Wisconsin's Strangest Crime
The Thanksgiving Horror In Bootleggers' Canyon
My Career as a Girl Spy in the Great War
How I Caught Baltimore's Master Forger
Who Murdered Beautiful Claire Gaudet?
The Riddle of the Broken Crib
Long Island's Notorious Sashweight Murder

Real Solutions of Real Crimes

THE MASTER DETECTIVE publishes complete inside stories of actual crime solution. Many of them come to you direct from the official records. They are reported by the detectives themselves or by newspaper men who are closely in touch with every twist and turn of the cases. For that reason MASTER DETECTIVE stories are outstanding in detective literature. Time and again they prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction as they disclose the amazing vagaries of the human mind as crooks try cunningly to hide their tracks. They prove that in actual fact the so-called "perfect crime" does not exist. You will be spellbound at the skill and tenacity with which police detectives and private operatives get their man no matter how well covered are the clues, no matter how devious the trail. Add THE MASTER DETECTIVE to your list of reading today!

The Master DETECTIVE

SEPTEMBER ISSUE ON SALE AUGUST 23RD

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, Dept. R93.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine for the next five months begnning with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Classic of Fistiana

JACK DEMPSEY

The Idol of Fistiana

by NAT FLEISCHER

Make Him Happy

Give Him a Realistic Thrill

Let Him Enjoy His Reading Hours

by Sending Him a Copy of

"Jack DEMPSEY,

The Idol of Fistiana" by NAT FLEISCHER

A NARRATIVE AND A HISTORY COMBINED

NAT FLEISCHER knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

"Jack Dempsey" is a romantic narrative and an accurate record as well. It supplies a long-felt want in the history of the American ring.

Every contest in which Dempsey participated is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture.

Every step leading Dempsey to the title, every move which stood out in his career as a champion, is told about in the weaving of this tapestry of fact, anecdote and technique.

It has the speed of a romantic novel, the color of a red-hot story of adventure, a human appeal in every page.

The Greatest Biography of a famous fighter ever written. 324 pages of interesting reading. 142 photographs covering the life of the Manassa Mauler from his rise from the Copper Mines to a World Championship; from a hobo to a millionaire; from a preliminary boy earning $2.50 per fight to a star commanding a million for the defense of his crown.

A story with a heart throb

A kick in every line. A knockout in every page. The Most Thrilling Story of The Most Colorful, Picturesque Fighter the world has ever known.

An intimate story of Jack Dempsey, the "Play Boy," and Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

A beautiful orange-colored, cloth-bound edition. Only $2.00.
Buy your copy now—At all book shops or direct from THE RING office.
Also a De Luxe Edition, limited to 250 copies, each autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author in Beautiful Blue Morocco Leather. Price $10.00. Make Your Choice.

USE THIS COUPON AND ADDRESS:

THE RING BOOK SHOP, 11 West 42nd St., New York City

Please mail to me a copy of Nat Fleischer's thrilling story, "JACK DEMPSEY, THE IDOL OF FISTIANA." Enclosed find:
$2.00 for cloth-bound edition, or $10.00 for De Luxe Edition, limited to only 250 copies, each numbered and autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Illustrated with 142 Photographs, many of them stirring action pictures.

All for only

$2.00

Don't Miss This Story